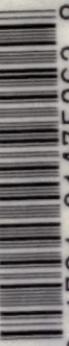
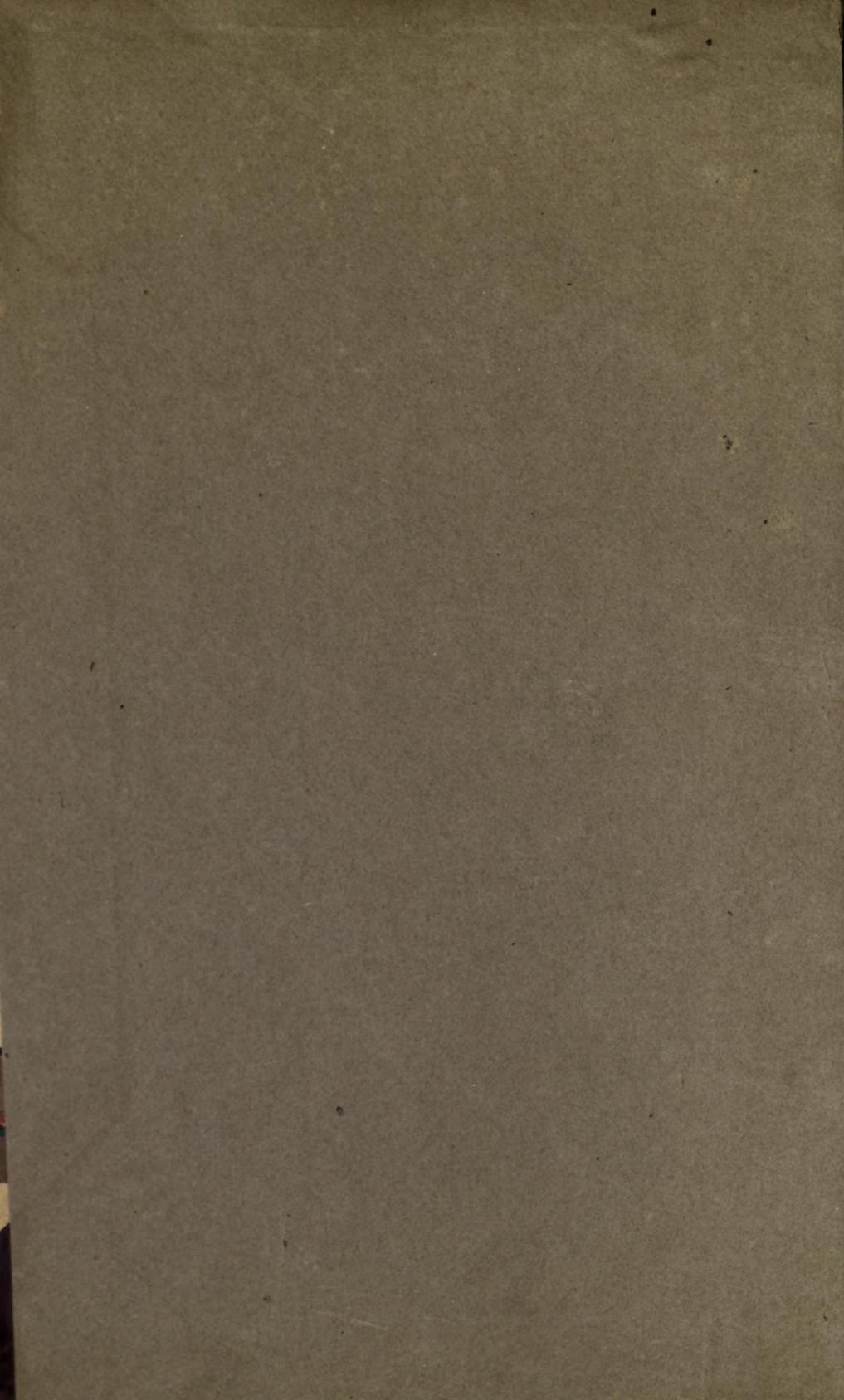


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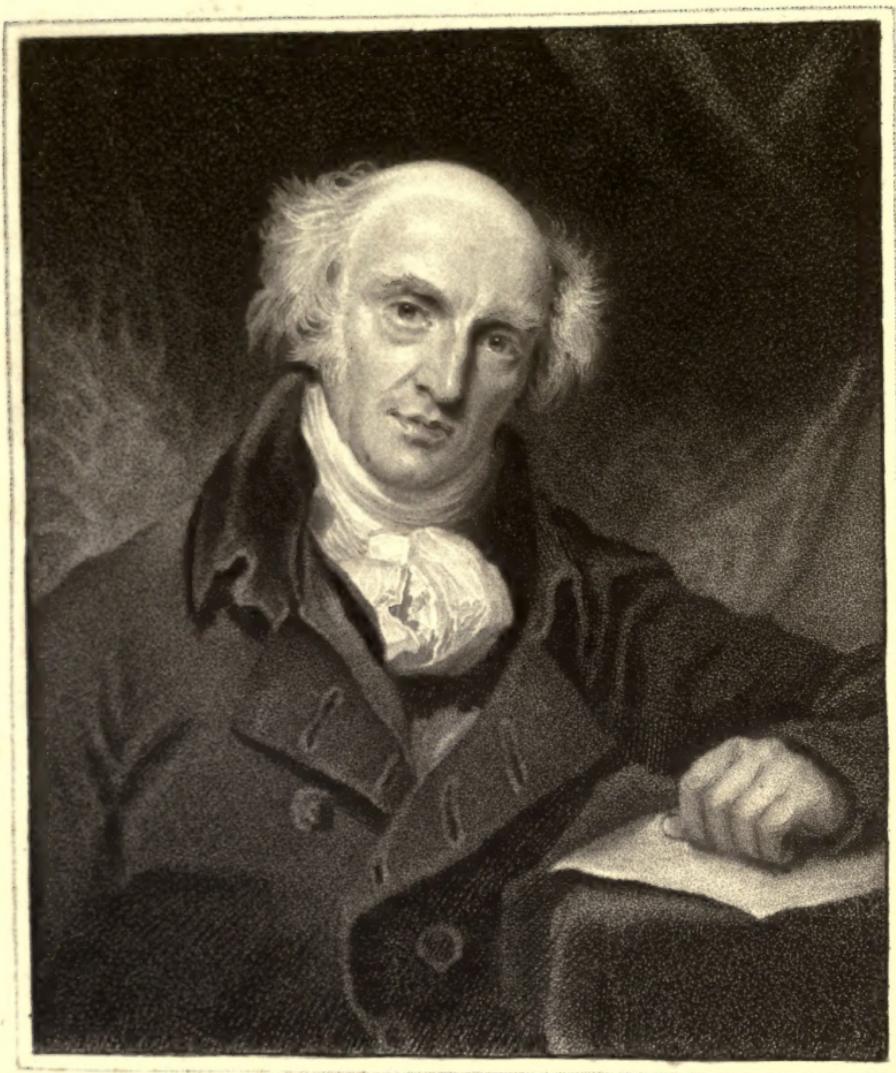
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M<sup>r</sup> PRATT.

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HARVEST-HOME:

CONSISTING OF

SUPPLEMENTARY GLEANINGS,

ORIGINAL DRAMAS AND POEMS,

CONTRIBUTIONS OF LITERARY FRIENDS,

AND

SELECT RE-PUBLICATIONS,

INCLUDING

SYMPATHY, A POEM,

REVISED, CORRECTED, AND ENLARGED.

FROM THE EIGHTH EDITION.

—  
IN THREE VOLUMES.  
—

—  
BY MR. PRATT.

—  
“ Tum ut varietas occurrerit satietati.”

—  
CIC. ORAT.

VOL. I.

—  
LONDON:

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TO THE

## PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

THIS is not the first time that I have had the honour and the felicity to present my respectful homage to your Royal Highness, through the medium of the press; and I congratulate myself on this renewed opportunity of expressing that unfeigned and dutiful devotion, which I can never cease to feel for a Prince, whose noble mind and generous patronage reflect a lustre on his exalted rank, and render him at once the hope and the

glory of the most distinguished nation, and the happiest country on earth.

At a moment like the present, it would be unpardonable, in a votary of literature and lover of mankind, not to embrace the earliest opportunity to join my sincere homage, however feeble, to that of an enlightened empire, on your Royal Highness's encouragement to the cause of literature, by unrolling, transcribing, and deciphering, the almost perished MSS. of Herculaneum and Pompeii. This, Sir, almost without a figure, is helping the Phœnix of Wisdom to rise resplendent from her ashes. It is a circumstance worthy the patronage of the heir-apparent to the crown of that country, which, perhaps, more fondly and truly than any other, knows how to appreciate and to employ the intellectual

treasures, which, by the ardent liberality of such patronage, may be brought to light. The benevolence and splendour of the design can be surpassed only by the dignified radiance which must beam from the execution; and the degree of gratitude, which will be due to the illustrious patron, from the accomplishment of an object so sublime and important, cannot be bounded by time present, but will have immeasurable claims on the gratitude of posterity.

The gracious and condescending permission which I have received, to lay these volumes at your Royal Highness's feet, does not, I am sensible, justify me in presuming to go beyond the strict line of duty and attachment in this public address; otherwise I could, with pleasure

and with truth, enlarge on many traits of your illustrious character, which, in *any* situation, are calculated to engage and to endear. It is enough for me to be allowed to declare the due sense I entertain of your Royal Highness's goodness, and to add my fervent prayers to those of millions, for the increase of whatever can contribute to your happiness and glory, and that of your august family.

Yet, on this occasion, in which, perhaps, my literary labours, on a subject more immediately connected with my dear native land, are to be finally closed, I hope it will not be deemed irrelevant or ostentatious to remark, that, as far as my humble influence could extend, I have ever studied to give ardour to ge-

nuine loyalty and legitimate patriotism. This reflection is dearer to me than fame, and will be my pride and my consolation during the remainder of my days.

Few are called, or qualified, to fill important stations in the state, or to perform the essential services, which a **MOIRA** is ever ready to discharge, for the benefit of his country and his friends; yet, in *every* sphere of life, an active mind, directed to proper objects, may produce some beneficial effects, and increase the public store of national felicity! Even a single taper serves to illuminate the surrounding shades, while the glorious orb of day, with all his splendour, cannot at one and the same time

throw a light on more than one-half of  
our habitable globe !

I have the honour to be, with the most  
profound duty and attachment,

Sir,

Your Royal Highness's

most obliged,

and ever-devoted servant,

S. J. PRATT.

---

## P R E F A C E.

---

“**A**ND wherefore HARVEST-HOME?”

This has been a question put to the Author of the following work by various friends. Many were of opinion, such a title could not be made out, either literally or metaphorically. Some deemed it a misnomer. In rural business, said they, the Harvest-men precede the Gleaners. It was remarked, in answer, that the leasing-time frequently accompanies the sheaving and carrying so closely, that a field is scarcely cleared of what may be called the *farmer's*

crop, before the gleaner-train are allowed to gather what is considered as their perquisite.

In Norfolk, for instance, the labourers and the leasers are at their distinct employments in the same enclosure, and at the same time. The carts and waggons are heaped by one party, while the other is picking up the allowance from the ground that has been left to their industry. In effect, therefore, the agricultural image is correct. But, without any further defence or appropriation of this title, however tenable, the Author has more interesting reasons for denominating these volumes “ *Harvest-Home*.”

Of these reasons, the details of some, as little interesting to the *public* in general, however dear the recollection may be to the Author, are necessarily waved in this place; but many generous hearts

among his *private* friends and patrons will perfectly understand the circumstances to which he alludes ; and he can never cease but with life to feel, in its fullest force, the impression which their liberal encouragement has made.

A public reason, however, for giving the title of “ HARVEST-HOME ” to the present work, may be fairly deduced from this circumstance. — Some ingenious and benevolent friends, understanding that the Author had a more than common interest in the *success* of these volumes, entered so heartily into the *spirit* as well as the *letter* of his design, that they voluntarily made free-will offerings to complete his *load*. Hence, the grain, as arising from different well-cultivated soils, will be found more rich and various than if drawn exclusively from one spot, as the respective contributions will testify ;

and thus gives an additional propriety to the name he has used.

Would that the Author could make good his title in a yet more important matter! — If the united efforts of himself and his friends prove a *harvest of amusement to the public*, it will, INDEED, give both propriety and impression to the name — it would be a Harvest Home of which the Author might justly be proud!

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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE title then, I trust, is thus made good ; a yet more difficult task remains : that of reconciling certain fastidious readers and snarling critics to the particular appellation of the *first* volume. Methinks I hear one of the latter exclaim, “What ! more dying speeches,” more “Gleanings” — Adieus upon adieus ! But, it is no more than might be expected. Authors, like lovers, seldom keep their word. They bid farewell only to return, and threaten departure, only to be invited back.

Nay, but “hear, hear !” Suffer me to explain, my impatient friend.

In one of the closing pages of his last volume,\* the Gleaner, — pardon the usage of a term, which predilection, habit, and success has rendered interesting — the Gleaner observed, that, as public events then presented such striking views and transitions of objects, both at home and abroad, not to have attempted a Portrait of the British countenance, mind, and character, at the most trying crisis ; and to place it before a conscious public in the most affecting attitudes would have been inconsistent with the loyalty he owes, and which he delights to pay his country.

He was hence detained, in the city of wonders, by fetters not to be broken. Weeks, months, yea, summer months, which, in happier and more tranquil times, he had been wont to pass amidst fields, gardens, and cottage-scenery, with the rural muses and friends whom he loved, were suffered to roll away unregretted and almost unperceived.

Mean while, a full third of what was in-

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\* Third of "Gleanings in England," lately published.

tended to have been brought into the publication alluded to was withheld, to make way for temporary, yet commanding, matter, together with the occasional compositions of years, which could not have been included in that volume, even had no local subjects intervened.

A SELECTION, therefore, from the reserves will now be laid before the reader, in the first volume of the Harvest-Home, without any other alteration of the Gleaner's customary forms than dividing them into their appropriate STATIONS.

These matters being premised, the Gleaner will not doubt, that most of his readers are satisfied with the motives which bring him before them once more, to the extent of about a third of the work, in his long-adopted character. He could adduce many proofs, from some even of the awful order of critics, purporting a warm wish, united by fair advice, that he should re-visit you in that character, and with sheaves in hand, for many a year

to come. He blesses God, not a few would, he knows, give him a similar welcome, were he to make an annual offering, in some form or another, so long as he shall live. While even those, who “are nothing if they are not critical,” might, with reason, hail his periodical returns, were it only for the sake of giving them fresh opportunities of shewing their own wit, acumen, or their bitterness in exposing his imperfections. If there are pleasures in madness known only to the insane, there must, surely, be delights in malevolence with which none but the envious or ill-natured are acquainted. At least, the blessing of a good and generous temper can be enjoyed, perhaps conceived, by those only who have the happiness to possess it.

Thus, then, it seems to be clear, that all possible readers will be more or less accommodated, after their different fashions and feelings, with the Gleaning compartment of this work. The more miscellaneous divisions of it shall be briefly prefaced, in their order.

Now, as to an *eternal farewell*, the Author cannot see, in this fair view of things on all sides of the question, how such a separation would be for the benefit of ANY of the parties concerned.

There are few things not purely evil, says an eminent moralist, of which we can say, without some emotion of uneasiness, THIS IS THE LAST. Those who never could agree together, shed tears when mutual discontent has determined them to final separation. Of a place which has been frequently visited, though without pleasure, the *last look* is taken with heaviness of heart; and the GLEANER, like the IDLER, would not be unaffected by the thought, were he certain that his last address, to friends who have been kind, or critics who have been candid, was now before him.

Upon the whole, then, from a review of the present bill of fare, in which many articles of SAUCE AND GARNISH, that will be produced at the feast, are not included, he indulges the hope, that he does not vainly flatter himself

his guests will set down with good humour and keen appetites to his “ HARVEST-HOME,” to which he invites both old and new friends; assuring them of his hearty welcome, and of his best endeavours to render their entertainment and accommodations agreeable.

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E R R A T A  
TO THE  
FIRST VOLUME.

Page 7, line 24, dele *but*.  
— 11, — 4, dele *the latter respect*.  
— 53, — 13, for *the poetical laureat* read *the laureat*.  
— 75, — 22, for *Henry IV.* read *Edward IV.*  
— 158, — 18, for *craddle* read *cradle*.  
— 209, — 17, for *lords* read *lord*.  
— 225, — 33, for *allows* read *allow*.  
— 228, — 9, for *the above-named has left* read *the above-named historian has left*.  
— 261, — 23, for *has* read *have*.  
— 298, for *Perhaps, from that very reason, they see, what the latter rioters are, constantly, and what looking upon, less than any other of their townsmen, read Perhaps, from that very reason, they see what the little rioters are doing, and what they themselves are constantly looking upon less than any other of the townsmen.*  
— 299, — 5, from bottom, for *graze and evitable* read *eat, and ramble among the dead*.

**SUPPLEMENTARY GLEANINGS.**

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**HAMPSHIRE STATION.**



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## SUPPLEMENTARY GLEANINGS.

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*To \*—\*—\*.*

BUT, amidst all the foregoing explanations; a few preliminary words, my beloved friend and antient correspondent,\* belong exclusively to yourself. You are apprized of my intention to publish the remainder of what I formerly sent, and what so long has been withheld. So far, therefore, as my farther observations on England extend, you will thus only receive back your own property; to which I shall now beg your acceptance of some addenda, connected or detached. Yet, before we enter upon the more severe topics, let me recal your attention to subjects of a less stern and formidable aspect, that

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\* Baron de B\*\*\*\*\*, to whom the "Gleanings in England" are addressed.

we may luxuriate awhile amidst fragrance and flowers. Escaping the clamour of cities, the din of trade, and the glare of fashion, let us shelter ourselves, as in a leafy asylum, in the shades of the country, and thence take a retrospective or immediate view of some interesting spots in one of our most agreeable counties. Although it must be confessed, the sea-breeze comes to us, in Hampshire, somewhat obstructedly, what is deficient in water is fully compensated by earth and air; by its open plains, delightful downs, comfortable enclosures, and forests of almost unrivalled beauty.

Come, then, my friend, let us return to scenes, which, five years past, renewed my health and renovated my spirits; the very description of which, you told me, refreshed and invigorated yours. Should the reperusal happen at a pensive moment, it may assist the pleasure of that soft melancholy, which, within a certain bound, is, to your mind as well as mine, amongst the charms of life. If, on the contrary, as I hope may be the case, it meets you in a gayer hour, the review of pictures sketched amidst the beauties of nature will not diminish your happiness.

Without farther ceremony, then, I shall now retreat with you to the place from whence I formerly addressed you; and go back to the

time at which the reserved letters took their date. I shall present them in an unmutilated state, just as my heart suggested them to my hand; with all their stops and progressions, occasioned by various circumstances of leisure or haste, pain or pleasure, sickness or health.

---

*Southampton, August 3, 1799.*

HAMPSHIRE is eminent for a diversity of the best good things that art and nature produce. Its boundaries are Dorsetshire and Wiltshire on the west, Sussex and Surrey on the east; on the north its barrier is Berkshire, and a channel divides it from the enchanting Isle of Wight on the south. Thus, there is a peculiar felicity in its local situation, contributing not a little to its beauty. It is rich and abundant in picturesque cottages, magnificent mansions, and enviable villas, which enliven the prospect in every direction. Its elevations and descents, though unaspiring, are easy and engaging; and there is a general view of plenty and of comfort which ever way you turn. I have never

sojourned in any county where I have found more gratification for the eye, or for the heart. The environs have fewer objects of poverty, whether of men or things; less of barren in territory, and more of whatever goes to the content of the traveller: although, it must be admitted, there is in many other counties a decided superiority as to grandeur, boldness, and sublimity.

Of this fair county, the most agreeable town is certainly Southampton. There is an air of vivacity and spirit about it, which, on the first arrival of a stranger, must impress him with cheerful sensations; especially if he comes directly from the solemn and, in some respects, *sombrous* scenery of Winchester, much of which is in the monastic and gothic style of beauty; yet Southampton itself, in point of building, has neither the regularity, grandeur, or fashion of Bath, or, indeed, of various other popular resorts.

But Southampton seems animating before the observer into an unceasing glow of business and pleasure. Every object appears full of bustle, occupation, and life; whereas, Bath, with all its elegant lounge on the one hand, and its delightful hurry on the other, appears to be looking about for something to do, yet looking in vain. Now, although Southampton may be said to

consist of only a single street, any way distinguishable from what may be seen in every other large town, that one may vie with the most sprightly and variegated that England has to display. The whole of it is in motion; it kindles and warms before you, and every kind of object that can form an agreeable picture takes its turn in gay succession; or, what is still better, they blend together in pleasant general confusion, while each individual and party seem to tread the maze without being involved in a crowd. The fashionable visitors, passing and repassing here, mix so well with the sea-faring people and the soldiery, the blue and the red coats; and these, again, are so well relieved by other miscellaneous groupes, that Southampton has never either a dull or common appearance, but always exhibits something new or engaging. Hence, while much finer places, which, for fashion sake, enjoy greater favour, fatigue the traveller by too much glare, or satiate him by too little variety, and at length send him away, indisposed to a second visit: but I have never known any persons who did not speak with satisfaction of their tour to Southampton, and express a friendly wish to return.

It is placed, likewise, so centrally, with regard to the surrounding country, and more

especially the Isle of Wight, that, for the purposes of health, good neighbourhood, and all the scenery appropriate to such welcome guests, no traveller who has crossed its water, traversed its land, felt its genial influence, and enjoyed its rides, walks, and amusements, will refuse to confirm the character of its being one of the most captivating spots in the empire.\*

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\* I am happy to find this opinion strengthened by an elegant little tract, published since the date of my letter; and, as the author has obligingly permitted me to make whatever use I may judge illustrative of my subject, I avail myself of his indulgence with equal gratitude and pleasure.

“ The town of Southampton,” says Sir Henry Englefield, “ is situated on the extreme point of the high gravelly bank which separates the course of the Itchen River from the Estuary of the Test, or Anton Water. By this happy choice, the whole town, though almost surrounded with water, enjoys the advantage of the driest situation; and the fall of level, in every direction, keeps the streets constantly free from damp and filth. Besides these essential benefits, a great proportion of the houses enjoys a view, more or less extensive, of the beautiful country adjacent; and, as the gravelly soil lies on a bed of clay, numerous wells afford a copious supply of water fit for most domestic purposes, if not always excellent for drinking.”

Of the High Street, which I have mentioned with so much praise, Sir Henry says, “ the most careless observer must necessarily be struck with the beauty of the High, antiently called, English, Street, which, for breadth, length, and cleanliness, can scarcely be equalled in England.” The painter

With its buildings, the population of Southampton has also increased. Its present state, according to the returns made to Parliament, is,

Houses . . . . .	1582
Families . . . . .	1876
Males . . . . .	3390
Females . . . . .	4523
Total of persons —	7913

A Southampton friend, whom I shall shortly introduce more particularly to your best attentions, has just observed, upon this calculation, "it is rather singular there should really be such an overplus of ladies; but it serves, he says, "to account for our abundant stock of *old maids*, which, it appears, nothing can remedy but a female emigration."\*

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may perhaps lament, that brick fronts have, in so many instances, succeeded to the picturesque timber gables, which not long ago constituted the principal part of the houses; but, it cannot be denied, that comfort has gained what picture may have lost. The gentle bend and gradual descent of the street likewise add much to its beauty, as a straight level line, of near half a mile, (which is the length of the High Street from the bar to the water-gate,) could not but be tiresome to the eye.

\* Southampton has long been proverbial for its number of old maids. The proverb is still popular: whether true or false, it beseemeth not the Gleaner to say.

The same correspondent, in a letter which now lies before me, remarks, "that the number of families which have inhabited the town two successive generations is so small, and the influx of strangers has been so frequent, that provincial peculiarities are very scarce; but, in the dialect of the lower classes, the confusion of singular and plural, and the substitution of the masculine for the neuter and feminine genders, are sufficiently apparent."\*

The narrow frith, which separates Jersey from the continent, is quite wide enough to make the islanders abhor their neighbours, though so nearly allied to them by antient connexion and by language. Enjoying exemption from taxes, while they have the privilege of adhering to all their antient laws and customs, they know the value of British protection, and have no desire to change masters. They are, for the most part, industrious in getting money, and tenacious of it when gotten. A raw

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\* This, however, is pretty general in Hampshire. A provincial tendency to confound *numbers* and *cases* has been exemplified by the following curious epitaph:

" Him shall never come back to *we*,  
But us shall surely go to *he*,"

And by the proverb, that, in the dialect of such and such persons, "every thing is a *he* except a *tom cat*."

Jerseyman, in his first visit to England, is, commonly, a curious subject, in dress, manners, and language.

In the latter respect, most of these Anglo-Normans whom I have observed, the abuse of the relative *which* (pronounced by them *widge*) is singularly observable. A Jerseyman would say, We saw a sail, *widge* we thought she was a privateer, *widge* she made after us, *widge* we got our guns ready, *widge* we fired a broadside, *widge* she sheered off.

Southampton is supplied with fish from Itchen village, which stands on a bank, rising rapidly from the river, and commanding charming prospects. The inhabitants are chiefly fishermen, and their families the descendants of others who practised the same occupation before them. The employment both of males and females lies so much in the open air, that they are equally a rough and hardy race. The husbands, after having procured the fish, leave them to be recommended to purchasers by the oratory of their wives; which is always loud, if not always powerful: yet, if in bluntness and volubility, these ladies resemble their sisters of the metropolis, they certainly are not quite so violent in the use of certain offensive embellishments of speech. All settlers in their district, who are not natives, they consi-

der as foreigners, and regard them with no favourable eye. I do not remember, says the gentleman who furnished these observations, that the Gleaner has ever noticed the fish-women; yet they are a peculiar race, and have been so from the days of Hudibras, when

“ Oyster-women lock’d their fish up,  
And trudg’d away to cry no bishop.”

down to the era of the outrageous poissardes of republican Paris.

These remarks on dialect are confirmed by another writer. “ The dialect of Hampshire,” says Gilpin, “ has a particular tendency to the corruption of pronouns, by confounding their cases. This corruption prevails through the county, but it seems to increase as we approach the sea. About the neighbourhood of New Forest, this Doric hath attained its perfection. I have oftener than once met with the following tender elegiac distich in church-yards.” He then instances the epitaph already quoted,

“ Him shall never come,” &c.

But of all provincial corruptions, the inveterate omission or misapplication of the letter *h*, both in writing and speaking, is the greatest verbal curiosity. You will smile at the plea-

santry, and be entertained by the point, of the following humorous petition of this, perhaps the most slighted letter of the alphabet, not only in Hampshire but in many other of our English counties. I owe it to the same hand which supplied the foregoing remarks on provincialities.

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*To is Friends and Enemies, the umble Petition  
of discarded and misplaced H.*

Sheweth,

That your petitioner *ath*, from time immemorial, enjoyed the privelege of being prefixed to certain words, in which *is* priority was *ighly* necessary, for the sake of distinction; and to others, in which *e ad*, *e umbly* presumes, as good a claim to *is* situation as any other letter in the alphabet. But that continual encroachments *ave* been made on *is* just rights, so that *e* is, in many cases, obliged to stand mute, though *is* presence is not absolutely disallowed. But as *e* finds, from the dialect of many, that *e* is likely to be struck dumb for ever, if *e* does not make a timely remonstrance, *e* therefore ventures to expostulate with *is* enemies, on their uncandid *be-avious* to *im*: and that *e* may not seem chargeable with any thing unreasonable in this *is* re-

monstrance, *e umbly* ventures to propose that, since some are so much *is* foes as not to suffer *im* to go about *is* lawful business, while others discover their partiality to *im*, by forcing *im* into situations to which *e as* no right, an accommodation shall *enceforth* take place between them; and the posts *e as* occupied against *is* will, shall be given up for the re-possession of those of which *e* is the lawful owner: so that, in future, no lady or gentleman shall “*ope* it wont be *ot*,” or tell of their “*aving eard* bad news; or “*ride on orse-back* ;” or call any one a “*orrid* creature;” or assure a friend “*ow* much they *ave is* success at *art* ;” or desire the servant to “*put the eater* into the urn;” or dine upon “*are or ashes* :” nor, on the other hand, shall be guilty of “*heating hices* ;” or of repeating what took place the “*hother day* ;” or *hany* thing *helse* that looks like *haffection*.

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“To the Gleaner’s former delineations of national character,” continues my friend, “might be added the following articles to his list of the *superstitions* of the lower classes: namely, the knotted garters; the ceremony of the dumb cakes; the sowing of hemp-seed round a church; the gathering of yarrow from a

young man's grave, on a midsummer night; the rose gathered at that season, and worn at Christmas; the *graphic* snail, the predictive slips of the plant *Livelong*; the letters of the alphabet inclosed in separate balls of clay, then immersed in water, till the prophetic initials of the future spouse float in the morning. There is also the turning of money in the pocket, at first sight of a new moon; spitting on the first money received for any thing on sale; likewise on a mile-stone, at the outset of a journey, to ensure a prosperous event; and the confidence in *charms* is almost unbounded.

An old personage, of Southampton, is much resorted to, and has been for many years, as endowed with the mysterious, yet successful faculty of charming away burns and sores; and the credit attached to fortune-tellers is well-known. Accept a living instance. Old PINE, of Portsmouth, is in high repute as a cunning man, through the whole county of Hants. I heard lately of a poor woman of this town, who, on account of her husband's having absconded, receives parochial relief; from which fund she sent half-a-crown to Old Pine, to get intelligence. The conjurer promised her truant should return in a week. He did not return; yet the infatuated creature pawned a garment to get another half-crown, in order

to make farther inquiry of the conjurer. I cannot forbear giving you the subsequent fact, in addition to what I before sent you, concerning the high estimation of Moore, the almanack-maker, whose interpreters are so wonderfully candid, that, by some means or other, they always contrive to make to him a true prophet. A country man, who bought the almanack at Mr. Baker's Library, of this place, used to metamorphose the "*Vox Stellarum*" on the titles, into "Fox's Starlington."

But the most genuine trait of unlettered simplicity I ever met with is exemplified in a person yet living, and of whose manners and character a true, and I trust interesting, sketch has been given in a former division of our correspondence — I mean my honest old friend, the St. Ives Sexton; for particulars of whom I must refer you to what was said of the church and church-yard of that town.\*

In answer to some inquiries respecting this veteran in office, I received the following anecdote, in a letter from the present worthy rector of the above-mentioned place:

"I thank you for your remembrance of

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\* Vol. ii. of Gleanings in England.

Old George; be assured he shall not, nor has not, been forgotten; and now I am upon his subject, I cannot help mentioning a ludicrous occurrence, that took place soon after I came into possession of this living. Upon my arrival at St. Ives, I found a letter from the Heralds Office, desiring me to transmit an account of the family of *Lawrence*, from the year 1561. After I had gone on for some time in the inquiry, it occurred to me that Old George might give me some information. I accordingly sent for him. "Pray George can you tell me whether there is any monument in our church that mentions any thing concerning the family of Lawrence?" "No, master, but I buried Sir Edward; he lies in a leaden coffin, under 'Squire White's pew."—"Any thing else?" "Yes, there is his coat of arms in the church; a cross to shew he was a Lawrence, and a bloody hand to shew he was a baronet."—"Any thing more?" "Yes, master, there is something at the bottom that says he was an *admiral* of the *Nile*!!!"—"Give me the keys." I hastened to the church; where I discovered, at the foot of the achievement, the motto "*Nil admirari.*"

The church-yard of each town and village is, almost without an exception, the resort of all descriptions of travellers, except those

of the post haste character. The idler looks on it as his best lounging-place, while his repast is making ready; and the man of thought finds it a never-failing source of not unpleasing, though pensive contemplation. Yet how has custom disarmed, of their pious awe, the sights, the ceremonials, the repositories, and even the impressions of death! I am just returned from inspecting St. Mary's.\* The church door was open, and some workmen were engraving the following moral, by way of motto, over the porch: "*Redeeming the time.*" But one of the men proved a bad commentary on the text. Astride the roof of the porch, he sat singing a most unscriptural, though not irreverent, love-ditty; and as he soon after supplied a second labourer on a

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\* This church is in the gift of the Bishop of Winchester, and is at present held by his lordship's son. The living is estimated at about 1400*l.* a year. The present church was built in 1711, by the Rev. Archdeacon Brideoake, at that time minister of the parish, assisted by the contributions of several friends. Before that time, the old church had long lain in ruins, and public worship was confined to the remaining chancel. While this building was in contemplation, the adjoining parsonage was burned down; Mr. Brideoake rebuilt it; and it is rather singular, that in 1801 his building underwent the same fate: suddenly taking fire, on a Sunday afternoon, it was consumed in a few hours.

ladder with mortar, a boy, with a large jug of ale, came from an adjacent public house, running over innumerable graves, (St. Mary's church-yard is dreadfully overloaded with its dead,) and literally "whistled as he went for want of thought." He sat himself down on a tomb-stone, near the church-door, then exclaimed, "I've got the first draw of a full tap, and if you don't make haste, you may perhaps be too late." "Touch a drop before me," said the master, "and I will throw this tile at your head, and kill you as dead as the man or woman whose tomb\* you are now sitting upon, you little vagabond. Bring the noggin up this moment." The boy, obeying the word of command, leaped from the tomb, ascended the ladder, passed the man on the roof of the porch, and was almost on the ridge of the church when he delivered the object in dispute. The mason turned himself round, and drank deep of the can, as he rested on the ladder. The boy was sitting a few steps beneath, and was ordered to hand the liquor to the assistant on the roof of the porch; after which the master-man took another draught, observing "second thoughts were best;" then gave the

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\* A flat stone, without any inscription, near the first tree of the avenue almost facing the porch.

nearly emptied machine to the boy, telling him "to take home the noggin, and make haste back; for, look how near the dial points to one, and we have another job of work yet." The shadow indicated the hour he mentioned, and, on looking at the dial, I read these words: "The time is at hand!"

Taking the central path immediately leading from hence, I observed a soldier straddling across one of the grave-stones, while a woman was sitting upon the grave to which it belonged; both of them helping to pack, in a better manner, a basket that contained what they had bought at the market. On the stone was marked, as usual, something

"To teach the rustic moralist to die."

It began,

"Weep not for me,"

And told, moreover, that the party died young. The soldier and the female, who was probably his wife, were both in their youth also. The narrowness of the grave was incommodious to their purpose, so they shifted to a broad tomb-stone \* on the other side of the pathway; and

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\* From this point, Sir Henry Englefield observes, very truly, that a caussey of near half a mile long, planted with trees,

there, resuming the business of packing, finished their work, and trudged away towards the ferry; not, however, before both of them had taken from their basket a part of the contents, and, spreading it on the tomb, made, though hastily, as hearty and vacant a meal as if they had been surrounded by the living in lieu of the dead.

I walked pensively on to the edge of the Itchen-ferry. The softly rising and sun-gilt landscape on the opposite shore; the now returning, now retreating waves, as if sportively chasing each other, and wafting to land a fresh reinforcement of health-winged zephyrs; the small craft sliding along; sailing in company, or crossing each other in different direc-

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leads to the platform and south gate. This walk, which is called the Beach, commands in its whole length a view of the Southampton water, closed by the Isle of Wight; and it is not easy to imagine a more beautiful or interesting water-scene. The prospect of the town is also pretty, and the new church of All Saints appears from hence to great advantage. It is to be lamented, that the marshy meadow close to the caussey is not drained and improved. The salubrity of the town, and above all of the suburb of St. Mary's, calls loudly for it; and the ground in an enclosed or even in a drier state, would amply repay the expense; but contested rights of common have, in this as in a thousand other instances, hitherto prevented that being done, which every body separately approves.

tions, according to their opposite points of destination. The island packet-boats making for their respective ports, on each side of Southampton-bay; where friends and relatives, according to the influence and degree of emotions and passions, wait to welcome the passengers, — all these animating objects assisted in soothing a mind disturbed by what it had found so averse to its feelings, and gradually brought it back to its centre.

From St. Mary's church-yard, the Author of the "Walk" notices a road not very wide, and bordered on either hand by a deep and muddy ditch, leading to the antient mill, called the Chapel-Mill. In this road, inconvenient as it is, an annual fair is held, on Trinity Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. This fair is opened by the mayor and bailiffs, with a singular ceremony, on the preceding Saturday afternoon. The mayor erects a pole, with a large glove fixed to the top of it, near the miller's house; and the bailiff then takes possession of the fair, as chief magistrate in its precinct, during the fair, and invites the mayor and his suite to a collation in his tent. He appoints a guard of halberdiers, who keep the peace by day, and watch the fair by night. During the fair, no person can be arrested for debt within its precincts. On the Wednesday, at

noon, the mayor dissolves the fair, by taking down the pole and glove, or rather ordering it to be taken down; which, till lately, was done by the young men of the town, who fired at it with single balls, till it was destroyed, or they were tired with the sport. Probably it formerly was a mark for the less dangerous dexterity of the young archers.

With respect to walls, castles, &c. &c. of Southampton, I have a proud gratification in knowing that things of that kind are now circumstances rather of curiosity than use: more frequently pulled down to add beauty to a prospect, or repaired to give a happier effect to a ruin: mere objects of peaceful contemplation, not of martial security. My whole heart goes exultingly with Sir Henry Englefield, in every word of the passage that closes his interesting "Walk." The increasing strength of the nation, and yet more the augmented size of the ships of war, says he, now too large to enter, with safety, those rivers and creeks which formerly were the most secure havens, have combined to ensure from attack the antient ports of this country: and the walls of our cities are, by a felicity on which every Englishman will reflect with gratitude and respect, rendered merely ornaments to those towns, where every *house* is a *castle* to its owner,

fenced by laws, stronger than the brazen walls of Merlin.

That this glorious bulwark may be also '*aere perennius*' is a wish in which *all*, I trust, will join; but the antiquary, with peculiar feeling, who views it, not merely as a present impregnable guard, but as the venerable work of his forefathers.

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*Southampton.*

I HAVE been presented with the following valuable little gleaning of detached circumstances relating to the progressive history of Southampton. The Author is a native of the place. He wants neither ability or inclination, nor any thing but leisure, to pursue his researches, and to form them into a regular and connected history. I am grateful for the gift; and you will join my acknowledgement to the author; nor refuse thanks to your friend for thus sharing with you the information he has received. The facts, though not uniformly connected, are interesting and appropriate; and they cannot be so well introduced to you as at

the present moment, before we set off on our autumnal rambles beyond the limits of the town.

Various conjectures have been formed respecting the etymology of the name Southampton. Some have derived it simply from the Saxon words *ham*, a house, and *tun*, or *ton*, a town; the word *south* being prefixed since the Norman conquest, for the sake of distinction. Others contend for its derivation from the Anton or Southampton water, on whose pleasant bank it is situated. Whether or not, however, Hampton were first built in the Anglo-Saxons times is a matter of little consequence.

The first accounts we have of it are very disastrous. The fierce and sanguinary Danes made repeated descents, and more than once wrapt the place in fire and blood. About the year 860, in the reign of Ethelbert, they again landed at Southampton, and, advancing forward, made themselves masters of Winchester, where they committed horrid and lamentable excesses. But having collected a very great booty in that place, then the greatest and richest city in the kingdom, they were conveying it in haste to their ships, which seem to have lain at Southampton, when Osric, Earl of Southampton, and Ethelwulph, Earl of Berkshire, improving this opportunity, set

upon them in the road, and routed them with great slaughter, recovering all the spoils.

It appears to have been a place of some trade and importance in the Anglo-Saxon times.

Its incorporation, by charter, took place in the reign of Henry II. and confirmations and additions were granted by Richard I. John, Edward II. and III. Henry IV. V. and VI.

In 1174, Henry II. with his queen and his son Henry's wife, embarking at Barfleur, landed at Southampton on their return from France. “On the 8th of July, very early in the morning, the wind being fair, he set sail; but the gale increasing, and the sea beginning to grow rough, he observed in the countenances of the mariners some doubt of the safety of the voyage: whereupon, lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said—‘If the Supreme Ruler designs, by my arrival in England, to restore to my people that place, which he knows I sincerely have at heart, may he mercifully bring me to a safe port; but, if his will has decreed to scourge the realm, may I never be permitted to reach its shore! ’\* These sentiments, so becoming a Christian and a king, and which his subsequent actions proved to have been real, were not un-

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\* See Sir H. Englefield's Walk, page 88

rewarded ; for that evening he arrived, without the loss of a ship, in the harbour of Southampton: \* his son and the Earl of Flanders lying at Gravelines wind-bound, or deterred from sailing, if they had the same wind as he, by the violence of it, and the roughness of the sea in that part of the channel.

Immediately afterward took place, at Canterbury, that disgraceful scene of his penance at the tomb of Becket, ‘which was either an act of the most odious hypocrisy, or most contemptible superstition.’— If, observes the noble historian of his reign, the report of Becket’s miracles, or the authority of Rome in his canonization, did really work such a change in Henry’s mind, as to make him now deem that prelate, with whose whole conduct he had been so well acquainted, a saint and a martyr, it is a most wonderful instance of the prevalence of bigotry over human reason : but if he continued to think of the man and the cause as he had hitherto thought, this pilgrimage to his tomb, these prostrations before it, these acts of worship paid to him, were an impious hypocrisy, and mockery of God, which no policy could excuse. †

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\* Records in the Tower of London.

† Lord Lyttleton’s History of Henry II. vol. v. page 184. The fame of that canonized rebel, St. Thomas Becket, spread

In April, 1186, Henry II. again landed at Southampton, on his return from France. He also brought with him Eleanor, his queen, whom, soon afterward, he a second time confined in prison; from which she was not delivered till after his death, when Richard, her son, set her free. What occasioned this change in her husband's treatment of her, the very imperfect accounts of this part of his life have given us no intimation. Probably, therefore, her offence was not of a political, but of a private nature: some secret which the writers of those times could not penetrate, or were afraid to report.\*

Tradition says, that King John was some time a resident in the town. A piece of water, still called King John's Pond, near the shore, on the side of the old road from Southampton to the west of England, is said to have been

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far and wide. Two volumes were filled with accounts of the miracles that were performed by his intercession. Not only diseases of all kinds were fabled to have been healed by the invocation of his name; but members cut off, and eyes pulled out, were restored, and the dead were raised to life: this was even extended to the reviving of dead birds and other animals. At his altar, in Canterbury cathedral, in one year, were offered 954*l.* while, at the altar dedicated to Christ, not a single farthing was devoted.

\* Lyttleton's History, vi. 236 and 378.

the place where his horses were led to water. And it is very probable he might occasionally have visited this town; since, in the course of his turbulent reign, he resided frequently at Winchester, and once remained three months in the Isle of White, expecting succours from the Pope against the barons. There, cautiously concealing his designs, he conversed chiefly with fishermen and sailors, and spent much of his time in sauntering on the shore with his domestics: a retreat which caused much speculation, and many jests; some saying that the king was become a fisherman, and others, that he designed to turn pirate.\*

Under the auspices of its charters, and aided by many local privileges and immunities, Southampton soon began to increase in opulence and consideration. A brisk wine-trade was carried on between it and the coast of France; so that, in 1215, the merchants of this place appear to have been, next to those of London, the greatest importers of wine in England.†

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\* M. Paris, 265.

† It is curious to see the *prices* of wine about this period. A few years before, King John ordered, that wine of Poitou should not be sold in England for above 20s. a tun; wine of Anjou, 24s. French wine, 25s. yet by retail red wine was allowed to be sold for 6*d.* a quart, and white, 8*d.* In this

Many excellent vaulted cellars, in the lower part of the town, still remain, to attest its ancient trade.

In 1345, when Edward III. was raising a fleet, for the invasion of France, we have the following list of the proportion of ships to be furnished by the various ports of Hampshire.

	Ships.	Mariners.
Isle of Wight . . . . .	13	220
Portsmouth . . . . .	5	96
Hannil-hoke (now Hamblebeck)	11	208
<i>Southampton</i> . . . . .	21	576
Lymington . . . . .	9	159

This proves the superior importance, at that time, of Southampton; which, in this expedition, was appointed to be the place of rendezvous for the western division of the fleet.

In 1348, the town suffered much from a destructive pestilence; which, beginning in China, had swept over the face of the whole dis-

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reign the highest price of bread appears to have been a farthing a pound. Were we to continue the history of the *prices* of wine progressively to the present time, the curiosity would be great indeed: yet men go on drinking wine, and ministers continue to tax it.

covered globe; and, entering into this island, spent its first fury in this neighbourhood. Provisions became cheap, for want of mouths to consume them; but, in the same proportion, labour became dear, for want of hands to execute it. Knyghten says, a fat ox sold for 4*s.* a cow for 12*d.* a sheep for 3*d.* But, in the following autumn, the wages of a common reaper were at the comparatively enormous price of 8*d.* a day; of a mower, 12*d.* a day; beside their feed. Hence a great part of the harvest, instead of being housed, was left to rot upon the ground.\*

In 1354, one of the staples of wool, leather, wool fells, and lead, was fixed at Winchester; thence, when necessary, to be shipped, for Ireland, at this port.†

The next year, Southampton was again the rendezvous of a division of the fleet; a writ having been issued by the king to arrest all vessels of twenty tons and upward, for his service. This was probably to convey a reinforcement of troops to Edward the Black Prince, then in France, and who in the next

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\* Hem. de Knyghten. Milner's Winchester, i. 287, 288.

† Harl. MS. apud Bree. Mem. 1353, in the Stat. at Large.

year, took the French king prisoner, at Poitiers.\*

In the reign of Richard II. we find a patriotic man losing his life for his good intentions toward Southampton. In the year 1379, a rich Genoa merchant proposed to the king, that if he would suffer him to erect a castle at Southampton, for the better defence of the port, and the security of the merchandize, of which he intended to make it the repository, he would raise it to the highest rank among the ports of Europe, by the great resort of foreign merchants; who would plentifully supply this nation with the riches of the East, and, in return, carry back the produce of England. But several London merchants, apprehensive of the detriment they were likely to suffer, by the execution of such a project, basely contrived to have him assassinated, as he was returning home one evening. He was murdered near his own door. One of the assassins, however, was discovered, and punished in an exemplary manner.†

“The increasing prosperity of Southampton,” says the ingenious collector of these events, in

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\* Cited in Rushworth’s Collections.

† Walsingham. Maitland’s Hist. of London, 138.

another place, “ received a sudden check in the reign of Edward III. during the contest which arose between Philip de Valois and that prince, respecting the succession to the crown of France. By the Salic law, instituted in very early times, no woman could govern that kingdom; so that, on the decease of Charles the Fair, King of France, without issue, (who had succeeded by virtue of that law,) Philip de Valois claimed it, as being the next male heir. But Edward, who was son of Isabella, (the daughter of Philip the Fair, and the sister of the last three kings,) thought his title better than that of a cousin-german only, and pursued his claim by invading France with a powerful army. During the continuance of hostilities, a fleet, consisting of fifty gallies, French, Spanish, and Genoese, came to Southampton, in October, 1338, landed a large body of men, and killed all who opposed them: then entering the houses, they instantly hung many of the superior inhabitants, plundered the town, and reduced great part of it to ashes.\* They did not, however, effect this devastation with impunity: several distinguished personages of their party were slain, and among them the son of the King of Sicily.

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\* Hem. de Knyghten. Froissart.

Stowe gives us a curious anecdote of the manner of the death of this prince.

" Fifty gallies, well manned and furnished, came to Southampton, about nine of the clock, and sacked the town; the townsmen running away for fear. By the breake of the next day, they which fled, by help of the country thereabout, came against the pyrates, and fought with them; in the which skirmish were slain to the number of three hundred pyrates, together with their captain, a young soldier, the king of Sicilis son. To this young man the French king had given whatever he got in the kingdom of England; but he being beaten down by a certain man of the countrey, cryed " Rançon." Notwithstanding, the husbandman laid him on with his club, till he had slain him, speaking these words; " Yea, (quoth he,) I know well enough thou art a *Françon*, and therefore shalt thou die:" for he understood not his speech, neither had he any skill to take gentlemen prisoners, and to keep them for their ransome." \*

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The present *soi-disant* Emperor of the French, however, seems perfectly well skilled to *take gentlemen*, yea, and ladies also, *prisoners*; and

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\* Stowe's Annals.

not only to *keep them*, but to *refuse ransom*, or the more generous mode of suffering them to return to their native country; though they visited France on the good faith of treaties, as individuals, under the smile of peace, and, in a manner, upon invitation; and who, therefore, ought, in any case, while they continued to deport themselves peaceably, to have been treated with respect, and not, from any public quarrel, to have been detained as hostages. The number of unoffending persons of this description, confined to the continent, with the rigour of state-prisoners, is disgraceful to their imperial jailor; and the Gleaner will be permitted to express his indignation, though it may, for a few minutes, interrupt the progress of the historic sketches.

Hostility with nations, whether right or wrong as to the principle, may be daring and intrepid, but a war with private people, who have no concern in the politics of either country, stopping persons, or obstructing property, is a species of littleness, inconsistent with the views, I will not say of a generous foe, but with those of a great mind. What splendour might the present dominator of France have thrown around him, had he given his free passport to all Englishmen resident in his states, when he found they resided on the con-

tinent for the sake of health, curiosity, information, pleasure, education of their children, or other domestic arrangements. A soldier's honour, a gentleman's delicacy, and an emperor's dignity, might have united to inspire not only the courtesy of liberty to return, but the chivalry of guaranteeing such characters in safety to the several points of embarkation. This might have demonstrated something of that grandeur of spirit, which the Poet gives to the character of Satan; a sort of horrible sublimity, consistent with a great, though wicked, Being. I can even conceive, that a measure of this kind would have tended to aggrandise his character. But the wretched meanness of separating families, and in a manner shutting up all intercourse, or, at least, obstructing the most innocent communications between friends and relatives, is paltry; and exhibits a disposition as vexatious as contemptible. It has not even the feature of a magnificent despot: it demonstrates only the tyranny of a pettifogger in malice, stooping from the eminence of proud defiance against a nation in arms, to a base attack upon particular persons, at once innocent and defenceless. In a word, it is not a laudable imitation of a Roman conqueror, but the original and shabby malignity of a Corsican usurper.

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To resume our historic selections.—In 1416, some of the French ships came and blocked up the English fleet at Portsmouth and Southampton, and made an attempt on the Isle of Wight, but were REPULSED.\*

In 1417, Henry V. was again at Southampton; which was appointed to be the rendezvous of his army, in his second invasion of France. His whole force consisted only of twenty-five thousand five hundred men; a very inconsiderable number for attempting the conquest of France. The account which historians afford us of the manner of raising these troops, is truly curious and interesting.

After the king had settled the pay of each soldier, and of every officer, according to his rank and character, he made private contracts with several lords and gentlemen, by which they were obliged to provide him a certain number of horsemen or footmen, for a settled annual sum, to be accounted for by quarterly payments. The first quarterage was advanced; but, when the second became due, the king had no money. To supply the present occasion, he pawned to them all his remaining jewels,† and gave them letters, under the great

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\* Take warning mighty Emperor of the Unfaithful!

† He had previously pawned a part of them to the city of

seal, empowering them to sell his jewels, if the money was not repaid within a certain time. The term allowed was twelve or eighteen months, according as the creditors were more or less tractable. By this means, he gained time for the payment of his troops, and reimbursed his creditors gradually. His subjects were so well satisfied of his sincerity and probity, that they scrupled not to lend him money on such securities.

There was also at Southampton, during these times of trouble, more than one remarkable execution; that of Thomas Nevil, a natural son of Lord Falconbridge, deserves selection. He had formerly been appointed, by the Earl of Warwick, to be vice-admiral of the sea, with a charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that King Edward might have no communication with his friends in England. And when, by the death of Warwick, he was brought to poverty, being a man of no less courage than audacity, he turned pirate and robber, sparing neither friend nor foe. Having collected many ships, he at length landed in Kent, and, taking advantage of the confusion of the times, declared for Henry VI. Assembling from Kent and Essex a band of desperate men,

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London, for 10,000*l.* sterling; and even his crown to the Bishop of Winchester, his uncle, for 100,000 marks. Rapin.

who were willing to undertake any thing for the sake of plunder, he boldly marched to London, assaulted the drawbridge, and endeavoured to scale Aldgate. Repulsed, at length, he fled to his ships, and, putting to sea, wandered friendless, outcast, and conscious of having forfeited his life by his treason. Weary, at length, of a life of restless anxiety, he seems carelessly to have thrown himself into the hands of justice, by entering Southampton-haven, and landing; soon after which he was taken and beheaded. The old historian, who supplies these particulars, observes, that, had his insurrection been better timed, it might have proved a serious affair to Edward; as “Nevil (he observes) for his evyll conditions was such an apt person, that a more meeter could not be chosen to set all the world in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme in an ylle hazarde.”

In the autumn of 1461, Edward IV. in a progress which he made through several parts of his kingdom,\* visited Southampton, and went from hence into Wales.†

In 1471, a skirmish took place, near Southampton, between the troops of the Dukes of

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\* For an account of the recent visit to Hampshire of the reigning monarch, see the letters dated from New Forest.

† Stowe, p. 416.

Clarence and Warwick, and those of Earl Rivers, in which that gallant nobleman defeated them, and prevented their seizing a large vessel, called the Trinity, belonging to the town. Earl Rivers is the third character on England's List of *Noble Authors*. The credit of the queen his sister, the countenance and example of his prince, the boisterousness of the times, nothing softened, nothing roughened the mind of this amiable lord; who was as gallant as his luxurious brother-in-law, without his weaknesses; as brave as the heroes of either Rose, without their savageness; studious in the intervals of business, and devout after the manner of those whimsical times, when men challenged others whom they never saw, and went barefoot to visit shrines in countries of which they had scarce a map." In 1473, understanding that there was to be a jubilee and pardon, at St. James's, in Spain, he sailed from Southampton, and for some time "was full virtuously occupied in goyng of pilgrimasis to St. James in Galice, to Rome, and other diverse holy places.\* This accomplish-

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\* Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors.—It was in this voyage, Earl Rivers tells us, that, "lacking syght of all landes, the wynde being good and the weder fayr, thenne for a recreacyon

ed nobleman was one of the victims to the ambition of the tyrant, Richard III. being beheaded in Pontefract-Castle without any form of trial.

In 1512, the third year of Henry VIII. Lord Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, collected his army, of ten thousand men, and embarked at this port, for the assistance of Ferdinand, King of Spain, against the French. Among these (according to the Spanish historians) were about five thousand archers, who, beside their bows, carried halberts, which they pitched in the ground till their arrows were shot, and, then taking them up again, rushed forward to engage the enemy at close quarters, which was then deemed an excellent piece of military discipline.\*

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and passyng of time, he had delite, and axed to rede some good historye. A worshipfull gentylman, called Lewys de Bretaylles, lent him the dictes and sayinges of the philosophers, translated out of Latin into Frenshe, which, when he had heided and looked upon, as he had tyme and space, he gaaf thereto a veray affection," and afterward translated the work. The book is supposed to be the second ever printed in England by Caxton. The earl was a great patron of printing. Mr. Walpole has given a very curious engraving, from an ancient MS. of this nobleman, presenting Caxton to Edward IV.

\* Hayward's Reign of Henry VIII.

On the 6th of July, 1522, the Emperor, Charles V. embarked at Southampton, on his return to Spain. This was at the close of his politic visit to our court, in which it had been his aim to flatter the vanity \* of Henry; to engage Wolsey in his interests, by promising him the papacy, and to conciliate the esteem of the nation in general. During his stay in England, he appointed the Earl of Surrey his high admiral, who, immediately sailing with his fleet, made two successful descents on the French coast; and, afterwards putting into the port of Southampton, with a detachment of his ships, took the emperor on board, Henry having accompanied him on his road as far as Winchester.†

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\* And flattery was evidently very agreeable to him. What honest man would have received, and, indeed, what honest man would have offered, such profane encomiums, as those of the Pope, in his letter to Henry, applauding his exertions in the controversy against Luther. “*Quasi reputantes, non sine permisso divino, erupisse aduersus Christi ecclesiam, Luterianam hanc impietatem, ut ipsa maiore suā cum gloriā talem propugnatorem et defencorem sortiri possit.*” Rymer’s *Fœdera* xiii. 758.—Alas! for his infallibility, when Henry changed sides.

† Hayward.—They were at Winchester some days, where their notice was particularly attracted by the celebrated piece of antiquity, which has obtained the name of Arthur’s round

Leland, the antiquary, made the following report of some of the principal houses of Southampton to Henry VIII. who commissioned him to perambulate England.

“ The chiefest is the house that Huttoft, late customer of Southampton, builded in the west side of the town. The house that Master Lightster, chief barone of the king’s exchequer, dwelleth in, is very fair; the house that Master Mylles, the recorder, dwelleth in, is fair; and so be the houses of Nicoline and Guidote, Italians.”

One piece of ordnance, which Henry VIII.

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table. On this occasion it was newly painted, and a distich inserted at the bottom.

“ Carolus Henricus vivant; defensor uterque;  
Henricus fidei, Carolus ecclesiae.”

A sad prostitution of titles. Happy has it been for the world, that the *faith* and the *church*, which could boast of such defenders, have ever since been sinking into insignificance; and no longer, on their account, in this fair land, at least,

“ In cruel broils engaged, and deadly strife,  
Most Christian kings inflamed by black desire,  
With honourable ruffians in their hire,  
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour.”

THOMSON.

presented to Southampton, is still to be seen on the platform. It bears the date of 1542, and Henry's title of "*Fidei defensor invictissimus*;" a title, which, (Lord Orford observes,) "by a singular felicity in the wording, suited Henry equally well, when he burned Papists or Protestants; it suited each of his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth; it fitted the *martyr* Charles, and the *profligate* Charles; the Romish James, and the Calvinist William; and, at last, seemed peculiarly adapted to the weak head of high-church Anne."\*

In 1654, during the government of the Protector Oliver, the mayor and corporation were treated very unhandsomely by a Captain Jubbs, who, coming from Portsmouth, got admission into the town, under pretence of assisting them in protecting it, and afterward surprising them

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\* Fuller, in his Church History, says, there went a tradition, that Patch, the king's fool, perceiving the king very jocund one day, asked him the reason; and, when the king told him it was because of his new title, "Defender of the Faith," the fool made this arch reply: "Prithee, good Harry, let thee and I defend one another, and let the faith alone to defend itself." A good and virtuous prince, however, will invariably deserve the title of Defender of the Faith. Is not the defence of our religion amongst the first objects that inspires resistance to the threats of a scoffer of all faith? — GLEANER.

when assembled in the council-house, made them prisoners there, insisting on their delivering to him the keys of the gates. They immediately dispatched to Oliver a special messenger with an account of the transaction. We are not informed in what manner the affair terminated. Their letter is given in the third volume of Thurloe's State Papers.\*

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\* The magistrates of Southampton do not seem to have been very well affected toward Cromwell, notwithstanding they had returned to parliament Richard Major, Esq. of Hursley, whose daughter was married to Oliver's son, Richard. Mr. Major's father was an alderman of the corporation; yet, in a letter from Major General Goffe to Cromwell's secretary, Thurloe, we have mention of "sadd complaints concerning the unworthy carriage of the magistrates of the towne of Southampton against the godly party: for prevention whereof for the future," he says, "I hope wee may, in due time, proppound some humble desires to his highnes. My Lord Richard Cromwell and Mr. Major are very sensable of the wicked spirrit of the majestrates, and doe judge it absolutely necessary that something be done against them."\*

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\* Dated May 5, 1656. — Thurloe's State Papers, iv. 764.

*Southampton, November 3, 1799.*

THE whole of the past month has been interrupted by showers — the sun has been able to appear only by a casual glimpse; but his visits, though short, were welcome: perhaps not the less so for having been so sparing of his rays. Alas! such is too often our estimate and measurement of every good.

Of those returns, however, of his transitory splendour, I have availed myself, after long wooing the goddesses of the sea and of the air. Poetical fable would have been very incomplete had those life-sustaining and health-renewing powers been excluded from the mythology.

Yet, O how delicious are the sun-beams thus rescued, as it were, from the storm! Like happiness and health, after grief and sickness, they are but the more exquisitely relished. With what rapidity are those effulgent moments darted through every obstruction! The enlightened clouds themselves seem to be relieved, and to smile: the countenance of earth and heaven brighten up; and a single hour of returning sunshine, like that of joy from some heart-felt occurrence, makes us forget that we had ever been enveloped in sorrow or in

gloom. I have experienced, my friend, the force of both these transitions. The most sudden alternations have happened in the elements of nature and of life; and I shall now proceed to describe some of their consequent influences on the short but interesting excursions, which the uncertain state of the weather permitted me to seize. By catching the Sol \* of the minute I sallied forth, and was abundantly gratified. Perseverance has sometimes been known to meet its reward from the most capricious of the goddesses above and below, even Fortune herself.

On one of the most resplendent days that have ever been presented by Nature to her admirers, or by Autumn to her enthusiasts, your correspondent, who you are not now to be told is one of their warmest, truest votaries, made a pause at the neat, airy, genteel, well-bred, little town of WICKAM. Nature, indeed, exhausted with weeping, appeared disposed to atone for the past, and to restore her drooping powers. Her most radiant orb shone, as if to dry up her tears, which, with more than the passion of Niobe, had fallen upon, and almost deluged, the earth. It was on this fair morn, that the Gleaner went forth with some friends, as if to do homage in the temple

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\* "The Cynthia of the minute."

of the sun, whose gorgeous palace opened his glories at a thousand portals; each beaming with the light, the majesty, and the benevolence of heaven.

A picturesque church-yard, and a walk beyond it to the woods, by the side of a quickset, engaged our first attention. To the left, over a stile, is a brook trickling at its foot, the sound contrasted by the deeper notes of a water-mill below. Opening to the next meadow, as you quit sight of the rill, the sound of which is yet heard, are objects for more than one landscape, both to the right and left. A painter would probably take into his first picture part of the town — the mill-foam, from between a row of poplars, seen as a waterfall — Mr. Garnier's seat — woods — and the beautiful vicarage — all worthy of, and, indeed, commanding the pencil of genius.

Passing another stile, in the same direction, where the brook which begun at the former gate is now continued by a more abundant gush — joining rather in rivalry than in echo the bolder note of the mill-water — a row of stately trees form a vernal canopy the whole length of the field. The river, at the bottom of a glen to the left, (from which rise some venerable oaks to assist the canopy,) flows more placidly along. To the right, you have the villa-looking farm, grounds, and a summer-house, belonging to Mr. Garnier, which, shut-

ting out the scenery of the field behind, might form another picture no less deserving the painter's notice. The objects of the landscape, to be taken from this field, are carried and confined to the foliage that bounds the horizon. At the extremity of the field, the sound of the rivulet is again renewed, and, if possible, with more dulcet intonations. From an ivy-clasped oak, you have yet another peep at the more silent and deep stream above-mentioned, the liquid melody varying at every step. The many-coloured walk continues with rich supplies of sunshine and of shade, and a sufficient intermixture of living figures; of animals at repose or feed, groups of boys and girls laden with fagots from the adjacent forest, labourers at work, &c. &c. to the confines of the forest. At the extremity of the fourth field, in a straight line, similar foliage still embowers you, and your ear again welcomes its harmonious neighbour. The fifth stile conducts to the sixth, by a path between fallow land, which is a relief to the excess of verdure: this is fenced on each side by autumnal scenery, which throws the artist and art itself into despair, being literally beyond the reach of imitation. This sixth stile conducts you into the forest, where, for many a mile along the leafy labyrinths, the philosopher may think,

the lover sigh, and the muse, if the gods have made him poetical, help him to a song addressed to the lady of his verse or of his heart.

If, instead of passing the fourth stile, you pursue the semicircular walk, which conducts, by a gentle ascent, to a white swinging gate, you are accommodated with yet another landscape of great richness and variety. It may either be taken from the step of the gate, which furnishes you with a seat, or from an adjacent moss-embraced oak, that, with the connected hedge on one side, and an opening of the forest on the other, forms a back-ground. The front view is so extensive, and so full of object, one is fearful of giving the preference to some, lest we should injure the great painter — Nature — by seeming to neglect the rest. The spacious field before you descends by a gentle declivity to softly irregular and tender foliage, made by the rows of trees which, a few minutes before, constructed your arbouring walk. From thence, by a proportionate ascent, you are conveyed over enclosures to deeper vegetation, which forms the boundary: your eye is attracted, however, in its way, by innumerable objects, — the tinkling of the team-bell, — the herds at their social repast, — part of the town rising, as it were, from the bosom of the wood, — the smoke from the chimneys wreathing both

itself and the contiguous scenery in blue columns, that imitate the colour of the pure cerulean above, and look, indeed, as if aspiring to mix with it.

It is impossible to gather half the delightful intermediate subjects, betwixt the observatory-oak and a majestic fir which limits your horizon, and which, in superiour majesty, appears to govern the scene. The soft shadowings, likewise, now flying and now fixt, will constitute not the slightest beauty for the painter, to the selection of whose living eye and animated genius I must, now, resign it. .

Quitting this point, and leaving your seat of observation — the stile — then passing through the gate attached to it, several engaging paths open to your election: the one to your left, leads you through the forest-land to the pretty village of Hambleton, a wood-walk of six miles, in which you are offered the alternate beauties of distant prospect and close recess, of dazzling sun and impervious shade. The gate parallel to that you quit conducts you farther into the grounds of Mr. Garnier, and gives you, in airy prospect, the engaging diversities beyond them, while the road between the gates presents to you a bridle or foot way, which circuitously will bring you round by Mr. Garnier's house, into the beautiful quickset formerly noticed.

Your foot, however, will be commanded, by a power superior to itself, to make a stop before you enter those precincts: first, to the gate-man, who, though neither so feeble nor so crowned with interesting anecdote as my poor Anthony Flower, of Rudham,\* is not without claims that will give his silver and redundant hair, florid complexion, still brilliant eye, unclouded countenance, and unfailing step, a place in your memory, should he live to open his gate and offer his courtesies to you.

A passing visit to this veteran will be enriched by the grateful account you will hear of the goodness of the Garnier family; with the health, well-doing, and olive-branching number of his own household: and, before he has finished the little history of himself and neighbours, you will be disposed to bless the small blue watch-box in which he sits; and leave him a something to make the remembrance mutual.

Your second pause will be at the view of the house of the Garniers, so kindly described by the veteran, and, indeed, by every other person of whom you may be disposed to make inquiry.

“A whole house-full of good and generous creatures, Sir,” quoth mine hostess of the

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\* Vol. i. “Gleanings in England.”

King's Head, "so kind-hearted, so charitable, every one of them, and so neighbourly. O, Sir, no body can tell you the good they do."

The third stop, if you return by the beautiful road, will be at the parsonage; and, while I mention this, I cannot but breathe a hope, that *your* prospect of it may be accompanied by more auspicious circumstances. Ours was, indeed, "a pause prophetic of the end," I fear, of one of our most valuable and ingenious men, — Dr. Joseph Warton, late master of Winchester-School, and brother to the poetical laureat, one of our poetical professors. The doctor, at the moment we were surveying his house, was languishing in a sickness, that every lover of genius and virtue feared would be fatal, and which he had already born for many agonizing weeks, with Christian meekness and fortitude. I cannot well describe to you the state of mind, under the influence of which I looked up to the windows that, a servant had informed me, belonged to the sufferers apartment. One of the shutters was closed, and, at the other, I beheld a female, who appeared to be folding her hands in supplication. The whole party entered into, and partook of these sensations, which were increased and softened by some external circumstances, particular-

ly welcome at such a time. We were pleased that a deep and heavy clouding had passed over the face of that effulgent orb which had so emblazoned the former parts of our walk. The wind, too, gave many and deep sighs, in the respondent sea-green firs that encircled the dwelling; the droop of the willows was more than usually acceptable; and the sadly-sweet note of a robin, that sat singing on a waving branch of sycamore, more than ever endeared the pensive and brief air of that domestic musician. The abundant hedges of appropriate laurel, wore, methought, to Fancy's eye, the most sombrous aspect. How soothing are these imaginations! The apothecary came forward, to pay his morning visit, in the midst of them, and they soon yielded to yet more interesting realities. He informed us, he had hopes of the recovery of his patient; "which," added he, "will give joy to every one who has the honour of his acquaintance; for a more worthy man than Dr. Warton,\* or a more

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\* Prebendary of Winton, and, during thirty-six years successively, under and upper master of Winchester-College.

His publications are few. A small collection of poems, without a name, was first sent forth, and contained the "Ode to Fancy," which has been so much and so deservedly

amiable lady than his wife, who is herself indisposed, is not to be found in Hampshire.

This intelligence enabled us to advert again

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admired. They were afterwards all printed in Dodsley's Collection.

He was also a considerable contributor to the "Adventurer," published by Dr. Hawkesworth; and all the papers which contain criticisms on Shakespeare were written by him and his brother, Dr. Thomas Warton. The first volume of his "Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope" has passed through several editions: an interval of between twenty and thirty years had elapsed, before he gave a second volume of that elegant and instructive work to the world. He had not only meditated, but had collected, materials for a literary history of the age of Leo X. and proposals were actually in circulation for a work of that kind; but it is possible, that the duties of his station did not leave him the necessary leisure for an undertaking which required years of seclusion and independence.

The last work which he undertook, at a very advanced age, was an edition of Pope's works.—The doctor was cheerful in his temper, convivial in his disposition; of an elegant taste and lively imagination, with a large portion of erudition, and a very general knowledge of the *belles lettres* of Europe. He was not only admired for his talents and his knowledge, but was beloved for those more valuable qualities, which are the best gifts of this imperfect state.

And here justice calls upon me to pay a tribute of well-merited praise to the little volume called "A Companion in a Tour round Southampton," from which the above extract is taken. I will honestly own, that having previously read,

to the cheerful objects, which, in returning to the inn, by the road, presented us with

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in a satisfactory manner, the "Southampton Guides," published by Skelton and Baker, containing every thing necessary to be known by a casual traveller, I turned over the leaves of this "Companion," with no great hope of more extensive information. The perusal, however, of a few pages, convinced me that it was not the production of one of those writers, who are employed in putting together the common and coarse materials of a traveller's *Vade Mecum*, or walking-book, to be read while the chop or cutlets are preparing, or the tea strengthening in the pot; then thrown amongst other trivial luggage, into the gig, post-chaise, or phaeton; lastly, to be laid upon the shelf, as having answered its purpose, and then be thought of no more.\* It is a work of permanent utility; and, in order to give an interest to my own sketches, shall refer to it, with grateful pleasure, as occasion may require.

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\* "I should do violence to my own feelings," says Sir Henry Englefield, "if I passed unnoticed the assistance which I have received from an anonymous correspondent, whose singular modesty has not, perhaps, totally concealed him from my knowledge: and, to whose accurate pen, the investigators of the beautiful environs of the town of Southampton are, I suspect, already obliged for one of the best digested and most instructive of those useful tracts, commonly known under the name of Guides."

But the Gleaners obligations to the author thus recommended are more extensive: having been favoured with some original communications, which shall appear in their time and place; and of which, indeed, examples and specimens have so recently appeared, under the title of *Hampshire provincialities and historic anecdotes relating to Southampton*. What are yet to come will have the additional interest of some personal circumstances, which will not only gratify curiosity, and demonstrate talent, but ensure respect. \* See the original poetic contributions, vol. iii.

another soft picture of autumnal nature, including the bridge, mill-pool, part of the town, the villas, cottages, and vegetation, amidst or beyond them, — with many a figure, interesting by its motion and life; — such as the scarlet-cloaked maid or matron, with her clean basket of marketings; the neighbouring farmers, returning in social trot, settling their own affairs, their neighbours, or those of the nation, as they jog on: and though the clouds continued to obscure the sun-beam, and none of these objects were gilt as heretofore, the reflection of good Beings, released, in some measure, from their sufferance, conveyed, to the mind's eye, those rays of affection which surpass the brightest glow of the orient or the setting beam.

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Since the above was written, the estimable Dr. Warton, as the foregoing note signifies, has left the world, which he contributed to improve. I had seen, at Oxford, Mr. Mant's elegant and feeling tribute to his memory; and remember being struck, while reading it, with the idea of adding a quotation from it to my former Wickham excursion. On revi-

sing the pages appropriate to that place, the same idea recurred; and I addressed the author for permission. He has so liberally granted my request, by assigning a part, or the whole, to my wishes, that I shall avail myself of his kindness to the utmost extent, as well from the merit of the composition, as to offer a testimony of the Gleaners respect to the subject.

## VERSES\*

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

LATE HEAD MASTER OF WINCHESTER-COLLEGE.

BY

RICHARD MANT, A. B.

FELLOW OF ORIEL-COLLEGE, OXFORD.

'TIS sweet, when freshly breathes the vernal morn,  
To hear the solemn rook, that clam'rous wheels  
Round some elm-circled mansion ; sweet to lie  
Beneath the canopy of spreading groves,  
When ceaseless hums the summer air ; or rove  
At evening still, when the lone nightingale  
Sings wakeful her thick-warbled song ; 'tis sweet  
To catch by fits the melancholy sound,  
While through the ruins of th' autumnal wood  
Sighs the sad gale, or the loud wintery wind  
Blows hollow o'er the bleak and blasted heath ; —  
But sweeter still the meek and plaintive tones  
Of heav'ly poetry, which lulls the heart  
With grateful sorrow mild ; which speaks of worth

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\* Some notes are added to illustrate the poem.

Departed, speaks of those whom never more  
 Our eyes shall view, our arms shall clasp ; then tells  
 In louder strains of the eternal rest,  
 The blissful mansions of unfading heav'n.

And such delightful pleasure, innocent,  
 Delightful to the sense, and to the mind  
 Minist'ring calm and holy pensiveness,  
 Who shall forbid to seize ? Who shall forbid,  
 If I, unus'd to woo th' Aonian choir,  
 And all unskilful, yet aspire to seek  
 Their hallow'd temple ; and with pious zeal  
 And grateful duty weave an humble crown,  
 " To deck the laureate herse where Warton lies ? " \*

O tow'rs of Venta, and thou gentle stream,  
 Itchin, ye bending vales, and breezy downs,  
 You best his praise can witness ; — oft he climb'd  
 In morn of life your fir-crown'd hill, and roam'd  
 Your osier'd meads, and pac'd your cloisters dim ;  
 You to meridian fame beheld him rise  
 Circled with Wykeham's sons ; and you beheld  
 How Wykeham's grateful sons † the tribute paid  
 Of filial love, and cheer'd his closing day.

For well was Warton lov'd, and well deserv'd !

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\* To strew the laureate herse, where Lycid lies.

MILTON'S LYCIDAS.

† The ingenious author asserts, that there never was a man in his situation more universally beloved than the last Head-Master of Winchester. In addition to that general tribute of gratitude paid him at all times, the particular testimony which he received from the Scholars of the College, at the time of his quitting them in 1793, cannot but be considered as highly honourable to him and them. It was a testimony, which no doubt was the source of gratification to him till the day of his death.

Whether he led the fault'ring step of youth  
To offer incense at the Muse's shrine ;  
Or, justly stern, check'd with forbidding frown  
Impetuous vice ; or with approving smile  
Cherish'd the hope of virtue's modest bud ;  
Strong to convince, and gentle to persuade,  
“ His tongue dropt manna,”\* and his ardent eye  
Sparkled with temper'd rage, or beam'd with joy  
Boundless : nor wonder ; for within his heart  
Dwelt pure affection, and the liberal glow  
Of charity ; join'd to each native grace,  
Which the sweet Muse imparts to those she loves.  
His was the tear of pity, soft as show'rs  
That fall on April meadows ; his the rapt  
Impassion'd thought, quick as the lightning's glance,  
And warm as summer suns : and every flow'r  
Of Poesy,† which by the laurell'd spring  
Of Aganippe, or that Roman stream  
Tiber, or Tuscan Arno, breath'd of old  
Its fragrance sweet ; and ev'ry flow'r, which since  
Hath drunk the dew beside the banks of Thames,  
Met in his genial breast, and blossom'd there.

Happy old man ! ‡ for therefore didst thou seek  
Extatic vision by the haunted stream

\* Paradise Lost, book 2.

† Warton might have described his own mingled fondness for the Greek, Latin, and Italian poets, in the words which he has quoted from Milton.  
*Nec me tam ipsæ Athenæ Atticæ cum illo suo pellucido Iliso, nec illa vetus Roma sua Tiberis ripa retinere valuerunt, quin saepe Arnum vestrum et Fæstulanos illos colles invisere amem.* — Essay on Pope, i. 265.

‡ Fortunate senex. Virg. E. 1.

Or grove of fairy : \* then thy nightly ear  
 (As from the wild notes of some airy harp)  
 Thrill'd with strange music ; if the tragic plaints  
 And sounding lyre of those Athenians old,  
 Rich-minded poets, fathers of the stage,  
 Rous'd thee enraptur'd ; or the pastoral reed  
 Of Mantuan Tityrus charm'd ; or Dante fierce,  
 Or more majestic Homer swell'd thy soul,  
 Or Milton's muse of fire. Nor seldom came  
 Wild fancy's priests, with masked pageantry,  
 And harpings more than mortal : † he, whose praise  
 Is heard by Mulla ; and that untaught bard  
 Of Avon, child of nature ; nor less lov'd,

\* Each evening ——————

————— lay me by the haunted stream  
 Rapt in some wild poetic dream,  
 In converse while methinks I rove  
 With Spencer through a fairy grove ;  
 Till suddenly awak'd I hear  
 Strange whisper'd music in my ear,  
 And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd  
 By the sweetly-soothing sound.

DR. WARTON'S ODE TO FANCY.

Who would not sing for Lycidas ? He knew  
 Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme.

Warton's enthusiastic admiration of the poets specified above is well known ; and the mention of them in this place is not foreign from the purpose, as they are not only the subjects of those elegant critical papers, with which he enriched the *Adventurer*, but are frequently brought forward by him, with all the warmth of an ardent lover, in his *Essay on Pope*.

† This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
 That the earth owes,

TEMPEST.

Though later, he, who rais'd with mystic hand  
The fancy-hollow'd pile of chivalry,  
Throng'd with bold knights; while Chaucer smil'd to see  
From his rich mine of English, undefil'd,  
Though all by time obscured,\* a gorgeous dome  
On marble pillars reared, and golden valves  
Majestic, fashion'd by his genuine son.

And O! hadst thou to our fond vows appear'd  
Assistant, whilst unrivall'd Dryden sang  
Ammon's high pomp, and Sigismonda's tears  
For lost Guiscardo; how on coal-black steed  
"The horse-man ghost came thund'ring for his prey;"  
Or how amid the waste of nature stood  
Thy temple, God of Slaughter! — O! hadst thou  
With kindred flame, and such a flame was thine,  
Call'd up that elder bard, who left half-sung

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\* Chaucer is obscure to those persons only who neglect him; the difficulty, which attends the first reading of him, soon vanishes; and surely the conquest must be worth the trouble, when we consider the advantages to be derived from it. Whoever can be satisfied with masculine and simple poetry; whoever can be amused with humour, too often through the nature of the times in which he wrote alloyed with ribaldry, but frequently pure and sterling; whoever thinks it desirable to become acquainted with the manners of his ancestors, and (I may add) to gain a more distinct view of his own language, will be amply rewarded by the repeated perusal of Chaucer. — I consider his *Knights Tale*, which Dryden has so nobly modernised, as the poem of Chivalry: the names, indeed, are clasical; but the images, the sentiments, the characters, the very action of the poem itself, are all wild, and fanciful, and chivalrous. But all this is fully illustrated, and powerfully confirmed by a writer, who has devoted much time and talent, and no less zeal to this our first poetic parent. Mr. Godwin has afforded "ample room and verge enough" to this great poet, who is certainly entitled to the best attentions of his historian.

The wondrous tale of Tartar Càmbuscàn ;\*  
 So had the muse a brighter chaplet twin'd  
 To grace thy brow ; nor tuneful Dryden hung  
 A statelier trophy on the shrine of fame.

Happy old man ! Yet not in vain to thee  
 Was Fancy's wand committed : not in vain  
 Did Science fill thee with her sacred lore :—  
 But if of fair and lovely aught, if aught  
 Of good and virtuous in her hallow'd walls,  
 Through the long space of thrice twelve glorious years,  
 Thy Venta nurtur'd ; if transplanted thence  
 To the fair banks of Isis and of Cam,  
 It brighter shone ; and haply thence again,  
 Thence haply spread its influence through the land,  
*That be thy* praise. Be it thy praise, that thou  
 Didst bathe the youthful lip in the fresh spring,  
 “ The pure well-head of Poesy,” didst point,  
 Like thine own lov'd Longinus,† to the steep  
 Parnassian crag, and led'st thyself the way ;—  
 Be it thy praise, that thou didst clear the path,  
 Which leads to Virtue's fane ; not her of stern  
 And Stoic aspect dark, till Virtue wears  
 The gloom of Vice ; but such as warms the heart

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\* Mr. Mant says, I have taken the liberty of adopting this pronunciation, notwithstanding Milton's authority to the contrary. The word as it frequently occurs in the Squieres Tale, is necessarily and uniformly Càmbuscàn : e. g.

This noble king, this Tartre Cambuscan.

(C. T. 10343.) Milton was, in all probability, not aware of the title of Khan of Tartary.

† Wharton was remarkably partial to Longinus's treatise on the Sublime, and in his choice of that interesting writer he seems to have been directed by a congeniality of sentiment. He was, indeed, the critic of taste and feeling.

To acts of love, and peace, and gentleness,  
And tend'rest charity ; such as around  
Thy earthly passage shed her cheerful light,  
And such as Wykeham best might love to view.

So thine allotted station didst thou fill,  
And now art passed to thy peaceful grave,  
In age and honours ripe. Then not for thee  
Pour we the tear of sorrow ; not with strains  
Like those despondent, which the Doric bard \*  
Wept for his Bion, do we tend on thee :  
For other hopes are ours, and other views,  
Brighter and happier scenes ! No earthly chains  
Shall in this dreary prison-house confine  
Spirits of light ; nor shall the heav'n-born mind

\* Mr. Mant alludes to a part of Moschus's Elegy on Bion, which he transcribes. Any one, who may have happened not to have read it, will thank him for introducing him to one of the most beautiful and pathetic poems of antiquity ; and those who have read it, can never think the reperusal of it to be tedious.

Αι, αι, τας μαλαχας πεν επαγκατα καποιοι ολυτας,  
Η τα χλωρα σελινα, το τ' ευθαλεις ολοι ανηδον,  
Τησερον αυ ζωντι, και εις ετος αλλο φυοντι.  
Αρμεις δ' οι μεγαλει, και καρτεροι η σοφοι αισθεσι,  
Οπιποτε περιτα θανατεις, ανακοι ει χθονι κοιλα  
Εύδομεις ει μαλα μακρον, απερμονα, ιηγρετον υπνον.  
Και συ μεν ει σιγη πεπικασμενος εστεας ει γα. η. τ. Α.

He then mentions a resemblance between these verses and some lines in Dr. Beattie's " Hermit :" it appears more striking from the consideration, that the earliest copies of that poem contained only the first four stanzas. And the two concluding stanzas seem to have been added by the elegant and amiable author, or (as has been stated) by Johnson, with a view of correcting the false sentiment conveyed in the preceding.

Oblivious linger in the silent cave  
Of endless hopeless sleep. But as the Sun,  
Who drove his fierce and fiery-tressed steeds  
Glorious along the vault of heav'n, at length  
Sinks in the bosom of the western wave ;  
Anon from forth the chambers of the east  
To run his giant course ; so didst thou set,  
So mayst thou rise to glory !

But the high  
And secret counsels of th' Eternal Name  
Who may presume to scan !

Enough for me  
That thus with pious zeal I pour the verse  
Of love to Warton, from that seat which nurst  
His youth in classic lore. Here blest with all,  
That social worth can yield, and minds refin'd  
By Attic taste, and gentlest manners bland,  
My dutious homage chief to thee I pay,  
O dome of Edward ! nor meanwhile forget  
The earlier hopes that charm'd, the earlier friends  
That still, entwin'd around my heart, endear  
My hours of childhood ; whilst I sojourn'd blithe  
In those lov'd walls, which Wykeham nobly plann'd  
And Warton, favourite of the Muses, grac'd.

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The ingenious author tells us, in an Advertisement, he is far from desirous of being considered as a candidate for public applause ; and that his ambition will be amply gratified, if a portion of that respect and affection, which animated him to the above composition, shall be

excited by the perusal in any pupil of Dr. Warton, into whose hands the following lines may happen to fall.

It is presumed that it will be readily admitted, Mr. Mant has accomplished both these points at the same time.

Amongst the Original Poetical Contributions\* will be found a *second* tribute to the memory of Dr. Warton, by the amiable and ingenious bard who succeeded to the laurel.

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It is by a singular coincidence, that, making my second excursion into Hampshire, five years after my first, I repass Winchester just in time to notice the interesting monumental tribute that has been paid to the memory of Dr. Warton, by some of the most illustrious and worthy of those whose heads and hearts he contributed to model and adorn.

The monument is of the best statuary marble, six feet three wide at bottom, about four feet at top, and twelve high. The doctor appears to be seated in his chair, lecturing four of his pupils. These are exquisitely chiselled, both as to *external figure*, and, if I may be

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\* Vol. iii. "Harvest Home."

allowed the words, *mental delineation*. There is a great deal of *mind*, and of its most earnest attentions, thrown into the features and countenance of the scholars; and no less power of thought, and zeal of instruction, into those of the master. The drapery of the doctor's gown, for he is in his clerical dress, exhibits a most happy imitation of nature, in the ease, grace, and simplicity of its folds. On the two profiles of the monument, are carved portraits of Dryden and Pope; and, on the front of the bass relivo are those of Aristotle and Homer. The top of the cornice is enriched by antique ornaments. In the centre, on the plinth above, is the Ancanthus, from the foliage of which sprouts the Grecian lyre.

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 INSCRIPTION.
 

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H. S. E.

JOSEPHUS WARTON, S. T. P.

HUJUS ECCLESIAE,

PRÆBENDARIUS

SCHOLÆ WINTONIENSIS,

PERANNOS FERE TRIGINTA

INFORMATOR,

POETA FERVIDUS FACILIS EXPOLITUS

CRITICUS ERUDITUS PERSPICAX ELEGANS

OBIIT XXIII. FEB. MDCCC.

ÆTAT. LXXVIII.

HOC QUALECUNQUE  
PIETATIS MONUMENTUM  
PRÆCEPTORI OPTIMO  
DESIDERATISSIMO  
WICCAMICI SUI

P. C.

The sculptural part is by Flaxman, on whose taste in the design, and spirit in the execution, it reflects the highest honour.

The proposal for a monument to Dr. Warton, in Winchester-cathedral, was first moved by R. Poole Carew, Esq. at the Wickamist meeting, and unanimously agreed to, under the following regulation—that no person should subscribe more than five, or less than one guinea. Thus, his scholars raised 500*l.* the whole expense of the work; the purpose of which is to represent their respected master, in the chair of Aristotle, delivering precepts of philosophy and criticism to his pupils. Many illustrious names are found in the list of subscribers; the Bishops of Winchester, Gloucester, and St. David's; the Deans of Winchester, and St. Asaph; Sir Richard Worsley, Mr. Adlington, Mr. Bragge, &c. &c.

The sculptor of Warton's monument, finished another at the same time, by order of Parliament, in Westminster-Abbey, to Captain Montague,\* who fell, in the service of his country, on the 1st of June, 1794, when the English fleet, under the command of Earl Howe, obtained a signal victory over the French. In this insulated monument, the figure of the Captain rests on his sword; Victory, in the midst of a trophy of naval flags, waves a garland of laurel over his head. The pedestal is guarded by two lions, and, at the back of the pedestal are the figures of prisoners. The whole is upwards of twenty feet high. The expense was three thousand five hundred guineas. The workmanship justifies the cost.

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The road from Fareham to Titchfield is variegated by innumerable objects that interest the pictorial traveller; and, in truth, lovers of nature of whatever character. Broken ground, with intermixture of fern, molehills, rushes, now broad, now narrow, bounded by hedge-rows, with their accustomed mixtures of foliage of every possible colour in autumn, are agreeable objects *en passant*. From these, emerging into more wild yet fertile and prolific heath, the eye

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\* Of the ship Montague.

is carried over the softest meadow-lands to the sea, with the Isle of Wight and hills beyond.

Passing the heath, these views are succeeded by others no less engaging. You enter a lane which, midway, presents the ruins of Titchfield-House. After a thick arbouring of the hedge-enclosures, you walk in their foliage, till, descending farther, your eye, led by the river, which on both sides of the bridge breaks out from its banks, and refreshes while it overflows the verdure. The Abbey is bounded, on the side of the road, by literally an "ivy-mantled" wall, topped by fruit trees of the Abbey-orchard.

From this spot, the direction-post gives you the choice of returning to Fareham, or proceeding to Wickam, and from thence to Southampton. It should be noticed that Wickam is a central point, for excursions to the following beautiful places.

	Miles.
From Wickam to Portsmouth . . . . .	12
to Gosport . . . . .	10
to Southampton . . . . .	14
to Rumsey . . . . .	18
to Winchester . . . . .	14
to Wanford . . . . .	10
to Horndean . . . . .	14
to Havert . . . . .	13
to Chichester . . . . .	22

And a number of intermediate towns and villages.

A little way on the Titchfield-road is a turning, which will take you to the wreck of the house, by the ruin of the stables. It may be almost said, the very ruins are ruined, since the late delapidations. Amongst the preserved rooms is that from which Charles made his escape to the Isle of Wight. From the front of the house is an extensive and beautiful view of Titchfield, and the country around it; and beyond that again, the Southampton-river winding round the Isle. The orchard, though every tree is mossed with ages gray, still yields its fruits, which a bonny Scotswoman dispenses, for a small or large compliment, as the traveller pleases, most liberally.

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#### NOTE.

THESE ruins are situated near the western bank of Titchfield, now on the spot where formerly stood an abbey of Præmonstratensian canons, built in 1231, by Peter de Rupibus, or de la Roche, Bishop of Winchester, who obtained this manor of Henry III. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and, at the suppression, had an abbot and twelve canons, with an annual revenue of about 280*l.* It was granted, in the twenty-ninth year of Henry VIII. to Sir Thomas Wriothesley, then secretary of state, who, as appears from Leland's Itinerary, on the scite and probably with the materials of the monastery

erected this mansion. His words are, “Mr. Wriothesley hath builded a right stately house embatceled, and having a goodeley gate, and a conducte castlelid in the middle of the court of it, yn the very same place wher the late monasterie of the Præmonstratenses stode, caullyd Tichefelde.”

In March, 1445, Henry VI. received Margaret of Anjou, at Titchfield-Abbey, and there renewed his marriage-contract with her. She had landed at Porchester, from the continent, where the Earl of Suffolk, Henry's ambassador, had espoused her, as his master's proxy.

Edward VI. was entertained at this house, in the journey which he made for the benefit of his health. Here, also, Charles I. was concealed, in his flight from Hampton-Court, in 1647: it was then one of the seats of the Earl of Southampton, where his mother resided with a small family. From this place, the king was conducted to the Isle of Wight, by Colonel Hammond!

The present remains of this mansion are in a very dilapidated state; but enough of the front is still left, to shew it has been, in its time, a handsome and stately building. At present, it is the property of John Delme, Esq. Few of the apartments now remain, and the owner must be left to excuse himself to the antiquaries for his late devastations; sixteen rooms having been demolished, within these few years, for the materials; one of which was an armory. From the leads, we have a pleasing view of Titchfield, with the corn-lands and pastures around it, and a distant prospect of the sea and part of the Isle of Wight. At a little distance from the house stand the stables, which were every way suited to the dignity of the mansion. *Tour, second Edition.*

The name of the place alludes to its agreeable scite. The remains of Beaulieu-Abbey are even now considerable. The abbey-walls, which included an area of near twenty acres, are pretty perfect; and, by the ruins of foundations which ap-

pear in different parts within them, we are assured its buildings must have been very extensive. The house where the abbot resided is now known by the name of *the palace*; having been fitted up as a mansion, by the predecessor of the late Duke of Montague. An old stone gateway, which was the porter's lodge, is still standing. On the front of the dwelling-house is a Gothic canopy, with a niche. The figure of the Virgin Mary, which it contained, fell down, it is said, some years ago. The antient and elegant vaulted hall is worthy of notice. The drawing-room is a good apartment. Over the fire-place hangs a curious old map of Beaulieu-manor, accurately delineated on parchment.

From the intricacy of the numerous staircases and passages of the mansion, the writers of modern romances might borrow hints for bewildering their heroes and heroines in quest of supernatural adventures. On pursuing the windings, they frequently remind us of "long passages that lead to nothing."

From the leads of the house are very pleasing views of the grounds and river. The ill-taste in altering this antient place is discernible enough from the fantastic manner in which it is moated and fortified.

To the east of this building is the ruin of another, which was probably the dormitory of the monastery. There are several cellars under it. The antient kitchen is also to be seen. The old refectory, or dining room of the abbey, now forms the parish-church of the village. It has a curious oaken roof, and an antient pulpit, from which the reader of the convent, according to their rules, was to edify the monks with some portion of history, or a homily, or sermon, while sitting at their meals, to which they were enjoined to attend in silence. The monumental inscriptions in the church are few, and not remarkable.

This abbey was founded by King John. Monkish writers would fain represent him as impelled to this act of *piety* by a

terrifying dream; which, from their well-known readiness at manufacturing such stories, we have no reason to wonder at. Whatever was John's motive, it appears that he certainly founded and endowed this abbey in 1204, placing therein thirty monks, brought from other Cistercian houses. Yet the dedication did not take place till upwards of forty years after, when that solemnity was performed, with great state, on the festival of John the Baptist. King Henry III. and his queen, his brother, several prelates, and many nobility being present. The abbot, too courtly to remember, on such an occasion, the rigid Cistercian rules, entertained the company with great splendour, at the expense of more than five hundred marks. Among the privileges this abbey possessed was that of sanctuary; by which any felon taking refuge in the monastery, or its precincts, was sheltered from the arm of justice, and allowed the space of forty days to escape beyond the sea.

Whoever was daring enough to molest him, during this term, not only brought upon himself the thunder of the church, but incurred the vengeance of the civil magistrate.

After the battle of Barnet, which gave the death-blow to all the hopes of Henry VI. and fixed Henry IV. on the throne, Margaret of Anjou, wife of the deposed monarch, with the prince her son, took sanctuary in Beaulieu-Abbey, a short time, in 1471.

The famous imposter Perkin Warbeck, in 1498, having raised the siege of Exeter, and retired with his army to Taunton, fled from it, by night, to Beaulieu-monastery, where he and several of his company registered themselves as sanctuary men. A large party of horse beset the abbey to prevent his escape, but Henry VII. was advised against seizing him by violence, lest he should provoke the Pope, as a violator of sanctuaries. He sent to offer Perkin his life, if he would voluntarily surrender; Perkin, accepting the terms, was ta-

ken to London, and confined in the Tower; but being afterwards tried for seditious practices, while in imprisonment, he was hanged at Tyburn, Nov. 23. 1499.

The evils occasioned by these numerous sanctuaries were of the most serious and extensive nature. Stowe tells us, "Unthrifits riot and run in debt upon the boldness of these places. Yea, and rich men run thither with poor men's goods, where they build. There they spend and bid their creditors go whistle them. Men's wives run thither with their husband's plate, and say, they dare not abide with their husbands for beating them. Thieves bring thither their stolen goods, and live thereon. There they devise robberies: nightly they steal out; they rob and kill, and come again; as though these places gave them not only safe-guard for the harm they have done, but a license to do more."

Mr. Gilpin mentions to have seen, some years ago, among these ruins, a very extraordinary instance of vegetation. The main stem of an oak arose in contact with the side of a wall which was entire, and extended to one of his principal limbs along the summit of it. This limb, at a distance of a few yards from the parent tree, finding a fissure in the wall, in which there might probably be some deposit of soil, shot a root through it into the earth; from hence, shooting again through another part of the wall, it formed a new stem, as large as the original tree; and from this again proceeded another horizontal branch, like the former. In a great storm, on the 27th of February, 1781, both the wall and the tree were blown down together.

*Southampton, Nov. 8, 1799.*

PART of another fine day brightened our excursion to Lyndhurst and Lymington, by a circuitous way to Rumsey. After passing Beaulieu-heath, the scenery to the left, when you have quitted Nut-Shelling-Common, which is indeed as rugged and sterile as it has been represented, is rich and various. The road soon becomes replete with interesting objects. The eye is opened on the picturesque house of Mrs. Fletcher, beyond which the woods gradually arise to the utmost limit of your view, in great and uncommon beauty; and no sooner is this scene shut, than you are disposed to forgive the interruption, as you proceed on a road now variegated by hedge-rows, and now admitted into woods, with many a green lane, into which you will be tempted by more than vagrant curiosity, to weave yourself into the foliage, by leaving your carriage to the coachman. On your return from these verdant digressions, into the more beaten, yet beauteous path, from which you had strayed, the charms of the more aspiring hedge-row are resigned to the disciplined quicksets, only to recover the ampler prospects which had before been shaded; — and this soft diversity of pic-

ture continues, till you come within view of Broadlands, the seat of Lord Viscount Palmerston.

You may, perhaps, have in recollection the letter in my former volumes, written from Holland, wherein I observed, that the Dutch had so little idea of what the English mean by *comfort*, that no word in the dictionaries of the former people is found even to express it. In addition to what I have observed elsewhere on this topic, I must notice that the Grand, the Ingenious, and the Useful, are manifested in a variety of instances, but not a single example of the *comfortable*. But, secondary as that may appear, it is of the first importance in domestic society, and in general life. A foreigner, visiting this country, would not have far to travel before he acquired a new sentiment, as well as sensation, on this subject. Wherever indeed might be his place of landing in England, he would discover, in every fastening of a door, frame of a window, construction of a chimney, situation of a fire-place, a certain completeness of the whole apartment, that by comparison with what he left at home, might lead him to suppose he had, as if by magic, been presented with the furniture of a race of beings who understood, better than any other persons in the world, the ease, elegance, and convenience, of life.

But, if from these general accommodations, the foreign traveller should become more select and particular, he might not only fancy himself amongst this new race of beings, with accommodations suitable to their more improved condition, but almost in a new world, in regard to those essential minutenesses of arrangement which so wonderfully contribute to social elegance, and which enter into what I might call the spirit and delight of hospitality.

What, then, would be the impression made on such a traveller, were he to be suddenly conveyed from the ponderous architecture, awkward mechanism, and cheerless construction of different habitations, in different nations, to **BROADLANDS**,\* in which the word **COMFORT** would find its definition in every thing that met the eye in that *complete* mansion. It might indeed be dedicated to the Goddess of Comfort, were there a domestic deity of that name. By the wisdom and contrivance of

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\* The house is highly finished in a style of elegant simplicity: there is a fine collection of paintings. Few dairies are more singular than that of Broadlands; the cattle are all of the same breed, and are curiously belted round the body with a broad stripe of white. The river Test runs through the park; and the neighbouring bridge across it is a good object from the house.

some such power, every article and object seems to be regulated ; each apartment, devoted to guests, contains whatever hospitality can provide, or those guests require ; and, without stirring from his bed-room, the visitor finds every thing that comfort could bestow or taste adorn, within his reach ; the whole, set off with a simplicity so unlaboured, excluding every encumbering ornament, that it is apparent a *delicate*, no less than a generous, mind presides over the arrangements.

The pleasure grounds are in the like style of unlaboured beauty.

But what shall we say of the DAIRY ? It is indeed more *unique* than the beautiful white-belted cows that graze the lawny pastures of the park, and furnish the delicious cream that mantles invitingly to the beholder ; an invitation, which the deity of this mansion, who is doubtless the neatest of all possible dairy-damsel's, tempts you to accept, from a liberal cup, which she presents to the traveler. And, indeed, were the three graces turned into dairy-maids ; and the nine muses, or Flora and her fairy train, to become visitants, they might be here regaled with beverage not unworthy of them ; while, at the same time, they might repose, like Arcadian shepherds, in the apartment that leads to the place from whence

their banquet would be provided. It seems to me more than strange that I do not find the least mention of this unique little building, or its contents, in any of the published accounts, although it has certainly a claim on the notice of every traveller of taste, were there no other object of attraction.

There is an air of serenity in the pleasure-grounds, on account of the lawny surface of the park, which is almost of level verdure, save where it lifts itself into the most modest ascents. The quiet-gliding river Test winds, without a murmur, through the domain, and dimples, as with composure and complacence, as it moves. These external objects, with various others that are in the same style of quietude, such as the yew-shaded rustic benches, in the more retired walks, conveying emotions of internal content and peace into the bosom of every spectator who is not at war with himself or with others.

The late noble, amiable, and ingenious proprietor of Broadlands died extremely regretted by the poor, the rich, and, indeed, by all orders of society: his manners were affable and engaging, his mind cultivated, and his heart benevolent. The place still maintains the reputation which such an owner was likely to establish. It is a mansion that, for hospitality in health, and humanity in sickness, has few equals.

I shall never be satisfied with the traveller who contents himself with the external or internal beauties of an English nobleman's seat, whether they relate to the magnificence of the mansions, or the beauty of the grounds. It is amongst the very joys of my heart to sketch the moral beauties, by way of finish to the picture. In pursuance of this invariable plan, I always consider it a material point to state what is precious to the eye of the mind, as well as what may be captivating to that of the body. It is in obedience to this impulse I feel myself as called on to note that the noble relict of the late resident is so continually performing acts of benevolence, that it would be difficult to enumerate them. Lady P. is patroness of a School of Industry, at Rumsey, to which any child, when there is a vacancy, may be admitted, after four years old, and to continue under protection till fourteen. Her Ladyship purchased, furnished, and established several governesses in the house. These children of her care are well fed and clothed. Rewards are assigned to the most dexterous, entirely at her Ladyship's expense. The children are all to be seen at work, and they afterwards dine together to the number of 120. Their food is of the most simple and nutritive kind ; and thus their patroness has the satisfaction of adding, every year, several useful members to society.

Such of the girls as have left the school, for service, have been universally approved of, as modest, well-behaved domestics, and excellent work-women. The *seniors* of the seminary often earn, by the labours of their little hands, from one to two guineas, which entitles them to various necessaries, and to the distinction of having their names framed (with an account of their work), and placed on one side of the school-room, as a badge of merit. Their dress is extremely neat, and I understand the school is after the model of one instituted by the excellent Lady Spencer.

It is needless to observe, after this, that Lady P. is adored by all ranks, especially by the poor; and though it is rare to see any one who is out of the reach of envy and detraction, yet it would be a difficulty to find any person either within the circle of her benevolence, or, indeed, of her acquaintance, who does not speak of her in terms of the highest possible admiration. Genuine philanthropy, endearing manners, and amiable talents are the striking features in her character. The daughters very successfully imitate their mother's virtues. The young Lord is now at St. John's College, Cambridge, and is said to be an ornament to that learned society. His

literary attainments promise to be of the very first order.\*

The town of Rumsey, so immediately connects with Broadlands, and is so pleasantly situated in itself, in the bosom of pastures, woods, and corn-fields, that to turn from it when we are so near, and when it at once invites and merits notice, would be ungrateful.

The church of this little town deserves attention, for a greater variety of well-written and interesting epitaphs than are to be found in most others. I penciled such as follow, on the spot:

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To the Memory of *Honest Gaspar*, whose Remains are near this Place, deposited under a Black Marble Slab.

His many good Qualities, and faithful Services in the family, where he lived during Sixty Years,

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\* I am indebted for the principal part of the above communications to a young and amiable friend, who, from an intimacy with the noble persons in question, leaves his knowledge of the circumstances undoubted; and who has a heart too independent and honourable, though warm, to sacrifice truth either to gratitude or friendship.

Justly claim this act of grateful Remembrance  
from his surviving Master:

As also hereby to commemorate to the rising  
Generation,

In his Line of Life,

To imitate his worthy Example.

He died the 26th May, 1785, aged 72 Years.

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Near this Place rests, from all Cares and Vicissi-  
tudes of this Earthly Globe,

The Body of

Thomas Theobald, Esq.

Sometime a Merchant at Lisbon,

Beloved, Regretted, and Revered by those ac-  
quainted with his Worth and Merit

As a

Father, Friend, and Honourable Man.

Born Nov. 6th, 1721. Died March 22d, 1776.

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On an adjoining monument, to the memory  
of *John White*, is the following character, of  
which the simplicity and beauty are remark-  
able:

The Esteem and Love

of all that knew him

Are the best Testimony

of his Character.

---

The inscription on the monument of *Frances, Viscountess Palmerston*, under the great western window, is peculiarly happy. In point of expression it may be considered as a masterpiece.

In the Vault beneath are deposited the Remains  
of

Frances, Viscountess Palmerston.

She was married to Henry, Viscount Palmerston, October 6th, 1767, and died in Child-bed, June 7th, 1769.

With the nobler Virtues that elevate our Nature,  
She possessed the softer Talents that adorn it.  
Pious, Humble, Benevolent, Candid, and Sincere,  
She fulfilled the Duties of Humanity,  
And her Heart was warm with all its best  
Affections.

Her Sense was strong, her Judgement accurate,  
Her Wit engaging, and her Taste refined ;  
While the Elegance of her Form,  
The Graces of her Manner,  
And the natural Propriety  
That ever accompanied her Words and Actions,  
Made her Virtues doubly attractive ;  
And taught her equally to command  
Respect and Love.  
Such she lived and such she died,

Calm and resigned to the Dispensations of  
Heaven:

Leaving her disconsolate Friends

To deplore her Loss,

And cherish the dear Remembrance  
of that Worth

They honoured living

And lament in Death.

To the Memory of the best of Wives, the best  
of Friends,

He, for whom she joined those tender Names,  
dedicates this Marble.

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#### NOTE.

I subscribe entirely to Mr. Warner's opinion, that the uncouth rhimes, which have been long appropriated to the rustic tomb-stone, rather tend to change that salutary pensiveness, which seems natural to the scene, into ludicrous emotions, sometimes from ignorance, and sometimes from the absurdity of the inscriptions. But, on this subject, I propose to go at some length, and reserve myself for its proper introduction.

*Southampton, Nov. 13, 1799.*

AND yet another day of autumnal indulgence, in some respects fairer than any of the former, being one of those gently brown and shaded atmospheres, which throws a stillness and serenity over objects at the same time seen and felt. Interesting groupes of these are presented to you, at the little village of Eling; where, if you take an observation just after you have passed the Mill-bar, you have the materials of a landscape that merits the best pencil. Amongst these, are the shipping and small-craft vessels upon the bosom of the river, in a quiet and scarcely-undulating state, with the foliage, church, buildings; to the left, the same water, more agitated, passing musically over a bed of stones to one of weeds; the prospect bounded by gently-rising corn and pasture lands, and detached thickets. The church-yard and church are beautifully situated; nor could the eye, or, indeed, heart of the painter desire greater variety of wood or water objects than he will be supplied with from a view taken at the back of Mr. Smith's house, or from Mr. Sloane's, the parsonage, conducting his view on both sides the Southampton-water; and, could the divers-

sity of sounds from the shipping and shore, which are, however, denied to the pencil, be included, the picture would be perfect. The alcoving of a lane shutting out these objects, and leading from Eling to Dibdin,\* would excite the notice of the most inattentive traveller.

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\* The immense yew, in Dibdin church-yard, ranks, both for age and size, among the fathers of the forest. Its hollow trunk still supports three considerable stems, and measures, near the root, about thirty feet in circumference.

Lord Malmesbury has lately set a very laudable example to the proprietors of marsh and mud lands, by enclosing about a hundred and forty acres of this kind on the shore near Dibdin. The manner in which this has been carried into execution may furnish a useful hint to persons engaging in similar undertakings. At first, a bank was formed, presenting a perpendicular front to the water, which, thus meeting with a stubborn opposition, gradually demolished the dam, and overflowed the land. This was quite sufficient to shew that a bank of this kind would by no means answer the design of the projectors. Afterwards, the business being put into the hands of Mr. Thomas King, of Eling; the intelligent land-steward of Sir Charles Mill, he very judiciously advised the present slope to be constructed; justly concluding that it would be better to suffer the water to spend its force in an easy roll, only providing against its overflowing the land by the height of the bank: and, indeed, such a mode of enclosing is obviously the best, since we find, that, wherever water has any swell, it naturally wears the shore into a sloping form. We are happy to add, that this latter method has completely succeeded; and that the land is now in a very

You pass under cover of the embowering shades, till you arrive at a heathy, or rather mud and marshy, part of the New Forest, which, as well in the unsoundness of the soil, the frequent frog-baths, and the general air of sterility, so immediately succeeding a cultured country, bring to the memory the recollection of a Westphalia or German morass, but, luckily, not of equal extent ; for even the frowning aspect of this barren spot is relieved by a rich bordering of the forest, to which it belongs. A thin and apparently-misty veil thrown lightly over the foliage, on a pensile day like this, is often interesting.

After you have passed the heath, Nature,

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improving state, promising to yield a produce abundantly superior to the expense of enclosing, and thus giving encouragement to all who are inclined to engage in designs so beneficial to their country.

About four miles farther is *Bury-Farm*, the property of Sir Charles Mill, Bart. at present occupied by Farmer Fox. The manor is held by an antient grant of the crown, on condition of its possessor's presenting to the reigning monarch, on his entering New Forest, a pair of white greyhounds. This custom was observed when his present Majesty visited the New Forest, in the year 1789, and the late Reverend Sir Charles Mill presented them to him on the King's alighting from his carriage, at Lyndhurst. The family still preserve a breed of these animals, for this purpose.

in all her richness and magnificence, returns upon you, and is the more welcome from the change. These renovations of scenic beauty begin about two miles from Fawley, at the park of Mr. Drummond, opening with a perfect grove of holly and beech, succeeded by groves of birch; at once adding to the picturesque beauty, and denoting the wealth of the proprietor; who is obviously not impelled to the expedient of supplying a parent or an heir, by dismantling his estate.

From hence, by a sequestered road, you pass to Eglehurst: the first impressive object is Caldshot-Castle, then Luttrell's Folly, to which you are conducted through a path of nursling firs; but, midway, they are of a more aspiring height, and shelter, while they please, with the variegation of sycamore and holly. These open immediately on to the sea; and, at the very rim of the water, stands the castle, from whence the view is at once sublime and beautiful: amongst its prime objects are the harbour of Cowes, along the east end of the Isle of Wight, St. Helen's and the shipping, Portsmouth, the coast of Lymington, &c. taking in part of the New Forest. But you will be yet more drawn towards a home-

scene of social attraction, formed by an almost semicircular group of cottages to the left, inhabited by a host and hostess, who will not shut the door upon the curiosity of a traveller, or turn a stranger from their gate. It was perfectly an original gratification to observe the fair inhabitants of these clustered and curious dwellings, simply dressed, and passing from one house to another, trip over the lawn, with fairy steps, to our carriage, and with a social errand to invite us; a courtesy we could only return with our best acknowledgments, on account of the late hour of the day, which scarcely allowed us time to catch a hasty glance at Mr. Drummond's cottage. The road to this continues the pleasure of your way through beautiful enclosures, the sea still in view, till you arrive at the object of your excursion, which greets you in the midst of every scene.

In this little recess, which, in broad display, gives you a prospect of the beauties of nature and society, without mixing you confusedly amongst them. A traveller, who has either taste or feeling, has here sufficient for a week's contemplation before him.

The points of impression, indeed, surpass

even those we have already noted at Mr. Barnard's. The broadened ocean, with its floating habitations at anchor or in sail, in front; the circular walk shaded by every possible variegation; here hedges of blossomed fir, there of berried holly; here of intertwined holly and fir, and here miscellaneous vegetation. The soft sounds of the waves taking their evening circuit of the beach, the more than velvet sod of the lawn, and the unadorned and truly-rustic appearance of rural elegance, in and about every part of the house and its offices, made us regret we could only give it our rapid admiration and adieu; nevertheless, we availed ourselves of the hearty invitation of the cottage-keeper and his wife, to banquet on the little repast we brought with us, with the addition of some home-made and home-felt bread and butter. But, alas! all earthly graces fade away, the late streaks of crimson, which gilt our departure from this charming spot, made us but the more lament the shadowing of night that fell on the rest of our road to Hythe. Yet ever and anon a streak of lighter clouding served to show our way deserved a brighter hour; yet the profound shadowing, and the partial momentary twilight, that at the time here described sets off the face of things at this point of evening, and particularly after a day passed

under the soft influences that such a scene sheds over the mind, is not unwelcome.

At Hythe, we passed the night, and accommodated ourselves to a village inn and village fare, which, notwithstanding the immense land-lady declared we took her quite in a moment of *consternation*, was, by the help of a little courtesy on our part, very tolerable; and after the wood fire began to blaze, the kettle to boil, and the tea to warm, we were happy in ourselves, and on good terms with all about us. Nature, whose Niobe-fit appeared to be now over, shone upon our return to Southampton, the direct road to which is twelve miles. About two miles from Hythe, towards Southampton, the dark green moss upon the thatch, now of deeper verdure than that of the trees, and the cottage-chimneys that peep from the woodland, relieving the autumnal hue. The vast and bended trees, ivy-clasped every now and then, and standing amidst more vigorous and less veteran foliage, seemed to claim, as it were, the pity due to misfortune and to age. The arching of the canopy over your head, and carpet of the same colour, made by the fall of the foliage, conveyed a natural and moral beauty even in the flying leaves, as the light breeze shook them from their parent bough. You then regain the road, which I have

already sketched for you, through Dibdin, Eling, and Redbridge.\*

At every turn of the road, in this direction, the enclosure, the woodlands, and every opening of the water, repay the curiosity and even the affections of the traveller; and I have only to wish you, as good company, and

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\* Redbridge, situated on the River Test, is a place of great activity, and appears to have been of some note even in the time of the Saxons. Bede furnishes us with the following anecdote of one of its abbots, named Cynbreth, or Cembereth, who presided there about the year 687. Ceadwalla, King of Wessra, having subdued the Isle of Wight, treated the inhabitants with unexampled rigour and inhumanity. The two young brothers of Arvandus, the petty king of the island, having escaped the tyrant's search, crossed over to the coast of Hampshire, concealing themselves at a place called *Ad Lapidem*; but, being betrayed, they were brought to the savage Ceadwalla, who ordered them to instant execution. Cynbreth, hearing of this, went to the king, who was then in the neighbourhood, and besought him, that, if the lads must die, they might first receive baptism. The king granted his request; and the abbot, according to our author's expressions, having instructed them in the word of truth, and washed them in the fountain of salvation, made them certain of their entrance into the kingdom of heaven; and immediately afterwards, the executioner approaching them to obey the commands of Ceadwalla, they cheerfully submitted to a temporal death, as a sure and certain passage to eternal life.

better weather,\* whenever you shall be disposed to follow the steps of your correspondent.

By way of general observation upon the scenery of Hampshire, I shall only add, that the above remark will not only characterize the scenic beauty of the partial spots I have sketched, but equally extend to most others in the county.

We have a fashion, in England, of giving hints, or what are sometimes called skeletons of sermons, for the use of young divines. I am tempted, in this place, to offer hints to young painters and poets, who, with a few touches of the pencil or pen, might work up the following images, either on canvass or paper, for picture or poetry. They were noted near Botley, and I put them amongst my memoranda just as they struck the eye. In truth, they must be looked upon as objects, detached or connected, of the moment, while passing them, with some friends, in the carriage.

The shadow flying over the whole scene.

The heath embrowned and irregular; wild, yet interesting: here blossom, there barren.

The deep blue shading upon these.

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\* See Addresses to the Moon, vol. iii.

The partial gildings of the sun, half and whole length, on different objects.

The expansive scene now swelling on the eye; and now the narrow vale, or high hedge-rows, that circumscribe the view.

The many-coloured clouds brightening or blackening the autumnal scenery alternately.

The naked hill, stealing, as it were, to the wooded one for shelter, to the left of Botley.

The interposing villages and town to the right.

The troubled and discoloured brook, murmuring as if at the obstructions met in its course. Its triumphant babble, and fuller flow, when it has worked its way through all impediments.

Pleasant variety of new forms and faces, whether single, or in groupes. The scarlet cloak and black bonnetted market-damsels.

Here a round trim quickset, there a snug garden — here a hedge in the exuberance of nature, there another under the discipline, or rather the despotism of art.

Cottage-inhabitants peeping from their windows and doors.

The sportsman trying the stubble; his dog standing at a covey.

New enclosures more compact, and domestic fields that feed the petted cow or fondled

steed, joining the garden-ground and good old orchard, pleasant from its irregularity.

The sound of the unseen brook.

The road-side inn, and the passengers drinking at it; while the sign of the sun, or star, or angel, waves over head.

A-loaded team.

The sleek-sided steeds stopping midway upon the hill; each cheered by a pat, and a bite of fragrant hay: the white-frocked driver whistling.

The busy children, lured by the shining hope of a halfpenny, running, with emulative step, to open the gate for the gentry folk! a bow and courtesy dropt in haste, and the gate deserted, least they should lose the gift of the passenger.

The pleasant resting-place at the rural inn, and the cheerful parlour, adorned with pictures of the chase, and the Prince of Wales, who would not know himself, through the disguise of such a daubing.

Lord Chatham's lofty form and awful mien, and Granby's interesting head and generous hand, both in flaming prints of deep yellow and red.

The glowing fire and smiling landlady.

The rural repast and smiling ale,—a picture in itself—garnished sideboard, flowers, fruits, travellers, waiters, house-dog, cat,—last London News,—fresh stirred fire.

The village strowl, while the repast is prepared, through the church-way path. The usual inspection of graves and tombs; inscriptions spelt by the unlettered muse.

Another brook, swelled by the rain, now creeping slowly along.

Now rapidly hurrying away; how sweet to follow its course, through all the soft varieties of sound, and frequently of sight!

Fancy-work amongst the clouds, likewise, is wonderfully diverting; I amused myself with *looking* some of these into the figure of a captive giant—nothing appeared plainer than his mitred head; I soon perceived his face, at first inflamed as with anger; next saw his burnished couch, then the whole of his vast figure recumbent on a magnificent bed of clouds, the drapery rich and various. He extended his enormous length “many a rood,” and appeared proud in ruin. Imagination, resolved to finish her picture, concluded, by shaping a chaos of smaller clouds into various inhabitants of the air, curiously crowding to see the giant on his death-bed; and some seemed piously watching his gradual dissolution.—The giant sunk, and his attendants vanished. Fancy had done her work, and was satisfied with her harmless creations.

HAMPSHIRE STATION

CONTINUED.

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NEW FOREST.

TRIBUTARY SKETCH  
OF THE  
AUTHOR  
OR  
“FOREST-SCENERY.”

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*IT* was pleasant to find that I had written most of the prior and subsequent observations, relative to New Forest, before Mr. Gilpin's volumes came a second time into my hands. I was gratified to perceive we agreed in admiring the same objects, places, &c. The sets of his “Forest-Scenery,” appertaining to the libraries at Southampton, were, as they ought to be, in constant circulation; nor had any of my private friends there the work at home. At length, I took occasion, when at Brockenhurst, to invite the loan of the books from Mr. John Gilpin, the author's near relative, who obligingly supplied me; and, on regaining my Woodlands-Station, I found a similar mark of attention, by favour of another gentleman in the neighbourhood.

Many years had passed since I read the above-mentioned work; of which the general impression was unimpaired: but numberless touches, pecu-

liar to Mr. Gilpin's pencil, were brought fresh to memory by reperusal. Such scenes and subjects, as we had mutually considered, I am now able to adorn and enrich, by borrowing from his store some appropriate passages, and giving them the form of illustrative notes. With what literal truth can I say, with this amiable writer, one scene drew me on to another, till, at length, I had traversed the whole forest. The subject was new to me. I had been much among lakes and mountains, but I had never before lived in a forest; I knew little of its scenery. Every thing caught my attention; and, as I generally had a note-book in my hand, I made minutes of what I observed.

Mr. Gilpin died in the spring, or, rather, early in the summer, of the present year, about eighty-four years of age. He enjoyed a long literary career. His first publication was the *Lives of several of the Reformers*. From his writings, and from whatever can be collected of his actions, his character was that of a gentle, humane, tolerant, ingenuous, benevolent man; and one cannot but honour the zeal he discovered for what he believed to be truth; his sentiments were generous, and his philanthropy active. To his brethren of the sacred order, he was a model for imitation, in the simplicity of style by which he laboured to make himself understood by

*the poor of his flock, as well as in the employment of his time, and in the unwearied assiduity with which he promoted plans for the temporal comfort of all his parishioners. Many of the "Hints for Sermons," which he has published, were written in his seasons of recreation. It was his custom to provide a supply of texts of Scripture in his pocket-book; and when, during his walk, he felt inclined to compose, he selected whatever subject at the time impressed his mind.*

*Thus were his very amusements devoted to the promotion of every moral and Christian virtue; and thus were his talents consecrated to the same noble end. The profits of his picturesque works were intirely dedicated to benevolent purposes. His drawings, amounting to two thousand, were sold by auction, in London, about two or three years ago; and, with the produce of them, he formed a fund for the permanent establishment of a charity-school. He was, likewise, instrumental in founding a female benefit-society, at Lymington; and there is a most pleasing account of the improved management of Boldre-workhouse, distinguished by all the simplicity of his instructive pen, and exceedingly interesting. This is referred to in a note, at page 46, of the Tour round Southampton. From these it will be perceived, how well his biography deserves to be*

*written by some able hand; that his character, (like that of the excellent Bernard Gilpin, in the days of Mary and Elizabeth,) may stand forth to this and to future ages as another of the living evidences of the truth and power of Christianity.*

*The substance of the reference alluded to is subjoined. Speaking of Vicar's Hill, the late residence of the exemplary Gilpin, the author says—may we not be permitted to admire a character like the Vicar of Boldre; who, formed with a rare and an exquisite taste, to relish and describe the picturesque beauties of the mountain, the lake, and the forest, considers not these things “as the principal employment of his talents or his life;” and is neither afraid nor ashamed to pronounce that man “happy,” who carries about with him a sense of true religion?*

“ Whom, what he views of beautiful or grand  
In nature, from the broad majestic oak  
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,  
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.”

## NEW FOREST.

YES, my loved friend, I acknowledge the charge which you have brought against me to be, in part, well-founded; but only in part. I have, it is true, suffered a deep veil to fall on our intercourse; it has been the veil, not of oblivion, but of silence; and that silence has been imposed, exacted, extorted, yea, wrung from my harassed nature; and just at the time that I was leading you to the most interesting objects. The fact is, that during the whole of the pause of which you affectionately complain, I have been even sick at soul. Could the body be in health, could the heart perform any of its dearest offices, save that alone which incommunicable reflection affords to the solitary mourner? That indeed supplied the most faithful, the most tender remembrance of you and of yours. In this way, my mind has been always in constant interchange with your own; an indescribable, yet

bosom-felt exchange of sensation and of sentiment seemed passing between us; a revibration of those sympathies which first endeared us to each other; and which every occurrence, either of sorrow or of joy, appeared to strengthen. Well might the poet exclaim, "Ah, what is life without a friend!" Even a long and desolating sickness has but served as an echo to this exclamation: and to prove to me the more than infant weakness of human beings, unpossessed of that choicest gift of heaven; and of their energy when it is bestowed. It is true that I was languishing in a diseased chamber, but Imagination, one of the heart's swiftest messengers — the very dove of the bosom, and "sent on errands of love," — flew across the channel, traversed the wide continent, and could not settle till she bore you from your castle, and seated you by the side of my bed. There my mind's eye surveyed you, and I felt that sort of refreshment *realized*, which the poets have supposed to be derived from the visitation of a guardian genius. And when the heart broke this its own talisman, to admit another visitant; yea, when Reason smiled upon the charm, which she insidiously helped to dissolve; when she painfully convinced me the soothing, fairy images had

been the work of imagination only, as I was still actually alone and in my sick room, your letters infused balm upon the pillow: and, although your five last packets found me scarcely able to hold them to the eyes, which had as little power to assist me to view the sentiments, a sudden renovation of strength and of vision seemed allowed; or was it the exertion of an affectionate mind, resolute to greet its object? I saw, felt, and understood, your goodness, and your love—nay, my friend, I did more, I responded silently to every line. Your generous question, as to the cause and extent of my silence; your gentle fears, lest it should have been begun and continued by indisposition of body, or grief of mind; had all their appropriate answers. “I spake, though I said nothing.” Though our intercourse of friendship, by the mail, was suspended, my heart was inditing of a good matter, for it was still in correspondence with one of the most amiable and ingenious of the human race; and could the grateful and tender thoughts which I breathed over your pages, or the kind wishes aspirated on each indulgence received, be made known to you; could they have become legible, and the thoughts themselves have taken wing, you would have welcomed a more interesting proof of my

friendship, than any I have ever transmitted to you by the post.

You are not amongst the number of those, my dear friend, who will deem an analysis of the emotions of the heart, under the circumstances in which this letter is written, digressive from the objects of a correspondence that is devoted no less to the gratification of the affections, than to that of curiosity. It is not, indeed, precisely within the limit of any observation peculiar to the island of which I have been endeavouring to give you some of the most striking features, but it is a most expressive trait in the character and countenance of every worthy and enlightened heart, in every part of the world ;—for, in what corner of it lives there a being who is insensible of receiving and returning affection? I will, therefore, venture to ask *you*, whose feelings are so nicely attuned to the best sensibilities, whether you do not imagine that the sensation which one friend feels for another is not, generally, much more sweet and strong in his idea than in his words ;—whether the *thoughts* which enter and fill the mind, at the time it may be inconvenient to *write* or to *converse* are not usually more near and true to the emotion of the heart than the happiest expression? I am persuaded you will agree with me that they

are; and yet I should not attribute this inequality so much to the penury of language, written or oral, as to the spirit of a sudden visitor, that descends, as from heaven, into the human bosom, filling it with those momentary impulses and inspirations, too vivid and too bright to be marked by any mechanical operation. Feelings of this kind seize us unexpectedly; they give no warning; they cross the mind, literally, with the rapidity of thought, in a thousand directions; they find us in our deepest solitudes; they dart into our bosoms, in the midst of society; they are conveyed into the recesses of our souls, by a look, a sigh. What could either pen or pencil do for a friend in such moments? Moments immortal! Such chosen of my mind! have often been bestowed upon your present correspondent, to soften the asperity of distemper, and to console the miseries of life. Shall I conclude by confessing that I should be disappointed, if, in the long interval which has thus impeded our lettered intercourse, you have not experienced the same emotions?

New Forest, October 1, 1804.

YOU must now indulge me with one of my characteristic bounds over time and space, and by a leap of no less than five years; even from the October of 1799, to that of 1804. But not from any disposition to digress, unless you will permit me the seeming paradox of calling it a digression in *point*. I require it for no other reason, than that I may connect the scenery of the same county, sketched at different times, though each scene perfectly in keeping with the other.

It has happened, by a singular chain of coincidences, that the casual remarks which I made in Hampshire, and which, as you know, formed the subject of our correspondence, in the autumn of the first-mentioned year, have been sent back to me in a printed form, for what, in technical language, are called *proof-sheets*, and I have been revising them near the spot where the matter was formerly collected. I was insensibly led to extend my observations under yet more favourable opportunities. The division of the county I have recently examined, being yet more inviting as to scenery, and the autumn of the present year far surpassing, in beauty, that of ninety-nine.

And, what is yet more auspicious, to mental excursions, than either the brightness of the skies or the verdure of the woods, or even the balmy spirit that seems to delight in the waters, —*I am in better health!* a circumstance to which, I shall readily allow, those auxiliaries have largely contributed.

You see, then, the impossibility of my suffering such a season, in such a place, to pass unnoticed. On my first coming down, I was forbid the pencil, but I am convinced I should have pined in thought, had I not used it. I should have looked at scenes which I should have languished to share with an absent friend. Solitary pleasure would have failed to give the miser's joy: the eye would have been fatigued with gazing on objects I could not mark for the denizen of my bosom: and, however delightful, under the impressions of affectionate associations, for which, I trust, nature and habit have formed my heart, I am convinced I should have been weary with sun, and dissatisfied with shade, had all that I have felt and seen in the past two months been devoted to self-gratification.

The custom of impressing a scene, or a society, or of a singular character, upon paper, is so strong in me, that I feel an impatience to put it beyond the

reach of accident, or the fading power of memory; and in these cases I resort to the note-book and pencil, whether on horseback or on foot; or, wanting these, I have not seldom smiled at myself,—sometimes half in anger,—to think I should have forgot my indispensible travelling companions. I fear I shall be condemned by certain men of business and property, yea and by some men of books, likewise, when I dare to confess, that I have now and then broke short a ride or walk, while the fairest prospects opened before me, and have either rode or ran with speed to the place where I sojourned, to preserve for some chosen ones of my mind, what I should otherwise have forgotten, or have recollected when half its colours, its freshness, and its warmth, were evaporated. I seek the shelter of your known goodness for these confessions; but they truly explain the motives which have induced me to fly from date to date, where the tenderness of friendship inspired the volition.

Here, then, I feel assured I may reconduct you to parts of the New Forest I did not include in our former correspondence.

And yet, what can be said of this wilderness of sweets, although it spreads the most luxuriant beauties over a space of near fifty miles

circumference? what remains for the most impassioned lover of Nature to say that has not been said in the best and happiest manner by the elegant and accurate Gilpin? Are not its majestic avenues, its softest recesses, its most expansive openings, and its most lovely seclusions, formed into so many pictures by his skilful hand, for our delight and admiration? Is there an associated verdant groupe, or a distinct tree — proud of its independence — which his magic pencil, as if it were endowed with the powers of Prospero's wand, that he has not brought under the eye, and given life, motion, and spirit to every thing he has touched? It would seem to be a task, not only of supererogation, but of presumption, to attempt adding either grace, beauty, or utility, to his highly-finished drawings, were I not to explain.

I have been myself lying amidst this almost paradiseic scenery, and taking views of it in varied and almost constant excursion, during several unclouded weeks. I came to the spot, in the first instance, weak and exhausted; and have been daily renovating, under the influence of bountiful Nature, benignant skies, exquisite weather, and very pleasing society. I am, even at the moment of writing, just returned from an assemblage of all these, with my fancy gratified and my feelings enlarged.

An endeavour to impress on the mind of my friend what has thus deeply interested my own, is inseparable from the hope of communicating the pleasure one receives; and the genius of Gilpin will, on such an occasion, allow me to retrace the ground which he has consecrated.

I can offer, indeed, only sketches, and those drawn with a hasty but enraptured hand; and though they are the results of immediate observation, alike vivid and faithful, they must be considered as a mere material of the landscape, rather than the landscape itself: to speak yet more truly, they are the materials of landscapes innumerable. The varieties of the forest might supply a thousand distinct or associated objects to fill the canvass of as many painters. Whoever enters the maze, and pursues the paths, as they wind along, will be encircled by an unceasing charm, that varies at every fifty paces: at one time you are presented, in broad display, as at the top of Bramble-Hill, with the long-extended pomp of woods over woods, and forest over forest, till the most eminent range, which forms the boundary, and, indeed, the horizon, appears to be blended with those lucid clouds, which, in the beginning of a fine autumn, are tipped round their edges with the most rich and variegated colours. While myself and friend were noticing this magnificent exhibition, the sun

suddenly darted forth a ray so intense, it seemed as if summer had returned, with his fervent heat, to annoy us. A wood, or rather a series of woods, were close behind, and it was little more than turning ourselves round, to be covered by shades that would have been a shelter from the rage of the torrid zone. It was an almost instantaneous transition from insufferable masses of light, to the coolness of a grotto. Then, the variety of lawny open spaces, between one woody amphitheatre and another; and these again succeeded by totally different objects: such as deer reposing, or at feed, or seen obliquely through the shade, now trotting before you over the plain, now bounding over the hills, and, when at some distance, standing still to view you. The forest-cattle, groupes of sheep, horses, cows, mixed together, or separated and classed; the very swine, which, in autumn, luxuriate upon the beach nuts and acorns, add materially to the forest-picture. Many of the oaks are ivied, and many of the beeches mossed, from their roots to their topmost branches. It altogether forms a scene of which the Sun, that gives it lustre, and Nature, that gave it birth, seems justly proud. And it may be truly said of this forest, that it is the only spot in the kingdom, of equal extent, where the extreme beauty of the woodland makes us almost insensible to the

want of water, which is known to be an indispensable object in almost every other tract of country.

We were much interested by noticing, here and there, a lightning-struck tree extended on the ground, and encircled by his vegetable family, whom we were disposed to imagine waving their branching arms and bowing their green heads, as if to pay the tribute of kindred respect to the memory of a fallen brother. Frown not, my friend, on these momentary sportings of fancy: they add to the charms of life.

Truly may it be said that the traveller here sees Nature

“ Snatching a grace beyond the reach of art; ”

and that, at numberless points in the course of a morning’s ride through the verdant labyrinths of this majestic wood, we suffered ourselves to be conducted wherever the Genius of the Forest led the way; and a traveller must be dead, indeed, to all the charms of nature who cannot suppose himself under the guidance, yea, and the inspiration of some such deity.

The forest-holly is beautiful, whether standing in groupes, or twining round the oaks: they are finely contrasted, in their dark glossy or variegated hues of unfading verdure, with the more

vivid, but temporary, vegetation. And of the holly itself there is an abundant diversity: we discovered three different shades in the same number of *trees*. I place a mark of emphasis under the word *trees*, because they really aspire, in this forest, to the height and substance of many of the elms, ashes, and poplars; and, consequently, rise above the ordinary holly-bushes, which generally are only to be ranked among the underwood. The holly, when fruited, perhaps, in point of beauty, may vie with any other tree in the forest. Mr. Evelin, in his "Sylva," cries out, with rapture, — "Is there, under heaven, a more glorious and refreshing object of the kind than an impenetrable hedge of about four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five in diameter, which I can shew in my gardens at Stay's Court, at any time of the year, glittering with its armed and varnished leaves, the taller standards at orderly distances, blushing, with their natural coral, shorn and fashioned into columns and pilasters, architecturally shaped at due distances?" Though we cannot accord with the learned naturalist in the whole of this rapturous encomium on the hedge at Stay's Court, yet, in part, we agree with him; and admire, as much as he, the holly glittering with its armed and varnished leaves, and blushing with its natural coral; but we could

wish to recommend it, not in a hedge, but in a *forest*, where, mixt with oak or ash, or other trees of the wood, it contributes to form the most beautiful scenes, blending itself with the trunks and skeletons of the winter, or with the varied greens of summer. Near Edgworth, Hampton-Heath, and the Lodge, there is literally the remains of an extensive holly forest. Mr. Gilpin allows, that, as far as an individual green can be beautiful, the holly is extremely so. It has, besides, to recommend it, that it is among the hardest and stoutest plants of English growth: thriving in all soils, and in all situations. At Dungeness, it flourishes even among the pebbles of the beach.

The variegation of heath and furze, with their appropriate blossoms; and the fern partyet boasting the verdure of summer; part assuming the russet tinges of autumn; the fern-cutters dispersed about the open or covert scenery of the forest; the fern-harvest, which gives a view of a new class of labourers, of forest growth and forest feelings; \* wild as their deer, sturdy as their

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\* In wild, rugged countries, Mr. Gilpin observes, the *moun-*  
*taineer* forms a very different character from the *forester*. He  
leads a life of labour, he procures nothing without it; he has  
neither time for idleness and dishonest arts, nor meets with any  
thing to allure him into them. But the *forester*, who has the

little steeds, cunning and furtive as their foxes, and often obstinate as their pigs; — these are all.

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temptation of plunder, on every side, finds it easier to trespass than work. Hence, the one becomes often a rough, manly, ingenuous peasant, the other a supple, crafty, pilfering knave.

Even the very practice of following a night occupation leads to mischief: the nightly wanderer, unless his mind be engaged in some necessary business, will find many temptations to take the advantage of the incautious security of those who are asleep.

From these considerations Mr. St.-John draws an argument for the sale of forest-lands. Poverty, says he, will be changed into affluence, the cottager will become a farmer, the wilderness will be converted into rich pastures and fertile fields, furnishing provisions for the country and employment for the poor. The borders and confines of forests will cease to be nurseries for county jails, the trespasser will no longer prey upon the *vert*, nor the vagabond and outlaw on the *venison*. Nay, the very soil itself will not be gradually lost and stolen by *purprestures* and *assarts*. Thus, forests, which were formerly the haunts of robbers, and the scenes of violence and rapine, may be converted into the receptacles of honest industry.

I had once some occasional intercourse with a forest borderer, who had formerly been a noted deer-stealer: he had often, like the deer-stealer in the play,

" Struck a doe,  
And Born her cleanly by the keeper's nose."

Indeed he had been at the head of his profession, and, during a reign of five years, assured me he had killed, on an average, not fewer than a hundred bucks a year. At length, he was obliged to abscond; but, compromising his affairs, he abjured his trade, and would speak of his former acts without reserve. He has oftener

full of picture. Yet I am told the woodland depre-  
dators chiefly confine themselves to the petty lar-

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than once confessed the sins of his youth to me, from which an idea may be formed of the mystery of deer-stealing, in its highest mode of perfection. In his excursions in the forest he carried with him a gun, which screwed into three parts, and which he could easily conceal in the lining of his coat. Thus armed, he would drink with the under keepers without suspicion, and, when he knew them engaged, would securely take his stand, in some distant part, and mark his buck. When he had killed him, he would draw him aside into the bushes, and spend the remaining part of the day in a neighbouring tree, that he might be sure no spies were in the way. At night, he secreted his plunder. He had boarded off a part of his cottage, forming a rough door into it, like the rest of the partition, struck full of false nail heads, with such artifice, that the keepers, on an information, have searched his house again and again, and have gone off satisfied of his innocence, though in his secret larder were, perhaps, at that very time, contained a brace of bucks. He had, always, he said, a quick market for his venison, for the country is as ready to purchase it as these fellows are to procure it. It is a forest adage of antient date, *non est inquirendum unde venit venison.*

And yet, in some circumstances, these little tenements, encroachments as they are, and often the nurseries of idleness, give pleasure to a benevolent breast. When we see them, as we sometimes do, the habitations of innocence and industry, and the means of providing for a large family, with ease and comfort, we are pleased at the idea of so much utility and happiness arising from a petty trespass on a waste, which cannot, in itself, be considered as an injury.

I once found, in a tenement of this kind, an antient widow whose little story pleased me. Her solitary dwelling stood sweetly

cenies of the forest, such as stripping a tree of its living branches to make up their dead-wood faggots, and then laying the blame upon the tempest, as the author of the windfalls. But it must be a pleasant circumstance for a traveller to know, that he may traverse in all directions, and at all hours, and without a companion, if he chooses, the ninety-two thousand three hundred and sixty-five acres, which the forest is said to contain, without the slightest apprehension of being molested, either by natives or aliens.

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in a dell, on the edge of the forest. Her husband had himself reared it, and led her to it as the habitation of her life. He had made a garden in the front, planted an orchard at one end, and a few trees at the other, which in forty years had now shielded the cottage, and almost concealed it. In her early youth she had been left a widow, with two sons and a daughter, whose slender education (only what she herself could give them) was almost her whole employment; and the time of their youth, she said, was the pleasantest time of her life. As they grew up, and the cares of the world subsided, a settled piety took possession of her mind. Her age was oppressed with infirmity, sickness, and various afflictions in her family. In these distresses, her Bible was her great comfort. I visited her frequently in her last illness, and found her very intelligent in Scripture, and well versed in all the gospel topics of consolation. For many years she read every day a portion of her Bible; seldom any other book:

Just knew, and knew no more, her Bible true,  
And in that charter read, with sparkling eyes,  
Her title to a treasure in the skies.

Various friends, on whose information I can depend, assure me of this fact, on the experience of long residence, and quiet possession of the cots, villas, and other property, however tangible or tempting, save the wood pillages already mentioned. And it will be yet more satisfactory for such as are sufficiently attracted by the enchantment of the scenes, to wish to fix a retreat, and become foresters themselves, to be told, that they may establish a local habitation or a permanent abode, in this literally wilderness of sweets, without the smallest dread of an intruder of any kind. The windows are left, through the night, without fastening; the doors are very slightly secured, and you do not so much as hear of invasion by night, or attacks by day.\*

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\* There is not less security to travellers without door than within, a robbery not having been committed within the precincts of the forest for upwards of thirty years; yet the forest itself is plundered perpetually.

The many advantages which the borderers on forests enjoy," it has been observed, "such as rearing cattle and hogs, obtaining fuel at an easy rate, and procuring little patches of land, for the trouble of enclosing it, would add much, one should imagine, to the comfort of their lives: but, in fact, it is otherwise! these advantages procure them not half the enjoyments of common day labourers. In general they are an indolent race, poor and wretched in the extreme. Instead of having the regular returns of a week's labour to subsist on, too many

Another fact of great importance to the residential traveller, and which I feel it my duty to mention to you, my friend, and to all my readers, is, the uncommon salubrity of the air, the mildness of which would justify me in calling it the Montpelier of England. It seems peculiarly suited to constitutions feeble by nature, debilitated by casual disease, or undermined by imprudent excess. The swampy parts bear no sort of proportion to those which are dry, firm, and clear: and of what improvement the latter are capable, from cultivation, may be conjectured.

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of them depend on the precarious supply of forest pilfer. Their ostensible business is commonly to cut furze and carry it to the neighbouring brick-kilns, for which purpose they keep a team of two or three sorry forest-horses, while their collateral support is deer-stealing, poaching, or purloining timber.

“ In this last occupation, they are said to be so expert, that in a night’s time they would have cut down, carried off, and lodged safely in the hands of some receiver, one of the largest oaks of the forest. But the depredations which have been made in timber, along all the skirts of the forest, have rendered this species of theft at present but an unprofitable employment. In poaching and deer-stealing they often find their best account, in all the arts of which many of them are well practiced. From their earliest youth they learn to set the trap and gin for hares and pheasants, to ensnare deer, by hanging hooks, baited with apples, from the boughs of trees, and as they become bolder proficients, to watch the herd with fire-arms, and single out a fat buck as he passes the places of their concealment.

from the partial patches which have been taken in, and, indeed, from the refreshing pasturage and lawny verdure that, on the level, and in many of the valleys, break out into luxuriant beauty, and assert the richness of the soil, without any cultivation whatever.

Of its restorative qualities on myself, I am called upon, both by gratitude and truth, to speak in the warmest manner.\* I have felt its genial and generous influences, almost to a regeneration of life from the sickness of death. A month's inhaling of the forest breezes, rendered more elastic, no doubt, by those of the sea, which take wing from the Southampton-river to visit this beautiful scene of woods, and the correspondent exercises and social pleasure, which the return of health renders so inexpressibly delightful, have produced not only the congratulations of the kind circles of friends with whom I have been associated, but re-created so many long-lost comfortable feelings, that I appear, in a manner, a stranger to myself. It seems as I could tread the sweet air in which I breathe, and that the shrunk and almost fallen leaves of my life—if you will allow an al-

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\* Some poetic effusions on the subject, without any use, however, of poetic licence, will be found in the third volume, under the title of "Mums Cot."

lusion drawn from immediate situation—have resumed the wholesome green of those which form along the forest innumerable bowers. And although, with respect to myself, I know it to be still autumn, hastening fast to the sear and yellow leaf, and onward to the winter of my days, yet the powers of the imagination and of the heart, compared with there late feeble state, give the colours, the tints, and the buoyancy of spring.

While I am writing to you, under such agreeable impressions, you will not wonder that my pencil is held by Enthusiasm; but I pledge myself to you it is under the guidance of Truth. Nor are these salutary effects circumscribed by my own case. They extend to very many others, who, from the Hygean cot, where I am now a guest, have been returned to their respective homes, healthier, and, consequently, happier, beings. How impossible is it for the latter to exist without the former! Happiness and Health, my friend, are twins. They languish and die in separation, and can only live and thrive together.

Here they are Foresters, and seem to be supplied with the freshest, yet most gentle gales of the heaven from which they are descended. They are domesticated with a third ally, whose name is Hospitality;—a free and li-

beral power, who has the command of various villas and cottages, in different parts of the New Forest; and to each of which she willingly conducts the friends, and even the strangers within his gate, should sickness or the storm overtake them on the way.

May you, my estimable correspondent, long enjoy the most indulgent favours of the blissful pair; — in other words, for you are dear to me, far beyond the reach of metaphor, may health and happiness be yours! I do not add the third, because I know that you and Hospitality are inseparable.

Heaven bless and keep ye together.

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Woodlands, Oct. 7, 1804.

MANY of the rural dwellings, embosomed in this sovereign wood, are of cottage form; and, if you will smile on a demi-pun, I should say, are of cottage fashion, though not *fashion cottages*; concerning which I have expatiated, in other parts of our correspondence. With a few exceptions, which, for the sake of good-nature, shall be nameless, — I might, indeed, have said of *candour*; — for every man

has as much a right to follow his own opinion in architecture as in argument, in this free country at least. Most of the habitations encircled by, or bordering, the Forest exhibit more or less of that simplicity which is *in keeping*, as the painters call it, with their scite. Some, to be sure, are half, some three quarters rustic; here and there a non-descript building pops upon you, that so absurdly mixes town and country, I have applied to it Pope's censure of a certain part of the fair sex, as having "no character at all." And, were I disposed to be half as bitter as the above-quoted bard, whose Muse, even in her splenetic humours, was, like some other ladies, charming in her frowns, I might be tempted to frown also, were I not more inclined to smile. My friend, I have seen more than one thing of brick and mortar, clay and stone-work, most outrageously jumbling and violating all orders of architecture, by mixing them together; here a patch of the Ionic, there of the Corinthian; and there a dash of the Doric; now a morsel of thatch, there a mite of tiling; long-legged American poplars before, pigmy Scotch firs on one side, gigantic yews on the other; with the beauties of bare heath-ground behind, for the benefit of the wholesome breathing north-east; a dirty duck-

pond in the midst of a half cot, and half farm-house, and yard in the centre, shutting out a slant view of the wood, at the only point Nature had any chance of entering! But every man in his humour, you know. So we will leave the proprietor of the above Indescribable to his enjoyments; hoping that he and his yews, his firs, and his poplars, may prosper to his heart's content.

The place from whence I date, approaches very close upon the *legitimate* cottage, if I may be allowed so to express myself, as opposed to the bastard kind of habitation, which often affects those laws of simplicity, from which it differs as much as a house in Duke's Place, from a hut in the Highlands. Woodlands—like many other dwellings which are, as they ought to be, its near and friendly neighbours, but not stuck together, street-fashion, as close as figs—is placed in the centre of a neat, unpretending garden; and three-fourths of the house itself steps not beyond the modesty of a real cot. The rest might be made nearer the precise point of cottage-simplicity,\* and therefore better, if

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\* “A house, being merely covered with thatch,” says Mr. Gilpin, in his Observations on the Western Parts of England, “makes it no more a cottage than ruffles would make a

there were a few changes, which false taste would deem for the worse.

It is, however, a very comfort-promising little abode without, and performs what it promises within. It is quite large enough for the reception of the only inmates worth having in *any* habitation, — Zeal, Friendship, and Happiness; and, whoever could pine after other society, during the verdant seasons of the year, do not deserve to be half so well established; unless, indeed, Health were want-

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clown a gentleman, or a meally hat would turn a beau into a miller. — The imagination does not like to be jolted in its sensations, from one idea to another; but to go on quietly, in the same track, either of *grandeur* or *simplicity*. Pleasing ideas, no doubt, may be executed under the form of a cottage; but, to make them *pleasing*, they should be *harmonious*. We need not restrict the *artificial cottage* to so very close an imitation of the *natural one*. In the inside it may admit of much greater neatness and convenience, rejecting all *splendour*. Though the roof be thatched, it may cover two stories: and if it project somewhat over the walls, the effect may be better. If the windows are sashed, they should not be large; and if a vestibule be added, it should be only a common brick-porch, with a plain, neat roof. That kind of plastering which is called *rough-cast*, is preferable for the front, without stone-work of any kind. The ground about a cottage should be neat, but artless. The lawn, that comes up to the door, should be grazed, rather than mown. The sunk fence, the painted rail, and the broad gravel walk, are ideas alien to the cottage.

ing; and even that delightful Goddess, who has ever had the rangership of the forest, may be induced to join the party, if the invalid has not too long and too flagrantly broken her commandments.

In front of this agreeable and salutary residence, as of several others in a parallel south aspect, is an ample sweep of the fertile part of heath or common, whose boundary is a beautiful portion of the Forest in crescent, in every tree of which Nature is allowed to sport her fancies. The back of the building is defended from the sharp wind of the north, by oak, beech, elm, and ash, so thick inwoven, that surly Winter is caught in their protecting arms, and prevented entering the cot.

In this neighbourhood is the celebrated tree, called Cadenham \* oak, which is said to bud every year in the depth of winter. I yesterday went to view it, and would have described it for you, had not the author, to whom I am under so many pleasing obligations, done it in the best manner to my hands. Having often heard of this oak, says Gilpin, I took a ride to see it, on the 29th of December, 1781. It was pointed out to me among several other oaks,

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\* Cadenham is a village three miles distance from Lyndhurst.

surrounded by a little forest-stream, winding round a knoll, on which they stood. It is a tall straight plant, of no great age, and apparently vigorous, except that it has been injured, from which several branches issue in the form of pollard-shoots. It was intirely bare of leaves, as far as I could discern, when I saw it; and undistinguishable from the other oaks in its neighbourhood, except that its bark seemed rather smoother, occasioned, I apprehend, only by frequent climbing. Having had the account of its early budding confirmed on the spot, I engaged one Michael Lawrance, who kept the White Hart, a small ale-house in the neighbourhood, to send me some of the leaves, to Vicar's Hill, as soon as they should appear. The man, who had not the least doubt about the matter, kept his word, and sent me several twigs, on the morning of the 5th of January, 1782, a few hours after they had been gathered. The leaves were fairly expanded, and about an inch in length. From some of the buds two leaves had unsheathed themselves, but, in general, only one.

Through what power in nature this strange premature vegetation is occasioned I believe no naturalist can explain. I sent some of the leaves to one of the ablest botanists we have, Mr. Lightfoot, author of the *Flora Scotica*, and

was in hopes of hearing something satisfactory on the subject; but he is one of those philosophers, who is not ashamed of ignorance, where attempts at knowledge are mere conjecture. He assured me, that he could not account for it in any way; nor did he know of any other instance, of premature vegetation, except the Glastonbury thorn.

The philosophers of the forest, in the mean time, account for the thing at once, through the influence of old Christmas-day, universally believing that the oak buds on that day, and that only. The same opinion is held with regard to the Glastonbury thorn, by the common people of the west of England; but, without doubt, the germination there is gradual, and forwarded or retarded by the mildness or severity of the weather. One of its progeny, which grew in the garden of the Duchess Dowager of Portland, at Bulstrode, had its flower-buds perfectly formed so early as the 21st of December, 1781, which is fifteen days earlier than it ought to flower, according to the vulgar prejudice.

This early spring, however, of the Cadenharn oak, is of a very short duration. The buds, after infolding themselves, make no farther progress, but immediately shrink, from the season, and die. The tree continues torpid, like other deciduous trees, during the remainder of

the winter, and vegetates again in the spring, at the usual season. I have seen it in full leaf in the middle of summer, when it appeared, both in its form and foliage, exactly like other oaks.

But the animated little forester, which my friend has assigned to my use, is at the garden-gate; the sun smiles on the first gentle frost, which gives brilliance to the skies and brightness the woods; and urges me to bid you, somewhat abruptly, good morrow.

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*Woodlands, October 9, 1804.*

IN friendship, as in love, my friend, "short absence sweetens quick return;" but, in truth, I can scarcely consider you as having been absent in the excursion from which I have just returned. During the whole of the day, as objects and circumstances arose, I anticipated the pleasure I should give in thus mixing new remarks with the old, thereby throwing an air of occasional freshness and novelty over our antient correspondence. The idea pleased me; and it is under the soothing hope, of conveying a similar pleasure to you, that I now resume the pen.

The friend, whom I am at present visiting, held out the allurement of a rustic fair, where numbers of the forest men, women, children, and horses, were sure to assemble. But, then, said he, "Downton, the fair town, stands at a formidable distance for one who has so lately been an invalid!" The magic forest-views, which I knew would beguile part of the way, and the sight of so many holiday-hearted creatures got together, were, you may be sure, temptations for me not to be resisted. The objections being thus over-ruled, my friend and I mounted our foresters: have been on the ramble from early morn to late evening; and, how far we have cause to be satisfied, I shall now endeavour to shew.

Yet the pen and pencil, in this case, can do little or nothing for you, were they in far more masterly hands than mine, towards bringing you acquainted with such parts of the forest as unfold themselves to your view on both sides of the road, from our starting-place to the village of Brook. Much less can either of them write or paint for you the yet higher beauties that command admiration after you have passed that little town; and, least of all, can the feeble instruments above-mentioned image the scene that fills the eye and thrills the heart, when, having gained the summit, you

turn to survey the prospect that spreads before you: it comprehends what makes words wretched bankrupts, indeed. Nature is here the great original, of which no true copy can be made by mortal man. She alone can do justice to herself; for, in this broad and proud assemblage, she displays whatever is most rich and rare in her varied powers. The view includes an extension of forest-scenery so diversified; vistas so sublime; vales so soft and fertile; the Southampton-River, at full tide, pouring so copiously the riches of the sea to the shore; the ridges of the lovely Isle of Wight rising beyond; that, as I contemplated what I saw, I could not but exclaim, to my accompanying friend, methinks all the objects that we have for the past month been looking at, in our rides and walks, are here brought together with innumerable additions. It really seemed to be the concentration of every separate charm; and, the day, though not of dazzling brightness, giving sufficient distinctness to the remoter objects, I have no expectation of beholding the works of Nature, cultivated by the genius, industry, and labour of man, more diversified, more complete, or more exquisite.

You must have often noticed, by what strange associations, one description, no way apparently

analogous as to the thing described, becomes applicable to another. While the eye was surveying the above prospect, and roving from scene to scene, the following stanza, from Mason's fine Elegy, on the Death of the beautiful Lady Coventry, presented itself, with a slight change of two or three words, to adapt them to the parody :

“ Each look, each object, waked a new-born grace,  
That o'er the scenes its transient glory cast ;  
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,  
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.”

After casting “many a longing, lingering look behind,” we shut out this rich feast of vision and of the soul ; for, it is not an enjoyment of one delightful scene only, but of all, uniting the pleasures of hearing, taste, smell, and touch, with those of sight. You would have experienced this, had you been, in fact, as my heart made you in fancy, a partaker of our wanderings. Your ear would have been regaled by the harmony of Nature, when her birds, relieved from summer heats, resume their notes of autumn. You would literally have inhaled her vivifying spirit, when the zephyrs waft her sweet breath on their balmy pinions ; and the fragrance of her flowers, herbs, and plants, whether of her gardens, fields, or this

her favourite forest, would have regaled the sense she has bountifully constructed to receive their odours.

We now took a slant direction across Fritham-Plain, the sterility of which finely contrasted the richer scenery behind. Indeed, it seems a sort of misnomer to call that barren, which, if it does not fatten, refreshes so many herds and flocks; and affords even to the casual, perhaps reluctant, traveller the prospect of bold eminences and deep descents, such as Crow's-Nest Bottom, Stutley Head, &c. all contributory to the beauty\* of a diversified landscape.

However loath to quit the beauties of Brook-Hill for the comparatively desert of Fritham, we were amply rewarded in the evnt of that sacrifice. About three miles short of Downton, we arrive at Rudbridge-Common, midway on which your eye is attracted by a little nest of cots to the left, of which you only see

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\* To be sure, if you strike more to the left, in the direction of Fordingbridge, and follow the track, or rather the *trackless* paths across the heath, till you reach the above-mentioned town, you would perceive the sterility too uniform to prove agreeable, even in the way of contrast, as you must pass near four miles of very unpleasant ground, without a single object to enliven it; but I must not anticipate a scene, which I shall probably have to relate before I finish the sketches in this part of the country.

the thatched roofs, and these are so encanoped by orchard and garden trees, that you have rather stolen glances than full views. Some discover themselves half covered by foliage, others shew only the gable end, and one or two are surrounded by verdure almost to the chimney-tops.

I had been nearly exhausted by the extent of heath-ground, which, to use my beloved Goldsmith's expressions, ever the happiest and the best, seemed

“ Immeasurably spread,”

and lengthened as I rode. I had more than once honestly confessed to my friend that I began to flag, and that my love and admiration of Nature was more powerful in me than the strength she allowed to explore her beauties. But the sudden prospect of these singularly-placed cottages, which rise on your view without the least preparation, gave me new life; and I willingly followed the lead of my friend, who was winding his way down the slope, that, in a few minutes, brought us to a nearer view of the spot: it increased in interest as we approached. The knot of buildings consisted of about twenty cottages, to each of which was attached a garden and orchard; but so absolutely placed in a verdant nook, out of the bus-

tle of town, and even of the country, that nothing but a curious and inquisitive traveller would have deemed it worth while to turn his horse's head or his own towards Morgan's Vale, or Bottom;\* at least, till attention was commanded by one particular building, situated on the brow of the slope. This, my friend, joined me in pronouncing the very model of a true cottage, giving the full meaning of that modest word, and no more. It is equally distinct, on the one hand, from an air of meanness and poverty, and, on the less pardonable one, of affected simplicity and pride abasing itself, only to be exalted, on the other. Simplicity seems to have been its architect, and Content its inmate: such, at least, were my ideas, on a first sight of the premises.

But I am sure you feel yourself sufficiently interested to take a nearer view. Imagine yourself, then, on the green summit, where it is placed, as it ought to be, from its superior beauty, above its fellows; yet, though it overlooks, it seems to smile on them all. Verdure, of different kind, and of unfading character, encompasses it round about. Each side is covered with laurels, that flourish even to the roof; and that roof is so well thatched, that not

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\* In forest-language Vales are called Bottoms.

an irregular straw deforms its inviting softness. The centre is rounded into an arch of yew, which affords at once a porch and an alcove. The casements are of the true cottage size and construction: the body of the building is of the true cottage clay, of which, however, you only see small patches, as if by stealth, through the intertwisture of the laurels, *au travers*. A little garden decorates the front; a fertile slip of orchard-ground runs to some length on one side; there is a screen of mixed laurel and yew round the well, and a neatly-compactured quickset is its fence. The whole has enebed gradually and almost imperceptibly borrowed, or, more true to speak, purloined from the common; as, indeed, has the entire cottagery, bit by bit, insomuch, that we might fairly say, the peasants and the proprietors, like opposed armies, have disputed and maintained their ground inch by inch; and, when any new territory, which they added to their castles, (cot and castle are the same things in England,) has been reclaimed by one party, the other has watched his opportunity to get it back with some advantages; till the right of possession, no longer contended for, is considered as a good, at least a sufficient title, and on such tenure enjoyed, if not admitted.

But our curiosity on the outside excited a

no less degree of curiosity within. The inhabitants of the cottage now came into the garden. All females, and of all ages, from the grandam to the latest born. The master of the mansion was at his labours in the forest. Accept what remains, in dialogue.

“A very pleasant cottage you have here, my friends.”

“Yes, we have, Sir; *it stands so in the delight,*” answered the mother of the group, whose name is *Fonder*.

“Rather bleak in the winter, I should fear.”

“Cold without, and warm within; and, “standing so in the delight,” we can, in goodly weather, get peeps at folk going to Downton, and so seeing company. In wintry time we can spy them passing as we sit in the cottage. The girls here run about the plain, and down into the bottom: but, for my part, I sometimes do not pass the wicket for half a year together.”

“A sign of being happy at home, Mrs. Fonder.”

“A true sign, Sir, for I am. John Fonder, my husband, did all of this green work with his own hands; and, indeed, with helping of neighbours below, now and then, made the whole cottage what you see it. Twenty-four years, and upwards, have we lived under its

thatch ; and, by giving us good seemings of substance, and wherewithal to get on, has got us credit, at a pinch, oftentimes. And many a day would these children have gone with next to nothing for their dinner, and with nothing altogether as to supper, but for the *good-lookings* we have about us : for goodly seeming, in this way, Sir, gets trust. We *croach*, to be sure, a little on the common, and put fence a little forwarder ; then every now and then 'tis pulled down : but John Fonder *ups* with it again, so that the people grew tired at last : the hedge stands, and thus, by little and little, we get on."

" That's a good hearing, Mrs. Fonder ; and I dare say you are all of you living in a friendly way, in that nice nest of cottages below."

" Nothing to complain of, as to that ; as neighbourly and ready to do for one another as any set of bodies any where. Fallings out, now and then, to be sure ; but soon made up again ; and that, I suppose, is the case every where, as well as in Morgan's Bottom. Things go cross and wrong all the world over, and why should not we have our share."

This little gossip lasted long enongh to bring many of the dwellers in the valley to their several peeping places, in their orchards or gardens, to see what could be passing on the hill. Two stranger gentlemen on horse-

back, in long parley at a cottage-gate, in such a place, is always a subject of wonderment; and, as country people, in secluded places, generally talk much louder than is necessary for mere hearing and understanding, scarcely any thing said at the threshold of one hut is a secret at another. Having, therefore, roused the spirit of the little neighbourhood, and gratified our own curiosity, we left the comfortable-looking people to go over again the subject with each other.

On my return, however, from the fair, my fellow-traveller met my wish more than half way, to stop as we passed the plain, at the gate of the interesting cottage. The evening sun gave a softer gloss to the laurels, and made the deep verdure of the yew, twined round the casement, look less sombrous, while every pane in the windows sparkled in the western ray. The cottage-cat sat ruminating on the edge of the well; but the cottage-door, which I tried to open, was made fast. Presently, a man of athletic form, but somewhat bent by time and labour, came from the orchard-part of the premises, and respectfully bowed as he advanced to the gate. I related the adventure of the morning, of which I found him ignorant; and he informed us, that his dame and family, old and young, were gone to the fair. We repeated

our admiration of his cottage, and of his ingenuity in giving it so many attractions.

It may be best again to have recourse to the colloquial style.

“ Yes, I did it up mostly after work-hours. Will you be pleased, gentlemen, to look within?”

“ Strong and good, master Fonder; warm and snug.”

“ *Very*, Sir; and dry as a bone.”

“ And full of comforts, I see, both above and below. A good Hampshire flitch or two, and some well-looking barrels on their supporters.”

“ Yes, thank God, Sir, not amiss now. A good wife as ever a man had, and children likewise, and not much taxing. But I doubt I must let my cottage go, after all. Some hard years,—children growing up and who want more than they did.”

“ Sell your cottage!”

“ It is a little in mortgage already. I could not help it. The gentleman at the red house lent twenty pounds on it, and very kindly gave hopes I might keep it in my own hands. The miller let me have another ten. So I kept rubbing on; but I was forced to go to my friends and tell them, it did not signify trying, for I found I could not pay; therefore,

thought I had better give up. But the miller was against this; bid me not be down-hearted, but consider I had children who might, by and by, help me out, as I had helped them, and would not *hear* of my selling my cottage outright. But I doubt I must, after all. I shall feel sad and strange upon it; for I built and smartned it myself; we have all got used to it; and I can't expect, at any time, ever to get such another."

That, thought I, you never can, poor fellow, for I do not believe there is, at all points, such another in England. I hastily put into the old man's hands the trifling fairings I had purchased for the younger children; my friend gave something more worthy of his acceptance: and we left the spot with less cheerful feelings than we had sought it.

Just as we were losing sight of the cottage, and its connecting huts, I turned my head involuntarily. The evening continued lovely, beyond the power of describing its variety of charms. There was certainly nothing in the imagery of the heavens above, or of the earth below, to render the prospect less exhilarating. The parting beams of the sun were yet playing on the cottage of laurels and yew; and the summits of the roofs of the delightful habitations beneath were burnished with a ray yet more

golden; the surrounding foliage partook of the tinge; and the intermediate heath-ground was rich in those colourings which, when the most magnificent orb of heaven is about to set, paints every object so exquisitely. With all this, however, there was an intercepting heavy cloud cast between the corporeal and the mental eye, which made the whole scene appear the reverse of what it had been.

We recrossed the barren part of the way with unusual speed, and in unwonted silence. At length, I could not help observing to my friend, that the idea of the poor woodman's necessity to sell his little paradise absolutely haunted me! Yielding myself to this emotion, I exclaimed, "How many hundreds will, this very night, throw away, in one idleness or another, partly for want of better objects being within view, more than enough to redeem that honest creature's morsel of property, — for an honest creature I find he is, — and thereby place his cottage, and all it inherits, on the most solid foundation. Nay, how many are there who, if they were made acquainted with the circumstances, and were convinced of the great good which might be done with a very little, would be happy to direct the streams of their bounty into so proper a channel. But, I will admit that the account has an air of romance; and, therefore, many will con-

clude that points not naturally attached to the objects have been strained into service, purposely to increase the interest of the narrative. Of making such events, however unductile, bend to the purpose predetermined on, certain readers are too apt to accuse authors; and nothing is more common than to discredit what we are resolved to think exaggerated. In what a variety of instances could I exemplify this opinion, and prove its fallacy. But, keeping to the objects just delineated, I have a stronger motive than my own justification for wishing such as are going into this tract of country to make a visit to John Fonder and his family; and if they find him and his, as they undoubtedly will do, what I have painted them, O what a soul-exhilarating opportunity will they have to ~~SAVE~~ the labourer and all his little household, by appropriating to his redemption half the sum a man of fortune gives for a horse, or a woman of fashion for a trinket. And if, on the contrary, they do *not* find the people, whose cause I advocate, deserving rescue,—deserving a prop to the falling cottage, they will, at any rate, be gratified by seeing a most exquisite groupe of the best and sweetest objects nature has to produce; and, inasmuch as the facts fall short of the description, will have sufficient reason to accuse the describer.

The truth is, and there is no help for it, travellers will not give themselves the time or the trouble necessary to *hear* as well as to *see*. They will not go from the broad high-way; nor stop, in general, at any gate but that of the turnpike or the inn. They revolt from the lowly idea of passing an hour in a cottage, a week in a village, or a month in a town, unless fashion, frolic, or fortune, with the trains appropriate to each, allure them thither. Hence, a thousand generous hearts want some of the most exciting and interesting objects; and hence, also, more than as many aching hearts, which might be relieved or gladdened, remain in the nooks, alleys, and other by-places of the world unobserved. Hence, likewise, loud complainers in the streets, or haggard beggars along the hedges, because more obvious and most importunate, are foremost on the canvass, while the misery that is modest and retired, and hid in a hut, and must be *sought* to be *found*, is thrown into shadow. Gentle reader, if thou hast a rich heart and art favoured by fortune, how do I wish thou wouldst put money in thy purse, and deign to follow the map of the Gleaner to Morgan's Bottom, and divers other places, within the geography of the affections; and of the chart which he has drawn for thy feelings.

*Woodlands, Oct. 12, 1804.*

A general motto to the scenery of this exquisite forest and of its appendages might be taken from the writer,\* who has paid it the most ample tribute; and perhaps the following passage would be considered as the happiest selection.

“ Its wood-scenes, its extended lawns, and vast sweeps of wild country, unlimited by artificial boundaries, together with its river-views and distant coasts, are all, in a great degree, magnificent. It must still, however, be remembered, that its chief *characteristic*, and what it rests on for distinction, is not *sublimity* but *sylvan beauty*.”

That beauty it certainly possesses beyond all comparison; and, it is beauty so diversified, that the charm of constant novelty prevents the possibility of your being fatigued with admiration. Scarcely have you felt delight in viewing the objects appropriate to one path, before others command your notice and your homage; and, while you are fancying nothing of sylvan grace can surpass the scene you are

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\* Gilpin.

surveying, a series of other unexpected openings lure you to new beauties, and in a few paces you will find your eye betrayed from these to others yet more lovely.

Not the least charm of the New Forest is the variety of what, in village language, is called a green, or circular slip and patch of verdure, surrounded by cottages, farms, &c. where geese, poultry, and other domestic fowl, delight to feed, repose, or wander. Of these greens, there are not less than a hundred, each richly girt and defended by the forest, forming as many little sylvan neighbourhoods, yet each wholly independent of the other.

In the church-yard of Brockenhurst, Mr. Warner mentions an oak two-and-twenty feet in girth, and a majestic yew-tree: both of which I recognise as venerable friends. On the latter, the axe has committed sad depredations. It has been despoiled of five or six huge branches, since my first acquaintance; and Mr. Warner joins my regret at this, as taking greatly from its antient dignity: still, however, it is a noble tree, measuring in girth fifteen feet, and in height upwards of sixty. I think, with him, it might lay claim to an antiquity nearly equal to its venerable neighbour.

I was surprised to find, that neither Gilpin

or Warner had noticed the uncommon picturesque appearance of the chancel and of the church, most beautifully ivied from the bottom to the roof, including the gothic windows and antique little door, right-venerably knobbed with nail-work, and the wood well greyed with age. The top of the yew appears now to be intirely dead ; the branches still vigorous. The oak is quite hollow ; but one of its mighty arms clasps the yew, as if in good and antient fellowship, and conscious of having grown old and going into decay together.

The New Forest, and Brockenhurst in particular, as we learn, from its name, being formerly so famous for the production of yews, it might be a matter of wonder, that so few remained to the present day, did we not recollect that the old English yeomanry were supplied from this tree with those excellent bows, which rendered them the best and most dreaded archers in Europe. This constant and universal demand for yew, produced, in time, such a scarcity, that recourse was had to foreign countries for a supply, and the importation of them was enjoined, by express act of parliament, for that purpose.\*

I am just informed of another oak, of enor-

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\* Stat. Ed. IV. c. 2.—Rich. III. c. 11.

mous vegetation, belonging to a friend of mine, in the parish of Mottesfont; but, perhaps, the most singular tree in the whole forest is the *groaning one*, which is so extraordinary a phenomenon, that I am really happy to have the attestation of Mr. Gilpin, confirmatory of the remarks of several forest-friends. It stands in Badesly, a village about two miles from Lymington, and its history is this:

About forty years ago, a cottager, who lived near the centre of the village, heard frequently a strange noise behind his house like that of a person in extreme agony. Soon after, it caught the attention of his wife, who was then confined to her bed: she was a timorous woman, and, being greatly alarmed, her husband endeavoured to persuade her that the noise she heard was only the bellowing of the stags in the forest. By degrees, however, the neighbours on all sides heard it, and the thing began to be much talked of. It was by this time plainly discovered, that the groaning noise proceeded from an elm that grew at the end of the garden: it was a young vigorous tree, and, to all appearance, perfectly sound.

In a few weeks, the fame of the groaning-tree was spread far and wide, and people from all parts flocked to hear it: among others, it attracted the curiosity of the late Prince and

Princess of Wales, who resided at that time, for the advantage of a sea-bath, at Pilewell, the seat of Sir James Worsley, which stood within a quarter of a mile of the groaning-tree. Though the country people assigned many superstitious causes for this strange phenomenon, the naturalist could assign no physical one that was, in any degree, satisfactory. Some thought it was owing to the twisting and friction of the roots; others, that it proceeded from water, which had collected in the body of the tree, or perhaps from pent air; but no cause that was alleged appeared equal to the effect. In the mean time, the tree did not always groan: sometimes it disappointed its visitants; yet no cause could be assigned for its temporary cessations either from seasons or weather. If any difference was observed, it was thought to groan least when the weather was wet, and most when it was clear and frosty; but the sound at all times seemed to arise from the root.

Thus, the groaning-tree continued an object of astonishment, during the space of eighteen or twenty months, to all the country around; and, for the information of distant parts, a pamphlet was drawn up, containing a particular account of all the circumstances relating to it. At length, the owner of it, a gentleman

of the name of Forbes, making too rash an experiment to discover the cause, bored a hole in its trunk. After this it never groaned ; but was rooted up, with a farther view to make a discovery : still nothing appeared, which led to any investigation of the cause. It was universally believed, however, that there was no sort of trick in the affair, but that some natural cause really existed, though never understood.

Adjoining to Brockenhurst-church, within a park, stands the seat of Mr. Morant : the views from which are numerous, owing to the undulations of the surrounding grounds, which are all in the richest style of wood-scenery.

Within the same park is included Watcombe. It was a few years ago inhabited, as Mr. Warner justly expresses it, by a character that does honour to human nature, namely, the philanthropist, *John Howard*, who purchased it, in 1759, of a Captain Blake. Situated, however, rather low, with a piece of water in front, and woods on every side, he found the exhalations and vapours, incidental to such a situation, rather unfavourable to those astronomical observations in which he extremely delighted. After a residence of only three years, he quitted it, to the great regret of numerous distressed families, which had been the constant objects of his benevolence.

One might have hoped, observes Mr. Warner, that a gentleman of Mr. Howard's exalted character, who devoted his time, exhausted his health, employed his fortune, and, at length, *lost his life*, in the practice of universal and disinterested philanthropy, would have left a name behind him, at which malignity itself durst not have aimed a dart.

But, alas ! excellence is always obnoxious, and that levelling principle of profligacy, which wishes to reduce all to its own miserable standard ; and, as it cannot rise to admiration itself, endeavours to prevent others from attaining it, would not suffer even Howard to escape its notice.

Calumny has endeavoured to stain, with the foul aspersions of parental unkindness, harsh pride, and ostentatious vanity, a character which seems to have approached as near to perfection as human frailty will permit.

It is not, however, by dark attempts of this nature, that the firm fabric of John Howard's virtues can be overthrown or shaken.

“ The actions of the just,  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust ! ”

And whatever might be his personal peculiari-

ties, the good deeds \* of this excellent man will render his memory sacred as long as the admiration of exalted virtue shall exist, or the practice of unlimited benevolence be held in veneration.

Mr. Warner expresses a generous happiness on bearing testimony to the excellence of this gentleman, by adding the following particulars respecting him, which were given by an old man who had rented a little farm of Mr. Howard, during his residence in Hampshire. The recital, he assures us, was not made without tears, and he closed it with this emphatic remark, "Ah! Sir, Mr. Howard did not remain long with us; such goodness as his was too great to be confined within the narrow limits of Brockenhurst-parish."

One of the first acts of that good man, on settling at Brockenhurst, was to make a tour through his parish, and visit, in person, the numerous needy families it contained. To each of these he gave immediate pecuniary relief, comfortable clothing, a Bible, a Common Prayer Book, and a Whole Duty of Man; donations which he repeated as often as their necessity required them.

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\* Permit me to re-direct your attention to Letter 15th, vol. i. Gleanings in Wales.

When it became necessary for him to retire from Watcombe, he strove to render his loss less severely and immediately felt by doubling the gratuity he usually bestowed. After his departure, he frequently remitted to the poor inhabitants of Brockenhurst money and clothes; and, when he was at Portsmouth, preparing to sail on the last voyage which Providence permitted him to make, his servant was dispatched with a considerable sum of money to distribute among the former dependants on his bounty.

In my late visit to Brockenhurst, with my forest friend, we had both of us the satisfaction to hear the above account confirmed by an aged man, whom we encountered on the road, and who personally knew Mr. Howard. But he informed us that Watcombe House is now a ruin. No matter; the fame of its late inhabitant shall equally defy the mouldering power of time, and the premature violence of man; and the traveller would survey the very *dust* of Watcombe-ruins with more pleasure than Brockenhurst House, were not the possessor of the latter mansion a good man.

Brockenhurst and Boldre church-yards have a strange mixture of good and bad effusions of the uncultured muse. In these examples of parochial poetry, sense and grammar, it has already been observed, are frequently so unnaturally

perverted that one can scarcely forbear thinking the deviations from them are designed. It is pity, indeed, that these senseless jumbles, which only serve to excite improper ridicule, were not altogether disused. Mr. Warner very properly expresses a wish, wherein I heartily concur, either that appropriate texts of Scripture, or such simple and instructive lines as the following might be adopted in their room.

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On a neat head-stone are these words:

Here lieth  
The Body of  
Giles Clarke,  
who passed  
Quietly, Inoffensively, and Piously,  
Through the Space  
Of 80 Years;  
From his Craddle to his Grave,  
which received him  
On the 3d May, 1783.  
That his good Example  
Might not be forgotten,  
A Friend to his Memory  
Placed this  
Upon his Tomb.

On another stone is the following inscription:

Here

Rests from his Labour,

William Baker,

Whose Industry and Frugality,

Whose Honesty and Piety,

Were long an Example

To this Parish.

He was born in 1710,

And

Died in 1791.

These simple, but expressive epitaphs are taken from the church-yard of Boldre.

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St. Mary's,\* Southampton, furnishes the two which follow:

To perpetuate the memory of Mary Dyatt, who died the 7th of March, 1781, aged 77 years; and is here interred; having spent the last 60 years of a most Christian life with exemplary diligence, fidelity, and affection; in the constant service of the family of Captain Isaac Vignoles; by whose daughter, Mrs. Mary Vignoles, this stone is inscribed, in testimony of her esteem and gratitude towards so rare a pattern of domestic worth.

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\* See page 18 of the present volume.

In memory of Richard Laurence, who, after living 60 years in the family of the Bernards, departed this life February the 12th, 1795, aged 74. His humble demeanour, his affectionate fidelity, and persevering diligence in his station, are best attested by the fact related above. His surviving Master, William Bernard, raises this stone as a memorial of so uncommon an instance of private excellence.

A gentleman of the Bernard family, now resident in Southampton, in addition to the above monumental tribute, informs me, that, although Laurence's wages were small, he never suggested a wish, during the whole 60 years, for any increase; yet, in course of that time, saved a very considerable sum, which he divided amongst his relatives: and had likewise in contemplation to endow a school for the education of boys; but death intervened.

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Congenial to these is one which was marked in my note-book so long ago as when I was on my Norfolk rambles.

To the memory of Tamar Nevil, a faithful honest servant and housekeeper 27 years in

ONE PLACE. She died 20th October, 1782, aged 60.\*

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The subsequent one, in verse, I have just penciled from its stone, in Brockenhurst. It is tender and interesting; in memory of Miss Elizabeth Cary. Died 1794, aged 21.

While health sat blooming on Eliza's face,  
And ev'ry feature shone with youthful grace;  
While the fond parent future fame foretold,  
And saw with joy her faculties unfold;  
Saw, through her lovely form, a polish'd mind,  
A gentle temper, and a taste refined.  
Short was the joy, for at high heav'n's behest,  
She ceas'd from blessing, that she might be blest.  
Like some fair flow'r, when an untimely storm  
Rifles its sweetness, and destroys its form.  
Then let no tear this early grave bedew,  
The hovering spirit's anguish to renew.

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Now mark, by way of contrast, the reverse of this. Village poets mix the grave and

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\* In a church-yard at Lynn. What a rare domestic moral is suggested to persons of humble worth in the words, twenty-seven years in one place. It is singular that thy gleanings of these silent repositories should have been productive of so many examples of honest servitude.

the gay in such equal proportions that the mind is often equipoised between grief and joy. In a late excursion into the country, says a meditator amongst the tombs, I was very much *amused* in my visits to the church-yards. I really think, that if the force of humour continues to be exerted, a church-yard will deserve to be ranked among our places of public amusement. The following selection will justify this observation.

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## LINSTED, KENT.

On *James Ferguson*, Merchant Adventurer.

Infancy, youth, and age, are, from the womb,  
 Man's short but dang'rous *passage* to the tomb.  
 Here *landed*, (the *proceed* of what we *ventur'd*,)  
 In Nature's *custom-house* this dust is *enter'd*.  
 Alms-deeds are surest *bills at sight*, (the rest  
 On heav'n's *exchange*, are subject to *protest*.)  
 This uncorrupted manna of the just  
 To lasting *store*, *exempt* from worms and *dust*.

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## ELTHAM, KENT.

I am only gone a little while before,  
 Prepare, prepare to follow me, *therefore*.

## TONG, KENT.

Dear soul! she suddenly was snatched away,  
And turned into cold and lifeless clay;  
She was a loving mother and a virtuous wife;  
Faithful and just in every part of life.  
We here on earth do fade as do the flowers,  
Now mark what follows,  
She was alive, and well, and dead, within three  
hours.

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## FOOT'S CRAY, KENT.

The 18th August I was at Foot's Cray,  
To see for an epitaph, I can truly say;  
But, as I found none, I went merrily on,  
And to St. Mary Cray I am certainly gone.

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## ST. PETER'S, CANTERBURY.

Touch not the grave, my bones, nor yet the dust,  
But let this stone, which stands, be *rotten first*.

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Egham church-yard furnishes the following, which I penciled from their respective grave-boards.

*Ann, wife of John Starke, aged 60.*

*As Death was pleased to have his will of me,  
I am in hopes my Saviour for to see.*

IBID.

**In Memory of the Snellings, Man and Wife.**

In this cold bed, here *consummated* are  
The *second nuptials* of a happy pair,  
Whom envious Death once parted, but in vain,  
For now himself has made them one again ;  
Here wedded in the grave, and, 'tis but just,  
That they that were *one flesh* should be *one dust*.

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IBID.

**To William Tensy, Son and Daughter.**

You young and old, that passeth by,  
Think upon us, and prepare to die.

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IBID.

**Henry Thurston.**

I care not ! my soul, be not dismayed,  
For Jesus C. thy debt has paid.  
The debt I paid, it was to Nature due ;  
I died and paid, and so must you.

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In the church-yard of Harborne,\* near Birmingham.

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\* This village will receive particular notice, when we come to the Warwickshire Station.

Inscribed to the memory of *Thomas Birch*  
who departed this life 10th of March, 1795,  
aged 73 years. Also *Sarah*, wife of *Thomas Birch*, who departed this life 6th of November, 1801, aged 73 years.

A good husband and father too,  
Such a one as the world scarce ever knew.  
What God to Adam did testify,  
He was resolved his children should come nigh;  
For pride and pleasure he did not allow,  
But made them get their bread by the sweat of their  
brow ;  
A good wife, and mother, and neighbour too,  
Such a one as the world scarce ever knew.  
*Agreeabler* couple could not be,  
Whatever pleased *he*, always pleased *she* ;  
Every thing that a good wife and mother, and  
neighbour should be.

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I B I D.

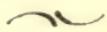
Inscribed to the memory of *George Birch*,  
who departed this life 21st of February, 1796,  
aged 85 years.

When in affliction he did lie,  
God did his affliction sanctify ;  
For as we were told,  
*For he was born again after he was old.*

## OCKHAM CHURCH-YARD, SURREY.

On *John Spong*, a jobbing carpenter of that parish, who died in 1736.

Who many a sturdy oak had laid along,  
Fall'd by Death's surer hatchet here lies **SPONG**.  
Posts oft he mad', yet ne'er a place could get,  
And liv'd by railing, though he was no wit :  
Old saws he had, although no antiquarian,  
And stiles corrected, yet was no grammarian :  
Long liv'd he **OCKHAM'S** premier architect,  
And lasting as his fame a tomb t' erect.  
In vain we seek an artist such as he,  
Whose pales and gates were for eternity :  
Here doth he rest from all life's care and follies,  
O spare, kind heaven, his fellow-labourer Hollis.



This, by Captain Morris, being of *aroved* humour is the more excusable, even though the author's wit has here taken a wrong direction. It was, I presume, intended rather for the club-room than the church-yard.

On *Edward Heardson*, thirty years cook to the Beef-Steak Club.

His last steak done, his fire rak'd out and dead,  
Dish'd for the worms himself lies **HONEST NED** ;  
We, then, whose breast bore all his fleshly toils,  
Took all his *bastings*, and shar'd all his *broils* :  
Now, in our turn, a mouthful crave and trim,  
And dress at Phœbus' fire one scrap for him.

His heart, which well might grace the noblest grave,  
Was grateful, patient, modest, just, and brave ;  
And ne'er did Earth's wide maw a morsel gain,  
Of kindlier juices, or more tender grain ;  
His tongue, where duteous friendship humbly dwelt,  
Charm'd all who heard the faithful zeal he felt ;  
Still to whatever end his chops he mov'd,  
'Twas all well season'd, relish'd, and approv'd.  
This room his heav'n ! when threat'ning fate drew nigh,  
The closing shade that dimm'd his ling'ring eye ;  
His last fond hopes, betray'd by many a tear,  
Were, that his life's last spark might glimmer here ;  
And the last words that choak'd his parting sigh,  
Oh ! at your feet, dear masters, let me die.

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The following is part of an epitaph I copied from a stone, in the burial-ground of Whitfield's Tabernacle, Tottenham-Court-Road, London, on the wife of *Edward Casteline*.

“ My days was few, and short my race,  
From womb to grave I went apace.”

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On two poets, buried in the same GRAVE.

Beneath one tomb here sleep two faithful friends,  
Constant through life, united in their ends ;  
Their studies, their amusement, were the same,  
Alike their genius, and alike their fame ;  
By fortune favour'd, or by want oppress'd ;  
Still they in common ev'ry thing possess'd :

One heart, one mind, one purse, though small their riches,  
One room, one bed, one hat, *one pair of breeches.*

The following is said to be in a church-yard,  
at Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

Here lies JANE KITCHEN, who, when her glass was spent,  
She kick'd up her heels, and away she went.

On a stone, in a church-yard in Gloucester-shire, the following is said to be inscribed by a *Mr. Kemp* on his wife, after recording her name, age, and time of death.

Whether in the other world she'll  
Know her brother JOHN,  
Or scrape acquaintance with  
Her sister SOAM,  
Is not for me to inquire ;  
But this I know,  
She once was mine,  
And now,  
To thee, O Lord, I her resign,  
And am your humble servant,

ROBERT KEMP.

EPITAPH.

Man's life is a vapour, and full of woes,  
He cuts a caper, and DOWN HE GOES !

As the climax of the ludicrous can scarcely

ascend beyond the quaint absurdity of the above couplet, with that, therefore, we will close the subject.

For the union of elegant expression, tender feeling, and chaste simplicity, the following would, perhaps, meet general approbation, were I to propose it as a model of a *perfect* epitaph. It has been erroneously given to various authors: amongst others, to the late Lord Palmerston and Dr. Hawkesworth; but it is unquestionably the production of Mason, whose lady died of a consumption at Bristol Hot-Wells.

“ Whoe'er, like me, with trembling anguish brings,  
His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol's springs ;  
Whoe'er, like me, to sooth disease and pain,  
Shall seek these salutary springs in vain ;  
Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,  
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye ;  
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,  
And watch, in dumb despair, the shortening breath :  
If chance should bring him to this artless line,  
Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine ;  
Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,  
Whose virtue warm'd me, and whose beauty bless'd ;  
Fram'd every tie that binds the soul to prove,  
Her duty friendship, and her friendship love.  
But yet remembering that the parting sigh,  
Appoints the just to slumber, not to die,  
The starting tear I check'd ; I kiss'd the rod ;  
And not to earth resign'd her, but to God.”

*Woodlands, 12th October, 1804.*

BUT who that looks at the peaceful picture of this long celebrated forest, at the moment in which I have now sketched it, were they not furnished with its antient and progressive history, could believe it was the scene of so many horrible events, and unwarranted oppressions? Who that now pursues his walk or ride through its beautiful meanders, but for these traditions, could suppose that the royal game was once more avariciously and furiously guarded than the Hesperian fruit? the very kind of game which now start up before him, and form one of the objects of pastime or curiosity? The traveller is *now* as free as the game itself that bounds or groupes in his view; and who could imagine their once forbidden flesh is become an article of ordinary gift, or of no difficult purchase? Ah! who, my friend, would think it possible that so many parts of this lovely woodland, and, probably, most of the very scenes I have depicted,—perchance the spot whereon stands the cottage from whence I date, have been marked by acts of the direst tyranny, and stained not only with bestial but with human blood? After such descriptions as I have presented you with, in the foregoing pages,

I do not, without the most profound reluctance, carry you back to the disastrous times; — times in which, amongst the many thousands of beings that had heard or seen New Forest, a few, — a very few only, were permitted so much as to enter its precincts: and not one, perhaps, to trace its most inviting recesses, and pursue its open paths, to enjoy their beauties, as we have done. Nor, in truth, would I pain the affectionate heart of my friend, by polluting the soft landscapes I have drawn, by contrasting them with days of ferocity and horror, were it not for the sake of exciting high sentiments of triumph, by a comparison of the past with the present — thereby carrying to the very centre of every foreign — every native heart, a conviction of the blessings enjoyed in ENGLAND.

Without admitting any of the \* Monkish

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\* These are given at full, and under excellent arrangement, by the author of "Topographical Remarks relating to the South-western Parts of Hampshire;" a few of the most remarkable passages from which will be interesting in this place, though I can, with great confidence, recommend the whole, not only of the investigation of the subject, on a questionable point of English history, but the observations tending to prove that the vulgar opinion is erroneous.

A large portion of Hampshire, which, after the opinion of the most and best approved historians, William the Con-

descriptions as to the abominations practised in New Forest, in their full force, but disposing

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queror layed to Forest, *destroyinge towns, villages, and churches*, thirty miles longe. Gulielmus Gemeticensis, who perhaps is the first author, in point of time, that mentions the formation of the New Forest, speaks of the supposed devastation in *general terms*; giving even this slight account of it in the questionable form of a *report*, which, he says, was then in circulation. “ Many *report*,” says he, “ that these two sons of King William perished in the wood, by the judgement of heaven, *because*, for that purpose of enlarging it, he had destroyed many villages and churches within its limit.” Florence Wigom, who wrote about or immediately after the time of Gulielmus Gemeticensis, delivers it as a point of authentic history, in the following amplified and exaggerated terms :

The King, meaning *Rufus*, whilst he was pursuing the chase, in New Forest, which, in the English tongue, is called *Ytene*, lost his life. Nor is the circumstance to be wondered at, for popular rumour asserted it was an instance of divine vengeance; since, in antient times, to wit, in the reigns of Edward the Confessor, and his royal predecessors, this district was in a fertile and cultivated state, abounding with inhabitants, husbandmen, and churches; but, by the order of King William the elder, the inhabitants were dispersed, the dwellings pulled down, the churches destroyed, and the land converted into a habitation for wild beasts. This desolation is believed to have been the occasion of the King’s misfortune, — *Rufus’s death.*

Walter Mages, about the same time, endeavours to give a greater air of probability to the story, by specifying the *number* of mother churches which William sacrilegiously destroyed on the occasion. “ He, William, took a tract of land from God

ourselves rather to admit the truly humane, candid, and diligent scrutiny of Mr. Warner,

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and man, that he might dedicate it to the reception of wild beasts, and the purposes of hunting; in which district he destroyed thirty-six mother churches, and exterminated all its inhabitants.

William of Malmsbury, in general an enlightened and impartial writer, adopting, in this instance, the quarrel and prejudices of his brother ecclesiastics, tells us that Richard Curtoise, a son of the Conqueror, ended his days by a pestilential blast, which crossed him while hunting in *New Forest*; a place which his father William had made the receptacle of wild beast, having torn down the churches, and desolated the villages, for the space of thirty miles and more.

Henry of Huntingdon, in summing up the character of William, throws into the scale of his tyrannical actions, the formation of *New Forest*. "He loved wild beasts," says he, adopting the words of the Saxon chronicler, "as if he had been their father; and, to indulge this passion in those hunting woods which are called *New Forest*, he caused the churches and habitations to be desolated, and the country people to be exterminated, that these animals might range therein at large."

Walter Hemingford, speaking of Rufus, says, "that, in the time of his father, all the churches of this district, together with the district itself, were reduced to desolation, and a royal forest made on the spot."

Thomas Rudborne, on the authority, I presume, of the Saxon chronicle, tells us "William entertained a furious passion for beasts of the chase. On this account, says he, it is asserted the whole country, for thirty miles, was despoiled of human habitations, churches, cemeteries, gardens, and all ap-

backed by the opinions of Voltaire, Wharton, &c. &c. in opposition to the statements of

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pearance of cultivation, by the order of the King, and reduced into a forest, which tract is, to this day, called New Forest.

Such are the several accounts of our antient historians respecting the formation of *New Forest*, which are thus arranged in chronological order, that the reader may readily distinguish the earlier from the more recent ones, and estimate, with greater ease, the degree of credit due to each. "On considering them, he will doubtless observe, in the first place," says Mr. Warner, "that no particular æra is marked, by any one of these authors, at which this afforestation was made; a very extraordinary instance of omission in writers whose chief merit is an accuracy in arranging events under the years when they respectively happened. Surely so obnoxious an exertion of power, attended with so many circumstances of tyrannous oppression, involving so large a tract of country in desolation, such numbers of people in utter distress, and giving so violent a shock to the opinions of the age, by throwing down, without ceremony, the walls of six-and-thirty mother churches, must have been pretty generally known, and as universally execrated. Can we suppose, then, that writers who were on the watch for opportunities of loading William with reproach would not instantly have seized so striking an instance of his unfeeling tyranny, and minuted down, with accuracy, every circumstance of time, place, and manner attending it; since they must have been sensible that these *minutiae* are what stamp every recorded fact with the appearance of authenticity?"

In this dearth and indecision of historical evidence, we are still at a loss. To suppose that William made *no* devastation,

the early writers, who have raised the yell of sacrilege against the Conqueror; magnifying each small deviation from propriety into enormous wickedness; each trifling exertion of prerogative into unbounded tyranny — there cannot be left a doubt on the mind of any cautious examiner, that there were most foul and infamous pains and penalties annexed to the Conqueror's appropriation of New Forest, as the grand scene of his diversion. Of his passion for the chace it has been justly observed, we may form some idea, not only from the rigorous measures he adopted to secure the game from violation, but from the princely donations he bestowed on those who assisted in promoting his rural sports. Dooms-day book evinces that Waleran, the huntsman, possessed no less than fifteen manors in Wiltshire, eight in Dorsetshire, together with several in Hampshire; and his name occurs in the list of tenants *in capite* in other counties. The same venerable remain of antiquity records the extensive possessions of

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and to suppose that he made *all* which these prejudiced monks lay to his charge, seem to be suppositions equally unsupported. On the whole, therefore, Gilpin's idea seems most conclusive, that the truth of this matter, as of most others, lies *between the two opinions*.

other huntsmen, who bore the names of Croc, Godwin, Willielmus, &c.

“Forest law,” says Gilpin, “was one of the greatest encroachments that ever was made upon the natural rights of mankind; and, considering the disparity of the object, one of the greatest insults of tyranny. It was conceived in the highest spirit of despotism, and executed with the utmost rigour of vindictive tyranny. It is really revolting to read the atrocious pains and penalties of the laws of the Forest.

If any gentleman shall drive a wild beast of the forest, either by accident or design, so that the animal be wind-blown, he shall forfeit ten shillings to the king; if he be a countryman, he shall be fined double that sum; if he be a slave, he shall be severely striped.

But if any gentleman shall wind-blow the royal beast, called the stag, he shall lose his liberty for a twelve-month; a countryman, for the same crime, shall be confined two years; and a slave shall be outlawed.

If the stag be killed, the gentleman shall lose his shield of freedom; the countryman, his liberty; and the slave, his life.

Bishops, abbots, and barons, shall not be sued on account of venison, if they refrain from destroying royal beasts.

If a mad dog shall bite a wild beast, then its owner must pay a sum of money equal to the *weregild*\* of a gentleman, which is two thousand shillings. If it be a royal beast so bitten; the owner shall be liable to capital punishment.

But these precautions were not sufficient for the northern kings, who guarded the objects of their sport with the most rigid vigilance. Their jealousy extended even to dogs, and such grey-hounds as were kept within ten miles of the forest. These underwent a cruel operation, to disable them from pursuing the royal game.

The severity of these forest-institutions, so contrary to the mildness of the Saxon laws, arose partly from the general character of the Northern nations, which was marked by a peculiar ferocity; and partly from the spirit of their governments, in which the feudal system had more deeply ingrafted itself, than among our ancestors before the conquest. Hence their rulers possessed a more uncon-

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\* The *weregild* was a specific sum paid by the murderer to the friends of the deceased; as a compensation to them for the loss of his society. The *manbote* was a like recompense made to the King, (as head of the state,) for the supposed detriment occasioned to the latter, by the loss of a subject.

trouled authority, than the monarch of a comparatively free people could enjoy; and were enabled, in consequence, to enact institutions in their own countries without resistance; which would not have been tolerated in this realm, had its natives remained unsubdued.

The sanguinary hue of forest-law was rendered of a far deeper die, by the fierce and impetuous William,\* who inflicted punishments shocking to humanity, even on the unfortunate

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\* William might have imbibed a portion of his severity against trespassers in hunting from his neighbours, the French, among whom, any slight offences of this kind were punished with the utmost rigour. This will appear from the following anecdote: A French king, by name Gontran, discovered, in a hunting expedition, a buffalo which had been illegally killed. Enraged, to a violent pitch of fury, at this innovation on his sport, he instantly sent for his forester, and commanded him, on pain of immediate destruction, to find the person who had perpetrated the atrocious fact. Terror at his alarming situation induced the forester to accuse the chamberlain, who denied the charge with firmness and pertinacity. Issue of battle (the test of guilt and innocence in the middle ages) was immediately awarded; and the champions of the forester and chamberlain entered the lists, to vindicate the honor of their respective lords. After a fierce contest, the combatants expired nearly at the same moment. The fury of the royal hunter was not, however, satisfied with this indecisive determination of the question; the testimony of the forester was again taken, and the unfortunate chamberlain paid the forfeit of his life, for this imaginary, or, at least, venial offence.

offender that had *unwittingly* trespassed on his woods, or injured his beasts of sport. Rescinding that permission of the chase, given to the higher ranks of society by Canute, this mighty hunter monopolized the whole game of the kingdom to the use of himself and his particular favourites. His soul, indeed, appeared to be entirely engrossed by this passion; to its gratification he sacrificed his humanity, his honour, his character; and was content to become an object of hatred to his contemporaries, and of execration to posterity.

The sensibility and intellect of Rufus were not sufficient to allow him to relax these tyrannical institutions. His innate cruelty gave him rather a contrary bias; and he seems even to have exceeded his father in the rigorous punishments and infamous exactions which he enforced and collected, by means of forest-law. Whenever he was inclined either to satiate his revenge, or gratify his avarice, this was the dreadful engine which he used for the purpose; and history records, among many other facts of a like nature, an instance of fifty opulent and respectable men undergoing, at one time, the test of the fiery ordeal, to clear themselves from an accusation of their having destroyed the royal game.

We are surprised to find the wise and sagacious Henry I. so deeply tinged with the fashionable passion of the times as to afforest large tracts of cultivated land, exercise the most barbarous cruelty on trespassers, and strain forest-law to its utmost pitch of rigour. The murder of a fellow creature and the destruction of a stag were crimes of an equal die, and both punished with death. The expedition of dogs, in the neighbourhood of all forests, was rigidly enforced; and scarcely was the privilege allowed to a few royal favourites of following the chase upon their own demesnes.

The turbulence and disquietude of Stephen's reign gave him but little time for the pursuit of his amusements. It is probable, however, that the relaxation of forest-law was not the consequence of his inability to enjoy the chase; for, though at the commencement of his usurpation, he deluded the English with voluntary promises to correct a variety of abuses, to disafforest the land Henry had taken in; to prevent the oppressions of forest-officers; and to repeal the severe institutions against hunting; yet his subsequent conduct proved that he was only temporizing with his subjects, since he never took any measures to carry these schemes of redress into execution.

The succeeding reign produced some mitigation in the punishments inflicted on forest-trespassers. The loss of liberty, or temporary banishment, was deemed, by the wisdom of Henry II. a sufficient atonement for the destruction of game. Under his son Richard, however, forest-law again appeared in its most terrible form. In the year 1198, an iter, or circuit, was made through the kingdom, by the chief-justice in Eyre, and two other magistrates, to take cognizance of offences committed in the forests. This was the dreadful language in which the precepts that regulated their decisions were couched.\*

The successor of Richard, passionately devoted to hunting, rather increased than diminished these sylvan oppressions. Exactions of an intolerable nature were made by the forest-

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\* “ The King declares that if any one forfeit to him, concerning his venison, or his forests, in any thing, he is not to trust to this, that he shall only be punished in his goods as hitherto. For if, after this time, any one forfeit, and be convicted, he shall have full justice done upon him, as it was in King Henry, our grandfather’s time.”\*—And again, “ it is to be noted, that he which takes venison in the King’s forest, and shall be thereof attainted, shall be in the King’s mercy, as to the infliction of the punishments.

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\* The punishment, besides the loss of eyes, is too horrid to name.

officers, who executed the most provoking tyranny on all around them, under the sanction of forest-law. Punishments most terrible were inflicted on trespassers, without form of trial. By one stroke of arbitrary power, all the dogs in every forest throughout England were destroyed; a general prohibition was issued, to prevent the subjects from hunting or disturbing, in any manner, that game which was intended for the exclusive solace and diversion of royalty.

When abuses arrive at a certain height they naturally reform themselves. Grievances and extortions had now become too numerous and oppressive to be longer endured. The generous barons threw the yoke indignantly from their necks, sounded the trumpet of liberty, and wrested from John those charters which form the grand basis of our freedom.

“Then Justice fearless rais’d her decent head,  
Heal’d ev’ry wound, each wrong redress’d,  
While round her valiant squadrons stood,  
And bade her awful tongue demand,  
From vanquish’d John’s reluctant hand,  
The *deeds of freedom* purchas’d with their blood.”

The most important reliefs which the subject experienced, from the celebrated *Charta de foresta*, are contained in the following sections:

1st. A disafforestation of all the lands thrown into forest by Henry I.

2d. An exemption of those who dwelt *without* the boundaries of a forest from attending its courts.

6th. A prohibition of various impositions of forest-officers.

11th. A mitigation of the punishment for stealing deer, from the loss of life and limb to imprisonment for a year and a day.

12th. A permission for every archbishop, bishop, earl, or baron, passing through a forest to court, to take one or two deer, either before the forester, if he be present, or on blowing a horn, if he be absent.

15th. A prohibition of exactions for the carriage of goods, or the driving of cattle through forests.

16th. A permission for all persons who had been out-lawed for offences committed in forests, to reverse the out-lawry.

These are the principal alterations of old forest-law, and the concessions in favour of liberty, made by the *Charta de foresta* of King John: concessions which have been confirmed by succeeding monarchs, and still continue to be the basis of our forest-regulations. Whether, however, it would not be more consonant with the present enlarged notions of civil liberty, intirely

to new-model, or altogether abolish forest-law, I leave to others to determine: though it must be confessed, there seem to be objections against its longer existence, not easily to be answered. It throws a power into the hands of forest-officers, of becoming petty tyrants, of distressing and teasing, by sundry methods, both those who live within the precincts of these tracts, and such as dwell on their borders. It militates strongly against one principle of rational legislation, by denouncing a punishment far too grievous for the criminality of the offence intended to be prevented. And, finally, it carries traces in it of those absurd and inequitable distinctions in the administration of justice, formerly made between the different classes of the community; distinctions that should have expired with the feudal system, with which they originally arose.

At the end of all this accusation and defence, pause a moment, dear friend, to contemplate, and to enjoy the heart-felt, the almost heavenly difference. Keep full in view all the peaceful, the simple, the beautiful, the sublime objects and imagery alluded to in each of the preceding letters, dated from this part of the Hampshire Station. Stranger though you are to our land, how will you feel the blessedness of the alteration, as your eye glances over the page! But were

you actually here,—were you the companion of my forest-rambles, which, alas ! seems a happiness yet more remote than when, on a former occasion I breathed the prayer of my affections, from the Norfolk Division of our correspondence — you would see one or other of these blessings realized almost at every step you took in this immense forest. With a glowing heart, you would every where perceive the ameliorations of authority, and the whole order of society better arranged for the happiness of the high and of the lowly. The law-defended cottages, villas, and mansions, each appropriate, each sacred as our altars, would convince you that we actually possess most of those rights of nature, society, and man, which are only conceived as the imagery of poets, by the natives of other countries. So far from any despotism, like that of old, now prevailing amongst us, if you should hear the chorus of the hounds, if you should see the hare, the fox, the stag, attempting to get the speed of his pursuers, the woodman might pause from his labours, and the peasant might rush from his shed, to join the throng, and to partake the diversion. Nay, were the ruler of the domain—yea, and of the empire, to sicken by the way, from want of refreshment, he must be a suppliant and a suitor, not a tyrant. He could not now command or seize with

impunity the cheering drop, or renovating morsel, for his own famished or thirsty lip, from the inhabitant of the meanest hut: no, although erected on his own ground, and embowered in his own foliage. It must be from the OFFERED cup or INVITED board that he receives his drink or his food. It must come to him as a gift, not a claim: it is the hospitality of the subject, not the right of the sovereign. The privileges of one, and the prerogatives of the other are now too accurately defined to admit a plea, or even a palliation for trespass, on either side. And although it is a balmy consideration to believe that the reigning monarch of this fair island, and the heir-apparent to our throne, might really be trusted with the power of an arbitrary prince, from a peculiar mercy in their characters, yet it is a victorious feeling, which wants a name, to know, that if a base instead of an amiable monarch was now sitting on the throne of England, the powers of the constitution would be yet mightier to do good than his power to do evil.

The fabric of the empire, my friend, is firm, substantial, and magnificent; it calls, perhaps, for some inspection, and some repairs; but, O! may they be given, after due examination, with the utmost care. Injure not the noble edifice, by a rash or wanton endeavour to mend it.

Little can be done to the grand columns of privilege or prerogative. There are a few inequalities in the superstructure; but not many essential defects in the interior of the building. It is, on the whole, the wonder, the envy, and the despair of surrounding nations: a goodly pile, whose foundation is on a rock, and whose head aspires towards heaven!

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*Bouveridge,\* near Cranbourn, Dorsetshire,  
October 24th, 1804.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the formidable aspect of the heath-land that frowned on our left, when we took it aslant, to the Cottage of Laurels, in our excursion to Downton, we were disposed to accept an invitation to the place at which this letter is dated. But, to gain it, we

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\* BOUVERIDGE is a manor, tything, and hamlet, one mile and a half from Cranbourn, in Winborn hundred. Here was the antient seat of the Hoopers, who, since the restoration, removed to Hearn-Court, Hampshire. The family are buried in Cranbourn-church. There is an alms-house, at Bouveridge, founded and endowed by the Hoopers, for three poor people, and a small stipend for a chaplain. The vicar of Cranbourn serves a chapel of ease at Bouveridge, once in three weeks.

necessarily crossed the heath above mentioned. The weather is so exactly described in the celebrated lines which open the dramatic poem of Cato, that the couplet came into memory unsought.

“ The dawn was overcast, the morning lower'd,  
And heavily, in clouds, brought on the day.”

But the air soon brightened, and the meridian exhibited one of those delightful alternations of clouds and sun, gloom and gaiety, promise and threat, which is so full of interest, in atmospheric scenery, and is so peculiar to a benign October. An English autumn is not more characterised by its appropriate imagery below than above. The elements are then as finely disposed into lights and shades as the woods: the hues of the first are as rich, as various, as splendid, and as mellow, as those of the last. There is, also, a kind of occasional languor, and soft decay in the tints, that, in some measure, assimilate to the half-blooming, half-declining colourings of vegetation in the garden and forest. A brisk, but not too rude a wind, whereby the clouding is somewhat hurried, without appearing to be terrified, is always a desideratum in such scenery. Just such a gale sported and seemed to take its pastime in the air, on the morning of yesterday, as we

*took the heath.* To a right-on traveller, who is only attracted by the broad and beautiful highway, which I have so often mentioned as amongst the noble improvements of the English nation, it is certain the extent would seem of wearisome length.

But it is an excellent remedy to look for relief above, when things below are uneven or dispiriting. I grew fatigued with the dark-brown uniformity of heath, after I had been long looking upon it, sometimes to find a track, and sometimes to escape a swamp, for more than two miles. But, as soon as I discovered a road on which I had confidence, I resorted to the extraordinary degree of beauty which the sun and the clouds at that time spread over the heavens. Sometimes they were in apparent amity, sometimes at strife. Sometimes the wind, abrupt and angry, would come to the assistance of the cloud, and so deepen its gloom as to cover, and for a moment extinguish the beams of the sun. Presently, that glorious orb would rise triumphant, and, converting his ray into a dart, chastise the usurping vapours, and indignantly assert his powers. Then, again, he would, as it were, permit the approach of the vanquished, bestow upon them a robe of light, and fringe the glittering vestments as with gold. This play of the element, engaging and acting

upon the fancy, beguiled the rest of the dreary way, till we came to the more agreeable paths that led us to Fordinbridge. But, more than once, while I was yet traversing the heath, and again upon arriving at the town above mentioned, I could not but observe to my friend, that nothing but the most affectionate friendship, or the most tender love, could justify a traveller quitting such a place as the New Forest, in a season so exquisitely formed to enjoy its unbounded attractions.

It was, however, an observation made in haste, and under the impression of a contrast too strong to afford its usual interest. Not only hospitality met us at the end of the drear and desolate flat, but Nature lifted up her awful figure with a dignity, as if to show she knew where to be humble and where to aspire. This morning I have paid my devotions to her on the breezy hills and downs that sweep along the country from various majestic, if not sublime, ascents.

From a point, at the extremity of Bouveridge-farm, called Panbarrow, on the north-west, is to be seen the parish of Pentridge, and directly over it is Woodyeat's Inn, the half-way house between Salisbury and Blandford; over that again is part of Cranbourn-Chase, well wooded: carrying your eye a little more to the left, is

Upwood-House, Mr. Batson's; to the westward is Rushmore-Lodge, the property of Lord Rivers, who is ranger of Cranbourn-Chase; at the greatest extremity, directly westward, are Lord Dorchester's lands and Milton-Abbey. The next object are the hills of the Isle of Portland, and to the south is the Isle of Purbeck. In the home-view, south, is St. Giles's, the seat of the Shaftesburys: the mansion is not seen, being surrounded with woods. Left of St. Giles's is Horton-Tower, on an elevated situation, and which is seen at a considerable distance from many points of view: further, left, is Cranbourn, south-south-east is Christchurch, and on a clear day may be seen the sea and shipping lying between that town and the Isle of Wight. South-east is Bouveridge Farmhouse, in an extremely picturesque situation, (the pavilion now building is not discernible,) and over it is the New Forest to a considerable extent; north-east is Salisbury-spiere.

But landscape is only secondary in the Gleaner's map, serving to ornament and diversify the scene. We are now approaching matters of yet greater interest and moment to the mind; we are advancing to circumstances worth taking a journey of a thousand leagues, not only over the heaths of Fritham, but the wilds of Arabia. In the vicinity of Bou-

veridge, where I dated my last letter, is Cranbourn,\* and two short miles from thence is Winborn St. Giles's,† the seat of Lord Shaftesbury.‡ I hardly can have patience to

\* Cranbourn is a little market-town, seated in a fine Champaign country, on the north-east confines of the county, near the head of the River Allen, bordering on Wiltshire and Hampshire, two miles north-west from Winborn St. Giles. It is the capital of a hundred, to which it gives name, and is a place of high antiquity: famous in the Saxon and Norman times for its monastery, chase, and lords. There is a local proverb here, which says, that “when Cranbourn is whoreless, Winborn poorless, and Harley-Wood bareless, the world will be at an end.” I can say, on my own experience, that many estimable persons now reside in the first-named place; and that there are few parishes in England where the poor are so well provided for as in the second.

† A small parish, capital of a hundred, to which it gives name, situate on the River Allen, ten miles south-west from Cranbourn. It does not seem to derive its original name, Up Winborn, from any resemblance to the etymology of Winborn Minster, but rather from its higher and more elevated situation. It takes its modern additional name from the dedication of its church, and its more ancient ones from its former lords the Malmaynes and Plecys. It lies in an open Champaign country, in a chalky soil, and contains about three thousand acres and fifty families.

‡ The seat of Lord Shaftesbury stands at the south side of the parish, not far from the church. Its form approaches to a parallelogram, consisting of three parts, which seem to have been built at different times, each of which are contracted by two inbenchings. The eastern part is the narrowest and most

inform you, that the domain is within two short miles of Cranbourn, that it is finely wooded, the grotto an object of a traveller's curiosity, the country surrounding it richly diversified, and the mansion-house, though placed somewhat in a low and humid situation, on a scale of magnificence, and suitable to the rank of the noble proprietor. Passing these hastily, not contemptuously, I am eager to give your *heart* the intelligence of what far surpasses these things. I wish to conduct you into the various humble dwellings, whether situated in the adjacent towns and villages, or embosomed in the shades, where the inhabitants are clothed, fed, or comforted, by a benevolence that is hereditary in the Shaftesbury's,

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antient seat of the Ashleys. The western part is broader than any of the rest, and was built 1651. The whole is embattled. The apartments below stairs are esteemed the best\* in England: adjoining to it is a park two miles round. The garden is pleasant and spacious: the River Allen runs through it, and it is adorned with several pieces of water, pleasure-houses, statues, &c. Here is one of the finest grottos in England, which consists of two parts: the innermost and largest is furnished with a vast variety of curious shells, disposed in the most beautiful manner; the outer, or anti-grotto, with ores and minerals of all kinds, collected from various parts.

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\* This praise is much overcharged: it is a good habitable house.

and which has lost nothing of its genial glow by time or by descent; on the contrary, the native virtues of the family appear to kindle into greater warmth, and to gain force in their progress.

After transiently surveying the external scenery and buildings, I stopped at various cottage-doors, or accosted people at work in their gardens; for every cottager in this district enjoys that blessed morsel of property, which so endears the very earth we tread on, and so exalts the peasant into a sense of his condition as a human being. O, how gracious was it to hear, in answer to my inquiries, that the poor lost parents as well as patrons when their Lord and Lady left St. Giles's! The simple shake of the head, and sincere sigh from the bosom of a poor woman whom I encountered and questioned, near the Cottage-lodge, on my expressing regret at the unpleasant detention of the Earl and Countess in France, was more truly interesting to the feelings than any thing which presented itself to the eye or to the senses, in a survey of the various objects of vegetable grace or grandeur in the whole domain.

The Cottage-lodge is a little building in a style of such elegant simplicity, it is impossible for any sort of traveller to pass it unnoticed, even as to its exterior; but, if set off with connecting

circumstances, your approval will be increased to admiration. It is the gift of Liberality to Merit and Misfortune. The amiable relict of a clergyman, who officiated many years under the patronage of the noble family under consideration, resides at this beautiful retreat, and she partakes of every accommodation the spacious mansion to which it leads can supply; yet she is allowed to assert her own independence, from a principle of peculiar delicacy in her benefactors. Of this, a judgement may be formed, by singling out the following instance: Although Mrs. Faulkner, so is the inhabitant named, enjoys all the privileges of the gardens, park, &c. the Countess of Shaftesbury has assigned to her, exclusively, a certain proportion of ground, distinguished by various rural graces; particularly a beautiful hermit-fashioned root-house, which is held so sacred, that the noble donor does not entertain any of her own parties in it, for a single hour, without previously inviting the permission of its happy owner.

O, that benevolence would form itself on such a model, as well in these still small offices as in more important objects! How many eyes, which now flow with the bitter consciousness of hard necessity, would shine through tears of grateful joy! and how many hearts now heavy laden, and almost broken

down with a sense of obligation, would beat with a rapture of acknowledgement !

In the case before us, it may be truly said, in Gray's inimitable language, " the genial current of the soul is not to be frozen." Separated as the noble persons, whose destiny led to these remarks, are from the above and every other object of their wonted bounty, the liberal *spirit* of loving-kindness still takes its course.

Respective stewards are left in trust, not only for the lord of the domain, but for the poor of each parish, within the boundary of the whole property, an expanse of near forty miles, within a ring fence ; and I have the best attestation,—namely, that *of the poor themselves*, — of this delegated trust being performed with the most sacred accuracy. Mr. Park is one who distinguishes himself as " the good steward " on this occasion. He is, indeed, indefatigable in uniting judgement and benevolence, so as to effect the double duty of economy and bounty ; duty to his employer, and compassion to the objects. The last letters from the Earl and Countess repeat their hopes that *their poor* are going on uninterruptedly in their comfort, good health, and *good conduct* ; for all the plans of benevolence in this family are calculated to combine the latter with the former. An example of this

is demonstrable in the Friendly Society,\* which is founded equally in wisdom and benevolence.

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\* It was instituted, at this place,\* the 1st of January, 1797, under the patronage of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and is open to the inhabitants of THIS and *seven* other adjoining parishes, principally belonging to his Lordship.

Members are admissible under the age of forty-five.

Common members now pay, on admission, 10*s.* 6*d.* but at first only 2*s.* 6*d.* and 13*s.* annually, in monthly payments: 1*s.* every four weeks.

Allowance, in sickness, is 6*s.* per week.

On the death of a member, 3*l.* is allowed to defray the funeral expenses; and, if a married man, 5*l.* for his widow or children.

Honorary members are admitted, on paying not less than 1*l.* 1*s.* on admission, and not less than 1*l.* 1*s.* each, annually. Such members to receive no benefit from the Society.

The Society walk, in procession, to St. Giles's church, yearly, on Whit-monday, and afterwards dine together: towards the expense of which 1*s.* 6*d.* is allowed, out of the stock of the Society, for every common member who attends. The honorary members pay 2*s.* 6*d.* each, for their own expenses, at such meeting. The affairs of the Society are managed by a committee, selected from the honorary members, and stewards appointed for each district or parish; and the monthly payments are made, by the common members, at the house of such steward, which prevents their meeting and spending money at public houses.

The committee and stewards meet quarterly, at the inn, in

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An authentic sketch of it cannot be unacceptable.

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Winborn St. Giles's; and the expenses of such meeting, which does not exceed 1*s.* for each person, is allowed out of the chest.

Members are subject to expulsion for not making good their monthly payments.

Common members consist of one hundred and sixty persons, whose monthly payments amount to 10*4l.* per annum.

The annual donations and subscriptions, from honorary members amount to betwixt 90*l.* and 100*l.* per annum.

The funded stock of the Society amounts (in the year 1804) to about 1800*l.* 3 per Cent. Consols; the dividends of which are 54*l.* per annum.

The Society have in contemplation to allow the common members, who regularly make their monthly payments, on arriving at the age of sixty, such weekly allowance as, *after due consideration*, the funds of the Society shall be deemed able to support; and which is proposed to be increased at sixty-five, and still farther augmented at seventy.

It is to be observed, that this Society has a considerable advantage over Friendly Societies in general, from the annual amount of the donations and honorary subscriptions, it being patronized and supported by the noble house of Shaftesbury, gentry, clergy, farmers, and respectable inhabitants of the several parishes, as may be seen by referring to the printed rules, which Mr. Park has in his possession.

At the annual dinner of this Society, the Rev. the Dean of Exeter (rector of this parish) presides, as president; and the Earl of Shaftesbury, when in England, always honoured the meeting with his company at dinner, walking at the head of the procession. The Countess also constantly condescended

The anniversary procession was the greatest and proudest day of the year to the illus-

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to attend, and direct the arrangements for the entertainment, &c. &c. All the clergy, who are honorary members, usually attend, and preach, alternately, on the occasion. My Lord's tenants support the institution, as honorary members, according to their *situations*; paying from one to four guineas per annum each, by which means the funds have increased more rapidly than any other society of the kind yet known.

If a similar plan was generally adopted, societies of this sort might be rendered more permanent and beneficial than they have hitherto been. This mode precluding the necessity of the members making their respective payments at a public house; the evils usually arising therefrom are completely obviated, and only one day of labour is lost in the whole year, that of the anniversary; on which occasion they assemble, at ten in the morning, in a large room, built on purpose, by the noble patron, where two hundred usually dine. It is worthy of remark that, for these seven years, no improper conduct of any of the members, on this occasion, has taken place, from intoxication or otherwise. At six o'clock, the members are dismissed to their houses,

This meeting is numerously attended by all ranks and descriptions of persons, for many miles around. The village resembles a country fair, and where different articles are exposed for sale. The keepers of the booths have formerly found their account in the generosity of the Countess of Shaftesbury and her daughter, in purchasing the different commodities, and which have been distributed with a liberal hand to the surrounding poor.

In order still more to guard against any intemperate conduct which might arise from so great a concourse of spectators in

trious benefactors, who were wont to make it, *indeed*,

“A feast of reason, and a flow of soul.”

Though “their way from GENOA”\* is literally now proscribed by that *lover of liberty, who talks of freedom, and decrees bondage*.

When the family are associated at St. Giles’s they divide the poor, as if *part* of that family, amongst them. The Earl, Countess, Lady Barbara, and their venerable and noble relative, who has her general residence in London, take just and generous proportions. And I gather it from the most indisputable authority, that a daily progress of their benevolence was frequently made through the parish when the snow has been too deep for any female footsteps, humanly speaking, but to those of labour, pity, and benevolence. What a lesson is here to the luxurious and unfeeling! What an example for fashion and fortune! I

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the village, and prevent the mischievous conduct which commonly follows drunkenness, and which too frequently happens on such occasions, no liquor of any kind is permitted to be drawn for sale after eight o’clock in the evening, and the doors of the inn are locked at nine: so that the village becomes as quiet as usual, before the ordinary time of retiring to rest.

\* The Earl and Countess are detained amongst other English travellers.

bring it forward with such intent: and, dear as Nature's scenery is to you, my friend, you will read with more interest a thousand-fold of such traits of *heart* amongst us, than of the loveliest sylvan picture that the immense forest can afford.

O wonderful, interesting, transcendent MAN, what an object art thou in every part of the inhabited earth! Gardens, groves, forests, the rill, the brook, the river, the mighty deep — the cot, the mansion, the magnificent palace — what are each, or all of these, without thy animating presence? At once majestic and endearing Being! how often, after I have surveyed with wonder and admiration the fairest, noblest, and the best of these, have I looked around for the only object wanting to complete the scene! how often have I strained the eye, and wearied the foot to find important man! Yes, thou "paragon of nature," I have drooped and languished amidst the choicest of thy vernal, summer, and autumnal charms, dear as they are to me, when deprived of thy more precious society. Sweet is solitude, sweet the alternations of season, of sun and of shade; but truly can I exclaim, in words which the poet has given to the first lover, the first friend, and the first companion, "Nothing without thee, O fellow-man! can long be sweet."

Under the auspices of this valuable nobleman, an association has also been formed for the prevention of moral offences, named the Winborn St. Giles's Association, for *the prevention of crimes*, and the protection of persons and property. It has been established several years, and its members consist principally of his Lordship's tenantry. Although several convictions have taken place, at the prosecution of this society, yet it is highly worthy of observation, that not a single member of the Friendly Society has been implicated in any act to call forth the interference of this institution. This association has had an admirable effect in dispersing a numerous band of idle and disorderly persons, living on the verge of the extensive commons surrounding the estates of my Lord Shaftesbury; which is indeed usually the case in such situations. These two institutions, combined, greatly tend to reform the manners and ameliorate the condition of the lower classes of society, in this division of the county.

The local account, carried into the notes, from Hutchins, is true, with various interesting additions to the scenery and mansion-house; but a *delineative* traveller will make a pause in the apartment which contains an account of Henry Hastings, second son of George, Earl of Huntingdon, whose remarkable character is placed

under his picture. I should have copied the former from the manuscript, but that, on referring to the County History, in Lord Shaftesbury's library, I found it preserved there, and shall transcribe it from thence; not only because county histories are too extensive and costly for general circulation, but because it is really a most curious example of the sports of nature and character in human beings.\*

“ In the year 1638 lived Mr. Hastings, by his quality, son, brother, and uncle to the Earl of Huntingdon. He was, peradventure, an original in our age, or rather the copy of our antient nobility, in hunting, not in warlike times. He was low, very strong, and very active, of a reddish flaxen hair, his cloths always green cloth, and never worth, when new, five pounds. His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer, and near the house rabbits for his kitchen, many fish-ponds, great store of wood and timber, a bowling-green in it, long but narrow, full of high hedges, it being never levelled since it was ploughed. He kept all manner of sport-hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger, and

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\* I have since observed this character noticed by Gilpin, but I cannot throw it out of my collection.

hawkes, long and short winged. He had all sorts of nets for fish. He had a walk in the New Forest, and the manor of Christchurch; this last supplied him with red deer, sea and river fish; and, indeed, as his neighbours grounds and royalties were free to him, who bestowed all his time on these sports, but what he borrowed to caress his neighbours wives and daughters, there being not a woman in all his walks, of the degree of a yeoman's wife or under, and under the age of forty, but it was her own fault if he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular, always speaking very kindly to the husband, brother, or father, who was, to boot, very welcome to his house. Whenever he came there, he found beef, pudding, and small beer, in great plenty. The house not so neatly kept as to shame him, or his dirty shoes: the great hall strewed with marrow-bones, full of hawkes, percher-hounds, spaniels, and terriers; the upper side of the hall hung with fox skins of this and the last year's killing; here and there a pole-cat intermixed; game-keepers and hunters poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large room, as properly furnished: on a great hearth, paved with brick, lay some terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom but two or three chairs had litters of cats in them, which were

not to be disturbed, he having always three or four attending him at dinner, and a little white stick, of fourteen inches long, lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat, that he had no mind to part with, from them. The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, cross-bows, and stone-bows, and such like accoutrements; the corner of the room full of the best chosen hunting or hawking poles: his oyster table at the lower end, which was of constant use twice a day, all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters, both dinner and supper time, all seasons; the neighbouring town of Poole supplied him with them. The upper part of the room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a Church Bible, and on the other side the Book of Martyrs. On the tables were hawkes hoods, bells, and such like; two or three old hats, with their crowns thrust in, so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of the pheasant kind of poultry; these he took much care of, and fed himself. Tables, dice, cards, and boxes were not wanting. In the hole of the desk were store of tobacco pipes that had been used. On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which ne-

ver came from thence but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house, exactly observed, for he never exceeded in drink, or permitted it. On the other side was the door of an old chapel, not used for devotion: the pulpit,\* as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of bacon, or great apple pye, with thick crust, extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton, except Fridays, when he had the best of salt fish, as well as other fish he could get, and this was the day his neighbours of best quality visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with his own ditty. He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; very often put syrup of gellyflowers in his sack, and had always a glass without feet stood by him, holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary. He was well-natured, but soon angry; calling his servants bastards, and cuckoldry knaves, in one of which he often spoke the truth, to his own knowledge, and sometimes in both, though of

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\* This pulpit is still in good preservation, and prayers as before; Lord Shaftesbury allowing the curate a salary for officiating.

the same man. He lived to be a hundred,\* and never lost his eye-sight, but always wrote and read without spectacles, and got on horseback without help: until past fourscore he rode to the death of a stag without help.

The character of this humorous being † is supposed to be drawn by Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, who was his neighbour.

But now for a living character, no less singular in his way, and immediately connected with the scenery before us. Amongst the unexpected satisfactions for a Gleaner, at Bouve-

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\* All our Peerages are mistaken, it seems, about this extraordinary man, whom they make a Knight. Jacob gives him a second wife, Mrs. Jane Langton, who is mentioned by Dugdale. For the belfry of the old church of Horton was an aisle belonging to the family of the Hastings, where Mr. Hastings was buried, and where was a monument containing the following epitaph:

The Honourable  
Henry Hastings, of Woodlands,  
Second Son to  
George Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon  
Departed this Life  
The 5th of October, 1650, ætatis 99.

\* A person (Mr. Capper) no less singular, and, indeed, in some of his features more extraordinary, has very recently left the world, of which he was one of its most original creatures. His character, however, has been recently given, in so many forms of publication, that its recital here might be deemed a needless repetition.

ridge-farm, was one of the most original personages that the British empire, full as it is of character, has to shew.

Let me introduce you to a spacious farmhouse-kitchen, a fire-place extending to the whole breadth of an ample room — some of the well-seasoned oaks of the forest converted into tables ; flooring of the same — large deep and enviable recesses on each side of the chimney, forming seats for such as defy the high-piled fagots flaming about them — Hampshire flitches, rivalling those of Westphalia, mellowing in the wood-smoke below, loading the racks above, or depending in tempting rows from the ceiling. The business of the rural day over, behold the ruddy country damsels enjoying the cheerful blaze ; and the yet more exhilarating tale of a kitchen-guest recently arrived, and snugly nitch'd in one of the chimney retreats, always a post of distinction and hospitality. Imagine you see the personage thus honoured by the queens of the kitchen : accept him, just as I drew him, at the instant that I was called from a parlour full of visitors. Athletic form, strong, but interesting features, deep-brown hair, few, if any, of them grey, though in his seventy-third year ; coat of the true sporting green, red collar, great-coat of the same, with triple cape of scarlet, sleeves of the same, lea-

thern gaiters, blue handkerchief, tied in a twist round his neck ; the whole somewhat in decay, yet venerable and interesting, from the character, age, and office, of the wearer. Let me place a large jug of Hampshire home-brewed in his hand, often lifted to his lips, and try to give you a smile, that indicates at once a gaiety of heart, assisted by a state of head too light for care, and yet not too much elevated, by drinking deep, to wash away all social distinctions ; just enough in good spirits to drive away melancholy, without fermenting into madness. Put these several circumstances together, and you will have a pretty just idea of the externals of an old sportsman, who has a cottage in Cranbourn-chase, and has served under the lords of Rushmore \* upwards of sixty out of the seventy-three years of his life.

For the character of his mind and manners, I must give you some of his conversation, which I will in his own words, since none other can so well describe them : now, then, let him speak for himself. A parlour-guest is always, more or less, an intruder in the kitchen, and generally throws a gloomy air over the unlaboured gaiety and ease of the place. The ceremony of rising

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\* Earl Rivers.

and bowing, may, however, be soon done away, by a little accommodation ; and the parlour and kitchen, upon occasions like the present, become sociable. This veteran game-keeper, for such was his calling, besides being of pleasant disposition, was animated beyond the point of ceremony, by the exhilarating ale of Dorset ; and, therefore, after a respectful bend of his not unmajestic figure, he resumed both his seat and his history. I broke the thread of his narrative, just as he was relating his successful courtship to two of his wives, with one of whom he swore, by all the wood-nymphs of Cranbourn-chase, that he was as happy as the days were long, for upwards of four-and-twenty years ; and, when he lost her, he resolved never to enter into the holy state, because he thought his *glory* was over. Glory, you are to know, was a cant word, and brought into almost every sentence. But, said he, “ I thought I should never find such another woman, till one day, going into my lord’s kitchen, I liked the eyes of the cook, and told her so ; but it was not till some time after, when I made her a present of a couple of rabbits of my own killing, and said something as I gave them to her, that she looked as if she liked me. *Glory*, however, was the word : she was a little body, and I dandled her about upon this arm ; and

had her before the parson in less than three weeks; which is now thirteen years, missing a few days, and she has been my *glory* ever since. She is alive and merry, thank God, at this time, in Rushmore-cottage, where, if you please, you may see her to-morrow, and so, my glory; here's your health."

But though we have thus doubly wedded him, the man is incomplete without his dog. What is a huntsman without his hound? Your pardon, honest BOUNCER, I should have placed you at your master's side, where I first saw you stand to receive his frequent caresses, and looking into his face, as if listening to his discourse; I should then have laid thee gently at his feet, where I beheld thee repose, while he went on with his GLORIES.

BOUNCER, here, Sir, continued the sportsman, after he had emptied the jug to the health of his second nuptial glory, BOUNCER, here, knows I speak nothing but truth, and loves my dame as well as I do; and he would be an ungrateful dog if he did not. He's now hunting, you hear, in his sleep. But, sleeping or waking, Cramborn-chase never boasted a better stag-dog than he. See how his coat is scarred; — he's all over buts and bruises, from his nose to the tip of his tail. Lookee, Sir, there's scratches and tearings — but he's all

*glory*, nevertheless, and will stand at a stag now, single-handed, till he sees the end of him — Wont you, Bouncer, boy?

At this question, the querist, who had been increasing in **GLORY**, at every potation from a fresh supply of the jug, which one of the kitchen goddesses had replenished, rose, but without quitting his can, and gave the view-hollow; at which **BOUNCER**, superior to sleep, age, and scars, leaped up, and soon came in for his full share of the *glory*. He gave his voice, deep, sonorous, and musical — To-hoo, to-hoo, to-hoo, — hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo! exclaimed the huntsman. The hound responded in correspondent notes of triumph and joy. “*There’s my glory*,” quoth the huntsman; “thee art a good one as ever gave tongue in a wood. D——n me, with half a score like thee, I can still heave my dogs over the mountains, and almost over the moon, with a cheerly chirup!”

By this time the veteran had worked up his spirit beyond the power of the pen to follow his elevations; but he was a most rich and rare subject for the pencil, and Bouncer was second in command. Had a lover of men and dogs, a *Stubbs* or a *Gilpin*,\* been as near this

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\* The painter.

congenial pair as I was, at this moment, how happily would the hound and huntsman have been exhibited to your view. But, had you been yourself present, you would have seen a couple of old creatures at the supreme point of their possible happiness.

You know the influence and sympathy of jovial sounds, whether of man or beast. They excite our sympathy, even before we know the cause, or see the objects that produced them. The hilarity of the kitchen emptied the parlour; four by honours and the odd trick were thrown up for a simple son of the woods and his four-footed companion. How shall I procure you even a faint idea of the glee, looks, tones, and action of this sylvan pair. Invoke your fancy as an auxiliary. Think that you see this majestic human ruin rise, as it were, like a phoenix, out of the ashes of age; imagine that you behold the fires of youth rekindled and blazing afresh. In this bright flash of the sportsman's renovation suppose you behold him leading on his hounds; his arms expanded, his eyes animating, his voice enlarged, his cheeks glowing with unwonted crimson, and taking the whole sweep of the kitchen at huge strides; eager, ardent, and impassioned, as if he was really in the heat of the chase. Think, at the same

time, that you hear him, with still uncracked lungs, spirit up his pack, calling every one by name; “famous good Bouncer,” as he called him, amongst the rest. Then listen to his intermixture of prose and verse; no words *can* paint the almost delirium of ecstasy with which he ~~sung~~ or rather *rung* out the following chorus of a hunting song. “And he gave the view-hollow, talliho was the word; and the dog licked his lips, — talliho !” He then blended histories of the wife whom he dandled and *dolled*, as he said, on his arm, his horse Maggot, and his hound Bouncer, vehemently protesting they were all three the glory of GLORIES! He next changed his note to something of a softer kind, and gave the subsequent unmeasured lines, after he had resumed his seat of honour in the chimney-corner: “And this, Sirs,” said he, “is my song of songs, which I always sung when I went a *suitering*.”

The life of a sportsman is free from all care,  
 Whene'er he makes merry with love and strong beer;  
 With his pipe and his friend laughs his hours away,  
 And sings, talks, and drinks, till he hails in the new  
 day,  
 And then to the hill and the dale — hark away! }

The stag-hound caught his master's enthusiasm, and the blissful notes of both the vete-

rans kept up the social pleasure, till it was too late to return to the card-room. Thus the votaries of Pan may be said to have triumphed over Pam and all the kings and queens. At length, his songs and his histories being ended, his tenth or twelfth jug emptied, his head filled, his heart light, and his felicity too perfect to think of danger or darkness, he went forth for his cottage, in Cranborn-chase; and Bouncer, his dog, not less happy, though more sober, than his master, followed him. It was a merry old man's *glory*, on a jubilee night, and, to hearts like yours, it is worth a record.

I must not forget to inform you, to the honour of his present lord, that he is continued in office, as deer-keeper, because he should *seem* to earn his living from his antient employment, although the Earl has long since entered him on his list of pensioners. Neither must I withhold from you another piece of information,—*viz.* that his name is *George Hill*; of course, bringing to memory, my dear and honest *JOHN* of that name. What a companion is *GEORGE* for the merry sportsman *John Grounds*, \* whose portrait I drew for you on a former occasion.

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\* An account of both these innocent men will be found in the sixth volume of "Gleanings;" and the latter, in his mole-catching dress and character, has lately been pourtrayed in colours

The little church of St. Giles is an object of considerable attraction, and is situated on the north side of the parish, near the seat of Lord Shaftesbury, whose family burial-place it is. There are several elegant monuments of the family. Those of the fourth Earl, and that of the noble author of the *Characteristics*, are eminently beautiful; I shall therefore subjoin them. On the south side of the chancel is an elegant mural monument of beautiful marble, exquisitely executed, by Schumaker, representing a sarcophagus, under which is the following admirable inscription:

Mary, Countess of Shaftesbury,  
In testimony of her most tender and indissoluble regard to  
The much loved memory of her affectionate  
husband, Anthony Ashley Cooper,  
fourth Earl of Shaftesbury;  
Who, from a consistency of virtuous conduct,  
in public and private,  
Had as many friends and as few enemies  
as ever fell to the lot of man:  
Having lived in honour, he died in peace;  
the result of a life well-spent,  
And of hope grounded on the redeeming mercy  
of that adorable, all perfect Being,

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that will not fade, on the canvass of the elder BARKER, who has just finished an admirable picture of Grounds and his family, in their cottage on the moor.

Of whose glory he was zealous,  
to whose creatures he was kind,  
whose will was his study,  
and whose service his delight.

Having received and diffused happiness,  
he departed this life,  
Amidst the prayers of the rich and poor,  
May the 27, 1771,  
aged 61:

His works follow him.

On each side of the monument are two boys,— one holding a torch inverted, the other a crown of glory, and looking up to a bust of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, placed over the sarcophagus.

The inscription under the statue, in St. Giles's church, representing the third Earl of Shaftesbury, author of the Characteristics, is as follows:

Polite Literature,  
In the person of a muse, laments the death  
of her most distinguished votary,  
The Right Honourable Anthony Ashley Cooper,  
third Earl of Shaftesbury;  
He was born February 26, 1670,  
and died February 14, 1712.

The scenery which surrounds St. Giles's, in a return to Cranborn, by the villages to the right, is truly pleasant. To myself and friend

it was rendered more interesting by our having fortunately explored the haunt of a family of well-known Trampers, who have led an itinerant sylvan life for the last twenty-six years; during which time they have never boarded or bedded in a house but once; and then by way of an experiment, which failed. But the most extraordinary circumstance is, that this is wholly from choice, not necessity of any kind. They have accumulated much property, by the sale of Staffordshire wares, with which they traverse Hampshire, Somerset, Dorset, and various other places. They have, moreover, several houses of their own, which they let; and in the vicinity of which, in their several rounds, they feed and repose, within groves, woods, or under hedges. They have nothing of the gipsey tricks in their manners or character, being honest, laborious, and worthy people; much valued in their circuits, and made welcome to their favourite accommodations, wherever they go. We found the husband and his three younger children, of fine, fresh, and even fair complexions, were embowered in a very beautiful nook of woodland, and nothing by way even of hut, but two broad pieces of canvass, placed aslant against each other, and open at both ends. This is their summer and winter moveable habitation, and

in which, the man assured us, his children were born and bred ; and that he and his wife lived happier and healthier than they had ever done in a house in their lives. The wife, whom we had seen the day before, at Bouveridge-farm, where she came with her wares, confirmed this account. It is the more singular, as she is apparently a woman of delicate constitution, still only in middle life, and passed most of her early years in the softest kind of servitude, with a lady of fashion, as her attendant, and so approved and favoured as to want nothing that could contribute to comfort. On questioning her respecting her *first* going into this erratic sort of life, she told me, " it arose from her husband's *feeble state of health in a house*; but that, as he got better in the open air, they had lived in it ever since, and should so continue till they died ; for that, now, they all liked it as well as he." \*

Well might the poet assert that

" Custom forms us all."

We will close the short Dorset Station with the above sylvan groupe, which I trust you will think too interesting to pass unnoticed.

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\* The name of these persons is PHILLIPS, and the facts here stated known to hundreds in each of the shires within their circuit.

On the 29th of October we bade adieu to Bouveridge-farm, and returned to Woodlands ; bidding adieu to Brook-hill and all the scenery before described, and which had undergone fewer changes than could have been expected from the late season of the year. But, indeed, had the alternation in vegetable nature been far greater, and the signs of the coming winter been more visible, they would, at this time, have produced less gloom, as our attention was drawn to other objects. It was the day that the king visited Hampshire ; and it would have been more easy to number the trees of the parts of the forest through which he was to pass, than the sons and daughters of Curiosity and Loyalty, who thronged to offer him the homage of their eyes and hearts. Indeed, Fritham-plains, and the high roads and by-paths, in every direction, exhibited a wide-extended moving picture. The points of eminence, near to the place at which he was to make his first sojourn, were covered with people, carriages of all sorts and sizes, from the four-in-hand phaeton to the smarted up tax-cart. The volunteers, and other military of the county — the rangers, keepers, &c. &c. were all drawn up on the occasion, and the very branches of the trees were loaded by the anxious peasantry : some of them clambered up

to the topmost boughs ; and the whole was a goodly sight, yea, and a goodly sensation also. It denoted that allegiance which at all times, but more especially at a moment like the present, is so desirable. It can scarcely be necessary to observe, that the Gleaner added one to the number of spectators. You will not be surprised to hear, that, although I had rode more than twenty miles to regain my Woodlands Station, I forgot every feeling of fatigue on seeing the friends there assembled snatching a hasty meal, to be in time for the forest-jubilee at Cuffnells.\*

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\* The seat of George Rose, Esq. secretary to the treasury, whose useful exertions, says the Southampton Tourist, in behalf of benefit societies will be long remembered, particularly in this neighbourhood. This gentleman has greatly improved the house and grounds since they have been in his possession. The apartments are elegant : that which contains the library is a handsome well-proportioned room, and the collection of books is large and valuable.

Mr. Rose appears to be an advocate for the employment of oxen in husbandry. He sets the Hampshire farmers an example, by keeping a fine team of them. And they have even exhibited their speed in the race, on Lyndhurst-course, more than once, with no small degree of credit to themselves and of diversion to the spectators.

But Mr. Rose has other benevolent claims, besides those arising from his institution of the Friendly Society, by the ingenious author of the Tour. He has an establishment also for the benefit of widows and orphan children. Likewise a

The illustrious visitors, however, did not arrive till near three hours later than the appointed time. But neither the eyes or hearts were fatigued with expectation ; for, on appearance of the royal carriages, the reception had still the

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straw manufactory, which employs poor children; many of them earn four shillings per week. For the sake of example, it ought to be added, that, in case of sickness, or other distress, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Dewon, and the other ladies of the parish, visit the sufferers, and dispense their charity according to their several necessities. Nor could I answer to you my neglect of the exemplary conduct of Mrs. Michell, for a most extensive diffusion of genuine benevolence.\* My informants, and they are of the best authority, assure me, this lady likewise performs her daily tours of bounty, within, and often beyond the limits of her neighbourhood, to explore the haunts of grief and of pain ; and is no sooner satisfied with the wants and cares of the sufferers, than she administers every comfort, in proportion to the nature and degree of their affliction. The particulars of her kindness and commiseration would fill a volume, and might, after all, wound her delicacy, while I only mean not individually to praise herself but to recommend her, and the family of Cufinels,† as examples for others equally able, to " Go and do likewise ;" and I cannot but believe the reader's heart will receive pages filled in this way, with the record of goodness, beyond a folio of remarks on pictures, paintings, statues, and works of the sublimer arts.

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\* Mr. Chamberlaine, of Ichen ; Mrs. Flemming, of Stoneham, have no less claims on the reverence of the poor, in their respective parishes.

† Of Northerwood, near Lyndhurst.

warmth, freshness, and unanimity of a gratified assembly of many thousand subjects, no less honourable to the prince than to the people. On my return to Woodlands, through the forest, by moonlight, all the echos appeared to catch the mingled sounds of sport, content, and satisfaction, as they were reverberated from innumerable people, drums, trumpets, and many human voices, more attuned to the melody of the heart on such an occasion than every other instrument.

And, now beauteous Forest, and thou one of its fairest spots, sweet Woodlands, I must bid ye farewell; but not without the blessing, not without the prayers, of an invalid restored to the happiness which health only can bestow!

Farewell.

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#### NOTE.

In passing Southampton, I am induced to give a notice of the newly-erected play-house in that favourite town, as it connects with something curious in the laws, by which all the provincial theatres of this country, not opened on royal license, are conducted.

The first account I can glean of any regular dramatic performance, in Southampton, is in 1765, when a company performed in the town-hall, or Bar-Gate Assize-Room. The following year, (1766,) a Mr. Johnson obtained a subscription, from fifteen persons, of ten guineas each, and converted an old

building, in French-street, into something more like a regular theatre. It was opened the beginning of July, with a prologue, written by Mr. Keete. This house, after the fourth season, came into the management of Messrs. Collins and Davies, who, at different times, considerably improved it, and occupied it regularly three or four months every summer, for successive years.

From the number of commodious theatres rising up in every large and populous town in the united kingdom, the old theatre was still thought a very indifferent place of accommodation for so elegant a town and neighbourhood, and a subscription was intended to have been set on foot, to pull down the old premises, and, on the same site, to rebuild it; but the narrowness of the spot, which would not admit of a commodious lobby, or corridor, round the boxes, (an accommodation always wished for,) prevented the plan from being carried into execution. The present building occupies a space of ground, where formerly stood an endowed hospital, for the education of a certain number of children; but, many years since, an act was obtained for its removal, or annihilation. Thus, becoming private property, it was purchased by Mr. Collins, who has erected, as I understand, at his sole expense, a spacious and elegant building, at no less a sum than 4000*l.* including scenery and decorations, but without any other security than an annual license from the magistrates.

In order to make the theatre perfectly commodious, it was necessary to purchase the house adjoining the hospital, part of which forms the sweep that gives the theatre an elliptical appearance. I do not, however, remember an instance, in theatrical annals, of an *individual* advancing so much money, without the security of a patent, or *royal* sanction.

The act of parliament, which passed in favour of the country stage, in 1788, arising from a dispute between two tradesmen, of Salisbury, one of them proprietor of a new theatre, the

ether of a weighing-engine. The owner of the theatre erected a similar machine, in opposition to his neighbour; the other retorted, by lodging an information against the manager and performers of the theatre. The matter was litigated, and was brought to trial before the late Judge Buller. The point at issue lay in a nut-shell. The heros of the sock and buskin were found wanting in the scale, and were cast in the penalty of 50*l.* each. Mr. Jekyll made a pleasant speech for the manager. He said, Hamlet would be stripped of his black coat; the boards on which philosophers, kings, and statesmen, so oft had trod, would be converted to base and vulgar uses; and he feared the commotion, in consequence of this decree, would be general in the provincial mimic states. Shortly after this defeat, the present Lord Rawdon moved, in the Lords, for the present bill, which liberates the profession from its antient stigma. It was, at the same time, brought forward in the Commons, by Mr. Hussy. Not any member objected to the principle of the bill; but several lords in high office seemed not to be satisfied with the power of licensing being vested in the justices of cities and towns; and thought, that, as the right was formerly in the crown, it ought to revert to the same source. It was, indeed, brought forward near the close of the sessions, when the house was very thinly attended; and, from good authority, I have been told, that, had there been the least debate on any of the clauses, it would have been thrown out; and another brought forward, perhaps, on more unfettered principles. The nobleman, who acted from pure and disinterested motives, was therefore under the necessity of mending it in such a manner as to meet the patronage of many, who otherwise would have opposed it. The bill goes to license theatres for sixty nights performance in the course of four successive months: the eight months interval must expire before a renewal. Unquestionably, the stipulated sixty nights allows ample latitude for almost any provincial theatre; yet, as they

must be taken four months in succession, it totally excludes the advantage of popular weeks, as assizes, races, &c. if they fall out of the time limited, which is a heavy drawback on expenses certain, and profits always precarious. The spirit of the act would be greatly amended, by the sixty nights not being confined to any particular time. However, as the eye and purse of government are now directed to the most awful and costly national objects, there can be little hope of making more beneficial arrangements in our places of public amusement, till a period of greater leisure and less public exigence. Yet, as much of our most rational entertainment, relief from the cares, and relaxation from the labours of life, are derived from the theatre, we cannot but wish to see liberal reward and unfettered freedom of action crown the toils, hazards, and enterprizes, of perhaps our best amusement, particularly where, as in the present instance, the proprietor risks the greater part of his property with an adventurous spirit, and throws himself on the consideration and generosity of the public not only for remuneration, but for safety. You will readily pardon this brief tribute of good-will called forth on a proper occasion. It has been long established between us, that I should notice, in my progress, every thing that merits praise or patronage, and of which, the mention may stand but a chance of assisting or accomplishing the object. The Southampton theatre is always supplied with a respectable company, though it has lately sustained an irreparable loss in the manager's son, who is removed to a wider scene of action, on the London stage, where his various talents are an acquisition.

Winchester, Nov. 7, 1804.

YOU will have no difficulty, my dear accommodating friend, in allowing me, on the like principle, to place beside the foregoing scenery a few remarks, made, about the same date, on my Winchester Station.\* There is a natural connexion between them; and, besides their being in the same county, my friendship unites them by congenial sympathies. I will speak to you of these more particularly as we pass on.

This venerable city is fortunate in an able historian; for, to that character, Dr. Milner is unquestionably entitled. I have neither eye or ear for disputes, nor any thing to do with difference of professors, as to religion or politics: and I zealously avoid the *too* deeply shaded parts of objects, and leave the utter darkness of scenery and of character to others who better like such developements. I anxiously seek and display worth and merit, in all ranks and in all orders, wheresoever I can find them. There is no limit to controversy; and,

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\* These sketches were taken in the way to Southampton, prior to the woodland scenery, but were reserved for my return.

for “modes of faith,” Pope has settled that matter better, perhaps, in two lines, which every body knows, than has ever been done, before or since, in two thousand volumes; which, I presume, does not exceed what has been written upon these “never-ending still-beginning” subjects.

The diligence and accuracy of the above-named has left nothing to be added, either for the use of the ordinary or extraordinary, for the learned or unlearned, traveller, in respect of Winchester; yet, though he has not been more copious than correct, it is always beyond the Gleaner’s purpose to go into any considerable length of local description. I must, therefore, now, as on former occasions, content myself with abridging what singly relates to that antient place, and even that by note.\*

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\* “Winchester,” says the doctor, “is situated in a pleasant and fertile valley, which is surrounded by lofty cliffs and hills, and intersected by the various branches of a clear and rapid river. Indeed, both the water and the air here are remarkable for their purity; and if the latter, from the openness of the country and the nature of the soil, is rather keen, for a situation so much to the south, it is proportionably healthy, as experience proves. The provisions here are all of the best quality; and, as the city has a near communication with the sea, by a navigable canal, it is supplied with coals, timber, and other heavy commodities, upon reasonable terms. Its corporation, which consists of a

Now, as to the *affections*, — though they can, at this age of the world, produce nothing new to sensation, they are eternally teeming, like the world itself, with novelty of event and character; sources from which human happiness or misery derive so much of their colour, and which it is so much my delight to examine and delineate.

Winchester has been peculiarly favourable to

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mayor, high steward, recorder, bailiffs, aldermen, besides the freemen, is the most antient establishment of the kind in England, being several years more antient than that of London. By these privileged orders the two representatives in parliament for the city are chosen. It possesses two manufactories, which, however, are not extensive; one for combing wool, of antient date; the other for spinning silk, which has lately been set on foot. The other advantages which this city enjoys, and which cannot fail of making it a place of considerable consequence, are, that the two annual assizes, the four quarter sessions, the parliamentary elections for the county as well as the city, the races, music-meetings, and other public meetings, of whatever nature, for the county, are exclusively held in it: add to this, that it is the head-quarters, and contains the chief barracks for the military district in which it is placed; that the county jail, bridewell, and hospital, are situated in it; and that it contains the remains of an antient castle, a venerable cathedral, a celebrated college, and other antiquities and curiosities, which are all amply described and detailed in the excellent work itself, which well deserves the character of its being a valuable addition to the stock of historical knowledge amongst us,

this sort of pleasure in a recent excursion. The objects were rendered more than usually interesting by local circumstances. I arrived there on the day preceding a Fair, which is held, on St. Giles's Hill, every 12th of September, and which was, in antient times, by far the greatest in the kingdom,—then lasting sixteen days. It was an occasion too congenial to a traveller, curious to explore busy or happy, careful or careless, faces, not to ascend this sainted hill, which I therefore scaled with as much zeal and ardour, though with less speed, than most of the damsels. These, indeed, almost flew up the steep, winged by the expectation of new bonnets and handkerchiefs, hats and ribands; most of them under the escort of their swains, who were, no doubt, prepared to pull out their yellow canvass bags, and distribute their love-tokens, in the shape of *fairings*, with no sparing hand.

Yet the day was intensely hot, and the hill almost perpendicular. Up, however, I clambered, with lingering steps and slow, and a relay of benches, at equal distances in the ascent, was scarcely more relieving than the view of the hope-inspired crowds of country lads and lasses, who ascended with the light foot and the yet lighter heart of youth in its *holiday feeling*. The slip, accidental or feigned, the

colour of health, the gambols of strength, and the bounds of felicity, exerted in the progress of climbing, and the kind of triumphant laugh, when the groupes had gained the summit, or slid backwards, or paused to recover breath, could hardly be more refreshing to the parties themselves than to me. And, when they ran along the level of the mountain, or balanced themselves on the sloping sides, to shew their agility, or to be caught in their real or counterfeited trips and half-tumbles by their rural companions, I followed them with more measured pace to be sure, but in as exhilarated a flow of spirits, and with as throbbing a heart.

One class of objects, however, had a degree of interest for your friend, which ninety-nine out of a hundred of the happy creatures that then peopled the hill seldom consider with any interest at all. The beauties of Nature, to those who live in the midst, or in the vicinity of them, have few charms. To such an enthusiast as myself, of the shades and of the sun, of the mountain, the valley, the water, and the wood, and all the intermingling of forests, cathedrals, colleges, churches, hospitals, and other public or private buildings of a venerable city; the view of what Winchester was, from such a summit — exhibits on a rich autumnal sun-bright morning, associated too with the history

of monks, prelates, warriors, and kings, — all of whom came into a mind's-eye picture of this kind — and the drawing taken from an eminence, almost justifying the epithet sublime — has attractions innumerable. I felt them all; and, when I followed the gay throngs, the gratification was increased by contrast. I found most of them at the booths and stalls, occupied in selection or in acceptance of those great *little* things, which, as dear Goldsmith says, “ are great to little man.” Nature shut some of her scenery from my view; but she met me again in the human form; in the eye that sparkled with pleasure, with gratitude, or with love; for the small free-will offerings were appropriate to one or other, or to a mixture of all those beauteous passions.

But the portrait had yet some graver, but no sombrous, tints reflected from the business-faces of the horse-dealers and cheese-factors, and from the routine of buyer or seller, of panegyrists and critics upon the several commodities. The hour of relaxation was not yet come to the sons of gain; but fun and frolic “ took their turn to reign,” and, before the groupes returned home, many of the gravest became the most gay: nay, some of those who had gained the top of the hill at early morn, with steady step and solemn de-

meanour, either reeled or rolled down it towards night-fall, as full of frolic as the merriest of the crew.

But ere your friend lets you down in safety, from the mountain and his description, he must notice the impression made on him by a view of the English nunneries established in Winchester, partly for the protection of the religious catholic fugitives, and partly for the education of female youth of that persuasion.

What I thought in prose I have expressed in verse ; and, as my Poetic Effusions so immediately connect with the subject, I shall subjoin them.



*On a distant View of the English Convents of Nuns,  
at Winchester. Written on the Day of the Hill-Fair,  
September 12, 1804.*

Ye self-devoted ! if ye live  
Far from whate'er the world can give ;  
The social joys that youth engage,  
Enchant the gay, seduce the sage ;  
If far from scenes where passions range  
In wild and never-ending change ;  
Love, hate, indiff'rence, grief, and bliss —  
Ye sisters pale, if these you miss,  
And these eschping, if you shun  
The scenes in which such miriads run

With head-long speed, or progress slow,  
Alike the cause of human woe;  
Ne'er can the Muse your lot deplore,  
But hail the convent's sheltering door.

Far from that convent's sacred walls,  
In lofty domes and stately halls,  
Where Grandeur, Luxury, and Pride,  
In pomp and pageantry reside;  
From Glory's crimson path as far,  
And all the scenes of ruthless war,  
Where madd'ning Vict'ry's chariots roll,  
Or Mirth, more frantic, drains the bowl;  
If e'en that transport of the heart,  
O Love, which thou can best impart;  
If the sweet tie of offspring dear,  
If bliss, that rises to a tear,  
And aches with tender happiness,  
Frail man, thou canst not bear excess. —  
— Yes,— if all these,— and thousands more,  
From the world's never-failing store,  
Too various for the Muse to tell,  
Fly,— when you bid the world farewell;  
Ne'er can the Muse your lot deplore,  
But hail the convent's shelt'ring door.

If, above all, from guests more rude,  
From the foul fiend, *Ingratitude*,  
You shut the everlasting door,  
How can the Muse your lot deplore?  
If this be true, ye sisters pale,  
The muse shall ne'er your lot bewail;  
No more shall deem the nunnery's gloom  
Worse than the darkness of the tomb,

But hail the hour that sets you free,  
O world ! from thy iniquity.

But if, when from that world you run,  
You meet more evils than you shun ;  
If, closed within your convent walls,  
You ne'er can hear when Sorrow calls,  
Or miss the good you might dispense,  
To objects of benevolence ;  
The orphan's sigh, the widow's moan,  
The mother's tear, the father's groan,  
The smile of joy, when help is near,  
The love, which well *repays* the tear :  
If far removed from these you dwell,  
Soon as you bid the world farewell ;  
Still must the Muse the fate deplore,  
That shuts upon the world the door.



But, although I had penciled these lines, I was happy in an opportunity of both seeing and feeling more of the subject.

Fortunately, for my curiosity, it happened that, a few weeks previously to my excursion, an amiable young friend—the Sophia\* of whose earlier days I had already been the historian—was entered a pensioner of one of these convents—that of the Benedictines,—for one year, to complete her education. The rules of the house

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\* See Lines addressed to Sophia, at Winchester, vol. iii.

allowing of the pensioners receiving their relatives and friends, I announced my arrival, and was invited to the nunnery.

It was, indeed, the contrast of contrasts! A transition from a Fair, where youth and age avowedly met to give themselves up to a kind of jubilee, in a land of perfect freedom, to a monastic establishment, which gives us at least the idea of a reverse of the picture; and, in general, no doubt it is so: but, in the instance before me, I found the appearance, and I am disposed to think the reality, of happiness. The principals of the community, namely, the Lady Abbess, (Mrs. Eccles,) the Prioress, (Mrs. Raymond,) are well-bred elegant women, and received me with an urbanity that would have distinguished them in the polished scenes of the world. They were followed into the apartment by several of the nuns, in the extremes of youth and age; and the countenance and conversation of both bore the marks of content, and even of felicity. The story of their expulsion from their former convent, on the continent—the hazards and hardships they encountered before and after their flight—the disinterested attachment they shewed for each other, least their return to their relatives and friends in this country should divide them—the joy they experienced on finding the

strength of their faith, and of their affection for one another, kept them together in defiance of the world's allurements — including the temptations of liberty, novelty, and the annihilation of every monastic impediment, whether respecting the head or heart, in regard to many of them — and the excessive happiness which they experienced, when they found themselves again associated in the retreat they now enjoy, though then consisting of little more than bare walls, and themselves obliged to repose upon straw on the floor — all these circumstances certainly attest sincerity, and would extremely gratify every candid mind, without going at all into the question of religious institutions ; and I truly regret that time is wanting to detail particulars so new as the gleanings of the inside of an English nunnery, and so interesting in itself.

One of the nuns (Dame Bernard) has been professed fifty years, and the half century of her nunhood was celebrated by a sort of jubilee. Dame Ignasia (Mrs. Collins) has a mother, in London, whom she visits. The interview was tender ; but it did not produce what might be expected, a domestication with her family for the remainder of life. Twenty-seven of these nuns were from Brussels, and had with difficulty avoided a bloody decree of Robespierre.

Each had only time allowed to make up such a package as she could carry ; they then set off, with terror and precipitation, in the habits of their order, and may be said almost to have *fled* over the land and water, winged by fears, till they reached the English shore.

There are one-and-twenty pensioners under the care and tuition of Dame Ignasia, who is truly an interesting woman ; she has the kind words and feelings of her pupils, as have, indeed, the rest of the sisterhood, with whom they seem to mix in all the gaiety as well as sobriety of spirit. In the prejudice of the general opinion, I entered the convent with formidable, but I left it with affectionate, feelings, unalloyed by any thing that regarded modes of faith, purely on the broad principle of good-will. I retained the full force of the sentiment in the *last* passage of the lines I had addressed to them, yet I wished mirth, wisdom, and piety, to bless and remain with them for ever !

But, in truth, without going into a monastery I can shew you some persons, *living in the world*, who have as much simplicity, and as little guile of character, and of as unspotted conduct, as if they had been secluded in a monastery, or, indeed, born in the age of innocence. I will introduce them to you,

under favour of the Muse who assisted me in presenting some trifles of remembrance, on the morning I scaled St. Giles's Hill, so recently described.

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TO

Mr. and Mrs. MORREL,

WITH FAIRINGS.

Accept the trifling gifts I bring —

— *A fair* itself's a trifling thing —

Yet *smallest* gifts, if kind and free,

No less than *splendid* presents, prove

Tokens of friendship and of love,

And *gems* of sweet **SINCERITY** !

Yet, could I choose what might express,

In mind, in manners, and in dress,

What we in life so seldom see,

*From youth to age a pair like you;*

Then, in my fairings should you view,

That gem of gems, **SIMPLICITY** !

My ribands should nor fly, nor fade,

But stand the sunshine and the shade,

Like leaves of some immortal tree ;

Their colours too, a heavenly hue,

Should shine in Nature's lustre true,

To grace the gem, **SINCERITY** !

Yet not the Quaker's formal brown,

Nor coxcomb colour of the town,

For these with you but ill agree ;  
Nor yet, affecting to be neat,  
The studied, flaunting tints we meet,  
Mocking the gem, **SIMPLICITY !**

O no ! my Present should display  
Something so just 'twixt grave and gay,  
Yet *good*, that it should seem to be  
A Present *meet* for such a pair,  
And all who know you should declare,  
'Twas the pure gem, **SIMPLICITY !**



I have long wished for an opportunity to pay a tribute of justice to the very singular persons to whom the foregoing verses, written under their roof, are addressed. An unforced occasion is before me, and I avail myself of it, by subjoining a little sketch of their characters, which many hundred people will know to be drawn by the hand of Truth, unaided by the slightest interference of Fancy. Yet, unvarnished as is the tale, I have long meditated to bring the hero and heroine of it into a work of general imagination, long since begun, and promised to the public. — I may yet live to perform that promise ; but the path of life is full of obstructions. I will not trust to delays, which may deprive you of some interesting facts, and the world of an excellent example.

The almost primitive goodness of this Mr. and Mrs. Morrel is almost a realization of all that the poets and novel writers have fancied of simplicity, nature, and truth, in the golden age. In these times of refinement and revolution, both the man and the wife exhibit those qualities which it has been the delight of the fabulists to create, and of the muse to praise. It was their chance to meet, very early in life, under circumstances favourable to impression — namely, similarity of situation, and some difficulties of fortune, as to prospects of establishment. They resided for many years in a state of respectable servitude, with the noble family of the St.-Johns. He, in the capacity of butler, she, of lady's attendant. They continued in these departments upwards of thirty years, esteemed and trusted by their superiors, and in harmony, but not what is usually called enamoured of each other. At the deaths both of master and mistress they began to feel that a separation would be like death to themselves. They had lived so long in amity unbroken, under the same roof, that the idea of parting appeared afflicting; and the author of the above verses has very recently heard them say, *that* idea first suggested the almost necessity of their being associated for life. They had formed the highest opinion of

one another, on the experience of head, heart, and temper; and in the constant view of habits, manners, and conduct, for thrice ten years. They had been faithful stewards and approved domestics all that time; they could, therefore, hazard nothing in delivering themselves up for the residue of life to the unbounded confidence of that state, the basis of whose felicity is mutual trust: never so well founded as when tried by the test of time. They married: since which, thirteen years of an affection that has abated nothing of the first day's kindness has confirmed their choice, and continued a devotion to each other, that may give an example to the highest orders of men and women.

The uninterrupted — I had almost said the gallant — attention he shows her, really savours of the days and manners of chivalry, in affection; while, on her part, a sort of reverential and yet tender deference towards him fully justifies the homage he pays.

Long accustomed to the deference due to their superiors in *rank* — in qualities of the heart they can never have had any — they have acquired a respectful, a humble, but by no means a servile, demeanour, towards even their most appreciated friends and neighbours, in what are called — the independent conditions of life. And this beautiful modesty

of deportment is never destroyed even by the endearing intercourse which is apt to change into a presuming or negligent familiarity, too frequently the result of constant communication. With the good Morells, you may be not only associated as neighbours, but domesticated as inmates for a course of years, without perceiving the slightest deviation from the profound yet affectionate respect they offered in the first weeks or months of acquaintance. To adopt Scripture language, this is indeed that true “self-abasement which shall be exalted;” it is impossible not to feel a reverence towards those who are content to hold the second place that you may hold the first.

Is any courtesy required of either of these persons; the wish is almost prevented by the accomplishment! Does a friend announce himself to pass a day, a week, a month! the door is opened by Hospitality, who gives the hand of welcome with so plain, so direct, yet fervid a sincerity, it reaches your very heart, which must be cold indeed if it meets not as ardent a return. Is a commission to be executed with dispatch! depend on its being performed, if possible, *within* the hour of the limit or expectation; no matter for the difficulty, the fatigue, the inconvenience. Testimonials of all this, however interesting, would be here out of place: I could

otherwise detail them with high gratification. These truly good people have, for some years past, officiated at the post-house, for the business of which they are both, by method, manners, and temper, well calculated.

And this leads me naturally to advert to the conduct of others who fill the like office—which, it must be owned, is frequently a troublesome one—with a very ill grace. The Gleaner sincerely dislikes to speak, much less to publish, ill of any body, but there is a painful as well as a pleasing duty to be performed by a tourist, in regard to public accommodation.

Not many miles from this venerable city is a post-office, where it is in vain to expect any thing like civility, either for love or money; and where the letters, left at the post-house, are delivered either with a sullen silence, or ill-mannered remark, as if a miser were making you a grudging *compliment* of the postage.

But, at a still more polished place, and not very remote, where FASHION is said to have fixed her throne, the urbanity of that Goddess has had no influence on the *gentlefolks* of the post-office. On the contrary, a supercilious rudeness, impatience, or impertinence, is daily experienced by people who pass much of their time, and circulate much of their money, to the ge-

neral advantage of the fair city in question. It is a pity the characteristic politeness of the place can find no entrance near the letter-box.

Far different is the behaviour both of the post-master and his assistants, in a town more remarkable for trade than fashion,—for getting money than for spending it. The business of the post-office at Birmingham is extremely laborious, but is carried on with a degree of good-temper, alacrity, and forbearance, that is at once pleasing and praise-worthy. There are always three, and sometimes five deliveries per day. The letters left till called for, at the office, are, in point of number, incredible. I have seen not only the passage leading up to the letter-box, but a considerable part of the street, to the opposite side, loaded with irritable and clamorous expectants. I have frequently watched both the collection and dispersion of the multitude; but I never heard or saw, from the box-office, a single murmur or frown that could add to the chagrin even of a *disappointed* person; and all the passions in their turn are put out of humour at a post-house. Methinks, in this instance, the postmaster of the most polite city might descend to be taught the pleasure as well as the duty of *good manners* from a commercial town,

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At length, my excellent friend, after thanking you again for your indulgence in having, as it were, placed yourself wholly at my disposal, in regard to the freedom of date, — an indulgence, I would fain believe, not wholly ill-repaid, — we will return to other detached parts of our correspondence, from which alluring Nature, singular characters, and interesting circumstances have tempted me to deviate.

But, as you gratify me by the assurance of being well satisfied with the new and old matter, which I have thereby interwoven, I shall consider myself at full liberty to continue that unfettered mode, should events or excursions again hold out the promise of diversifying your amusement or information.

At present, a less flowery path than that we have lately trod is before us. The scenery of woods, meads, and gardens, with their lofty and lowly inhabitants, must give way to the more stern, though to many thousands of beings, more engaging imagery, of shops, wharfs, and warehouses.

Enough being now premised, for connecting the thread, so far as is necessary to the nature and objects of the work, we will shift our quarters, by a kind of literary, instead of military, march, from Winchester to Birmingham.

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Just as I am quitting my Hampshire Station, I am favoured with some information respecting the death and funeral of Mr. GILPIN, in a letter from his worthy relative. I shall add it, in the way of supplement to my former tribute of respect, with great pleasure.

" So short a time intervened between the period of Mr. Gilpin's last fatal seizure, and the conclusion of his life, as to leave little space for many very striking events. For, though we had looked forward to his death, (through the threatening violence of a dropsy,) yet, when it seized him, it was unexpected. His constitution, invigorated by temperance, had thrown off the virulence of his malady, which had enabled him to resume many of his wonted employments; and he was as well, at the moment of his seizure, as he had been for some time; so that his friends began to indulge in the hope that he would be permitted to remain some time longer with them.

His last illness came on about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th April. It was violent and rapid in its progress. One symptom succeeded another, in quick succession, till he expired, on the following day, at half past twelve, with great calmness and sereni-

ty — the natural fruits of a firm faith and trust in God! His funeral, agreeably to his own directions, was private. His corpse, attended by five of his nearest relations, was borne to the grave by twelve of his poor parishioners. He is buried on the north side of Boldre church-yard, near the maple-tree, which he mentions in his Forest Scenery. His tomb is covered with a flat stone, raised upon brick, and bears this inscription:

“ In a quiet mansion, beneath this stone,  
secured from the *afflictions* and still more  
dangerous *enjoyments* of life, lie the remains  
of William Gilpin, M. A. sometime vicar of  
of this parish.

“ He died April 5, 1804, at the age of eighty.”

## SUPPLEMENTARY GLEANINGS,

*Collected, in the Years 1782 and 1783,*

ON THE

## WARWICKSHIRE STATION:

INCLUDING THE COMMUNICATIONS OF

*J. MORFITT, Esq.*



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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*IT is expedient to say something on a subject which will be found to occupy a considerable proportion of the remainder of the Supplementary Gleanings. And to this point I must speak without any of the playful gravity, or avowed sport, that, partly by the suffrage of custom, and partly by the courtesy of the reader, has been deemed admissible in a fictitious or assumed character.*

*In consequence of a hint \* thrown out*

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\* “After all the tours that have made their appearance, we are still in want of a most important view of the actual state of the kingdom, respecting its manufactures.

by some periodical critics, to whom I have often expressed and felt myself no less indebted for the benefit of remonstrance, than for the encouragement of applause, it was proposed, as the Author's next literary undertaking, to publish a regular and systematic “Inquiry” into national inventions, improvements, and the moral and social state of the artisans in manufacturing towns, &c. and on these subjects he had collected a large mass of authentic materials; but, on maturely weighing the matter, he found that, in order to render it tolerably complete and satisfactory, he should be carried far beyond the limits he had prescribed to himself; and also, from the fluctua-

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*The influence of this species of employment on the customs and morals of the people is astonishing, and it would find employment for very sagacious and philosophic observers. It were to be wished the Gleaner would mingle more matter of this nature in his tours.” — Monthly Review for December, 1801.*

*tions in the state of trade and manufactures, as influenced by peace or war, by plenty or scarcity, that, while he was moulding his collections into form, new circumstances were constantly arising to invalidate the positions he had adopted. Impressed with a sense of those difficulties, which neither diligence could overcome, nor care elude, he determined to abandon the original plan, and to give, in a work of lighter and more pleasing texture to general readers, an idea of what would have spread over several volumes; and yet would have been imperfect, from the causes already assigned.*



## WARWICKSHIRE STATION.

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### BIRMINGHAM.

I have never seen the powerful effect of contrast more completely illustrated than in the sudden transition from the room assigned me in a villa of some friends whom I had visited in Warwickshire, at the opening of May, to my present apartment in this town, where I am come to inspect and inquire into the state of the *manufacturing poor*; fixing on Birmingham, because it is one of the strong holds of our trade in various important branches, and may serve as a specimen of the rest.

I have placed myself in the High-street of the above animated town, and at a part that fronts New-street.

The window at which I am now seated is in the very centre of business; and it is the day (Thursday) of the chief market. I begin these remarks, on the different scenery, so early

as eight o'clock ; about the time at which I yesterday prepared to take my way from the house of my village friend : on which account the comparison will be more impressive, if I should be able to convey to your mind the unimpaired sensations of my own, so as to bring the objects and inferences more closely under your eye.

The view, from my late apartment in the country, exhibited all that you can conceive of the charm of spring verdure. There had recently fallen showers, which threw over the clover, meadow grass, and wheat lands, to the extent of many acres on either side, a freshness, only to be felt. The same may be said of the flowers and vegetables. The up-lands rose in soft ascent, and Malvern-hill, which proudly made them, as it were, a foot-stool, bounded the prospect. The varied inhabitants of the intermediate vale were so many objects appropriate to the *peace* and *quiet* of the scene.

A class of other objects mark the contrast. In the morning of the preceding day I had observed the lamb sporting with its mother, or frolicking with itself. The various domestic fowls were abroad, and alike busy, whether on the wing or the foot. The hen was leading her nursery to the ant-bank, the ants were employed either

in architecture, or in fetching and carrying stores to their finished edifice, by paths innumerable. The bees were roving in as many. The birds were rejoicing in the beauty of their own season. The linnet was warbling in the hedge; the nightingale pouring his mellow note from the copse. The robin sung his morning orisons, almost within reach of my window; the bird who has “no sorrow in his song, no winter in his year,”\* gave those notes which, though incessantly repeated, are delightful to the ear, and the lark was singing to the sun-beams.

You are not, my friend, amongst those who are to be pitied for not shewing a relish of these things. You have an eye, an ear, and a soul for them all; and you will not be insensible to the promised contrast, as we pursue it.

From my observatory apartment in this huge place, I see, it is true, no sheep or lambs but such as have been driven hither, in dusty trains, for the market, which, in itself, is the reverse of the scene I have quitted; nor do I observe any poultry, but what are crammed into baskets; nor any birds, but what are imprisoned in cages. The long and ample street, of which I have the command, is filling fast with

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\* Langhorne's Sonnet to the Cuckoo.

beasts and men, equally busy; but it is not unamusing to see the inhabitants of, perhaps, fifty villages bring their produce and wares into a town of the magnitude of Birmingham. And, though I do not, as in the rural scene, behold the vegetables while they grow, nor scent the flowers wafting fragrance from their stems, I observe them collected and brought under the eye, for the benefit of man. A philosophical mind will be gratified to contemplate the town and country thus accommodating each other; till both, by different means, attain the same end. If the labourer and the husbandman adorn and enrich the earth, and come laden with its fruits; the artizan and the merchant are no less industrious, to supply the villages with the comfort of another kind of necessary. All parties are, by this social interchange, "at once indebted and discharged;" and, so far as it goes, this is as it should be; but, unfortunately, it does not go far enough. There is too great a disproportion betwixt the labourers and the artizans, and between those who employ them, both in town and country. But of this in its place.

Meantime, the heart of a philanthropic observer must glow within him, to see the overflowing abundance of the fruits of the late

season brought to market, in defiance of all the contrivances of the fraudulent and avaricious. I am just come from noticing most of the salutary roots of the earth being sold at half, and some at a *third*, of the price demanded for them in the preceding year; and, if any thing could increase the joy of this, it would arise from seeing the known and *marked* wretches, who thus find their gasping hands *forced* open, by the stronger arm of Providence, whose bounty they endeavoured to counteract, and who, to the last moment of power to do mischief, literally “shut the gates of mercy on mankind.” Yes, my friend, to see those, I say, frown on the ten-fold blessings brought by that very Providence from their fields, gardens, and felonious granaries, into the public streets, is, indeed, triumphant! and, although I hope I cannot indulge a malicious sensation, I know not that I have ever enjoyed any pleasure more completely than that which, about an hour ago, I derived from witnessing the mortification of a farmer, who, last year, imperiously refused a fair, and who exacted an unfair, price for his potatoes, now obliged, from the very glut of the market, to take back his load of that useful root, amidst the

indignant hisses and victorious shouts of the populace.

A writer\* and a resident of this town observes, that Birmingham, for want of the recording hand, may be said to live but one generation ; the transactions of the last age die in this. Till he himself took up the pen, memory was the sole historian, which is always defective ; and, as he bore a warm heart towards the place, he tells us that he “embalmed the present generation for the inspection of the future.” It is unsuitable, as I have all along told you, and, indeed, uncongenial to the nature and design of these letters to employ much time on the local circumstances of either village, town, or city, unless in the way of sketching, briefly, a general image, or such features as are very peculiarly marked, and as tending to offer more of the *mind* than the *body* of the country. Although, I trust, that in the places through which we have passed, and in which we have sojourned, I have not neglected giving you, from the best painters, so much of the personal character and countenance, as may enable you, even before you arrive amongst us, to form a clear idea of

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\* Mr. Hutton.

us "in your mind's eye." Any thing beyond this would have been trenching upon my own plan, and, in some measure, I am persuaded, would have deducted from your amusement. At the same time, I must confess, I have been occasionally tempted to dip my pen deep in mortar; and should certainly have trespassed unusually on my own prescribed general rules, in justice as well as in compliment to Birmingham, and have borrowed from the ample and excellent reservoir of its venerable historian, had not another gentleman of that town richly supplied me with much original and valuable matter, that could not fail to be highly gratifying. At the same time, I shall be proud to avail myself of the stores of both my friends, when they can be so united as to reflect strength and lustre on each other; well satisfied that their remarks must every where be an acceptable and distinguishing addition to my own.

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THE communications of Mr. Morfitt, on the subject of Birmingham, has every claim

to my best attention. Whether he treats his subject gravely or with gaiety, the able and liberal hand and well-informed head will discover themselves. I have long since announced his papers being in my possession, and as long wished the opportunity, which at length offers itself, to extend the entertainment and information they are calculated to afford beyond myself.

They came to me in the form of correspondence, while I was gathering materials for the work mentioned in the advertisement to the Warwickshire Station : and I shall give them in the shape they came to me, suppressing only those welcome, though partial, expressions, which would be too personal.

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*Birmingham, 24th December, 1802.*

Mr Gleaner,

Your title is appropriate, your plan unincumbered and comprehensive, and affords an opportunity to any congenial friend of throwing in his literary handful.

You have requested me to give an account of the origin, progress, and expansion of the

manufactures in Birmingham; and, at the same time, to delineate the character and customs of its numerous inhabitants: but, in the language of unaffected diffidence, I must declare myself unequal to the task. Please to add, that in speaking of so great a commercial phenomenon, *silere melius puto, quam parum dicere*; yet, bound by the sacred obligation of a promise, I must, *invitâ Minervâ*, write something; and, as the time is so short, I must write rapidly; for I should be sorry to resemble the musician who spent so much time in tuning his instrument that he had none left to exercise his music.

As you have yourself drawn a general outline, I consider myself as fettered by no rules, and therefore shall begin as follows:

Little more than a century ago, this “grand toy-shop of Europe,” as it is styled by Mr. Burke; this “Queen of the sounding Anvil,” as it is denominated by Jerningham, was an insignificant market-town, a poor neglected place, that never experienced the emanations of royal favour. It is not possible, therefore, for me to swell the page with a long catalogue of charters granted or renewed, liberties, franchises, mayors, representatives, corporations, seals, and other sonorous appendages, which give imaginary dignity to many a petty borough. Birmingham, though containing upwards of

70,000 inhabitants, is, in fact, governed by no higher authority than that which regulates the affairs of the meanest village. It is true, there is a list of manorial officers, beginning with the *High Bailiff* and ending with the *Leather-sealer*. But be not, my friend, deceived by empty sounds, ours is not the High Bailiff of a corporation, invested with large constitutional powers, by charter; he is so denominated, merely in contradiction to the Law Bailiff; and, excepting his power of regulating weights and gauging measures, may be legally pronounced, without violation of truth, to be *a vox et præterea nihil*. But the consequence which he wants by law, he has acquired by courtesy, which permits him to convene public meetings, and take the lead in public business: and, as he is uniformly elected from the most opulent and intelligent inhabitants, the fallacy is at least harmless, if not useful: and I wish the magic of sound (for it is the title that fascinates) was never employed to a more injurious purpose.

Permit me, without reference to officers that concern the mayor more than the town, to declare, without fear of accurate contradiction, that Birmingham is governed by two constables and a headborough. These, though they are called, by Lord Coke,

“ Little fingers of a great hand,” carry with them no magnificent sound ; yet, nothing more strongly proves the wisdom of our antient constitution than that such officers should keep so large and spirited a town in such order. I readily allow, that in matters of police, they act under as able and upright a bench of provincial magistrates as this country can boast. Thus circumstanced, Birmingham covets not the oppressive honours of a corporation ; her free, generous, and active spirit disdains to be shackled, even by chains of gold. She throws her arms wide open to all mankind, inviting strangers of all descriptions into her hospitable bosom. In many places, it is more difficult to pass the artificial boundaries of a parish than an arm of the sea, or Alpine hill ; but Birmingham regards not the narrow policy of our laws of settlement, nor does she anxiously trouble herself with who are or who are not likely to become chargeable. The effect of this liberal system is self-evident. Let the diminutive, decrepid boroughs throughout the kingdom survey this vigorous, robust village, its generous heart and expanded arms. After a candid comparison, they will find the gold of their antiquated maces wax dim, and fold up their mouldy charters in mortified silence.

We are not so abundant in churches as Nor-

wich, which you tell us, in your Gleaning Rambles, contains thirty-four, besides the cathedral. Here are no superfluous places of worship—none erected in the ages of darkness and superstition, by bed-rid voluptuaries and penitent plunderers. Our religious fabrics owe their origin to enlightened piety, and are as many, and no more, than such piety can fill. We can boast two churches only, St. Martin's, venerable for its antiquity, and St. Philip's, distinguished by the beauty of its architecture and the amenity of its situation. We have, besides, three elegant commodious chapels, exclusive of Deritend and Ashsted chapels, which, though adjoining to Birmingham, are in a different parish. But in vain may you look in our church-yards, or those belonging to our chapels, though in general airy and spacious, for scenes of mournfully-pleasing seclusion, or wish for an undisturbed meditation on the tombs. They are all thorough-fares, and one a public parade. *Siste Veaton* is language as applicable to our tomb-stones as to the monuments of antient Rome, which were erected near the public high-ways: and the new church-yard, in particular, is profaned by nocturnal impurities of prostitutes, and the drunken brawls of the “ Sons of Belial.”

The only place for sepulchral contemplation

in this bustling town is the cemetery of a deist, the unhallowed ground where Mr. Baskerville, the celebrated printer, is interred. His remains are covered by a rough unlettered stone, that tells not who lies below. Near it is placed another stone, satirically as is supposed, to the memory of a favourite dog, with the following simple but pathetic inscription: “ Alas, poor Tray ! ” The adjoining mansion, where Baskerville lived and died, was burnt by the frenzy of the mob in 1791, and remains in the same shattered state as when they left it, frowning most tremendously over the ashes of some of its depredators, who were buried amid its flaming ruins. Here Melancholy may have her fill of musing: there is no need of cypress groves, “ rugged elms,” or the “ yew-trees shade:” every feature of the scene is in unison with the feelings of a man disposed to meditate on the vanity of human wishes, and the instability of human happiness and grandeur. Whenever I view the rude memorial of infidel genius, and hear the wind howling through his lacerated mansion, I feel a mingled sensation that beggars words, and taste that “ joy of grief ” so salutary to the soul.

In a town so large and liberal you may naturally suspect a variety of religious opinions. Here are various tabernacles of Methodists, Anabap-

tists, Independents, and Antinomians; add to which, a Roman Catholic chapel, a meeting of opulent Quakers, and a synagogue of poor Jews; there are likewise two Unitarian meetings, the old and new, both of which were burnt in the tremendous riot of 1791, but have been rebuilt with increased splendour; and, what may appear singular, the former is accommodated with an organ. Though the sectaries in general have a rooted aversion to this noble instrument, Oliver Cromwell was of a different opinion, proving it to be scriptural, by a quotation from the last verse in the Psalms: “Let every thing that has **BREATH** *praise the Lord.*”

Ashsted chapel above mentioned decorates a hamlet of the same name, adjoining to Birmingham, and will amply repay the trouble of a short walk. A stranger, after emerging from the smoke of the town, will feel, or fancy, the breeze to be doubly salubrious, and be highly gratified with the surrounding scenery, including the barracks and Vauxhall, a faint copy of its splendid namesake near London. This hamlet owes its origin, not many years ago, to a spirited but unfortunate attorney, since dead, who buried his patrimony in bricks and mortar; distressing his family to be the founder of a village and give name to a street. Private

vices, says Mandeville, are public benefits: to the calamitous ambition of an individual, Birmingham stands indebted for a most elegant appendage, and a chapel that combines beauty with simplicity.

I shall now proceed to give a hasty but faithful sketch of the general character and manners of the inhabitants. Were the picture ably finished it would exhibit a broad blaze of light, with an occasional mass of shade. Though not a native, I have lived long enough in the town to see it in all points of view, in prosperity and adversity, in sunshine and in storms; and, though I may not perhaps be so accurate as if indigenous, I am more likely to be impartial. Its striking characteristic is a superlative degree of the social spirit,\* and a marked atten-

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\* Mr. Hutton himself remarks, that when he first saw Birmingham in 1741, accidentally cast into those regions of civility, he was equally unknown to every inhabitant, nor had he the least idea of becoming one himself. His reflections at this period, when only 17 years of age, describe the place, the people, and himself, and give such a strong image of a huge mass of social beings, linking themselves in one vast chain of commerce, no less polished than firm, each influenced by the spirit of trade, in a free country, that I shall amuse you with his account; particularly as it paves the way to the delineation of a character I have in reserve for you, yet more unique, and, with respect to society, more important than that of the wonder of Walsingham.

tion and respect to strangers; but this liberality of admission has subjected, and must still sub-

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“ I had been before acquainted with two or three principal towns. The environs of all I had seen were composed of wretched dwellings, replete with dirt and poverty; but the buildings in the exterior of Birmingham rose in a style of elegance. Thatch, so plentiful in other towns, was not to be met with in this. I was much surprised at the place, but more at the people. They were a species I had never seen; they possessed a vivacity I had never beheld: I had been among dreamers, but now I saw men awake: their very step along the street showed alacrity. I had been taught to consider the whole twenty-four hours as appropriate for sleep, but I found a people satisfied with only half that number. My intended stay, like O’Brian’s, was one night; but, struck with the place, I was unwilling to leave it. I could not avoid remarking, that if the people of Birmingham did not suffer themselves to *sleep in the streets*, they did not suffer others to sleep in their beds; for I was, each morning by three o’clock, saluted with a circle of hammers. Every man seemed to know and prosecute his own affairs. The town was large and full of inhabitants, and those inhabitants full of industry. I had seen faces elsewhere tinctured with an idle gloom, void of meaning; but here, with a pleasing alertness. Their appearance was strongly marked with the modes of civil life. I mixed with a variety of company, chiefly of the lower ranks, and rather as a silent spectator. I was treated with an easy freedom by all, and with marks of favour by some: Hospitality seemed to claim this happy people for her own. — HUTTON.

With the pen of Truth and the heart of Gratitude, I can fully confirm this assertion; and I felt it the more powerfully, as I express the more zealously, because it exceeded my expectation. I imagined that in this, as in many other instances, the

ject, it to calumny and inconvenience. Trash, as well as things of value, are necessarily drawn into the rapid vortex of its attraction. I may venture to assert, that not above one-half of the inhabitants are natives; and many who come here upon visits of pleasure and business have been induced permanently to settle,\* and have,

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spirit of trade would have left little *time* for cultivating the spirit of *disinterested* hospitality, and still less for literature and the arts, unconnected with the immediate objects of that industry and contrivance, which appeared to demand incessant design or execution. But I was uniformly premature in my idea. The inhabitants add to the arts of invention and business the desire to diffuse the social cordialities of life; and, in point of good breeding, or that which is the effect of it—a most kind welcome. I have never known them surpassed, seldom equalled, by people who have little more to do than to polish themselves up for all sorts of occasions, and live in refined societies, where trade and tradesmen seldom employ their thoughts, but when Idleness condescends to purchase what Industry has contrived; or when Fashion does Industry the honour to run into its debt. In a word, I have never found, in any part of the world, a more unaffected desire to see, serve, or amuse, a stranger, whether information or curiosity be his motive; or more general good sense, in union with good manners, than in the inhabitants of Birmingham.—GLEENER.

\* It is singular that a predilection for Birmingham is entertained by every denomination of visitants. A pavior, of the name of O'Brian, only meant to stop one night in Birmingham, in his way from London to Dublin; but, instead of pursuing his journey next morning, as intended, he had continued in the place thirty-five years; and, though fortune had never ele-

in many cases, acquired fortunes. The law of congregation, as the naturalists call it, operates here very powerfully in all seasons, bringing the good folks of the town regularly together in the evening, and for an hour or two after dinner, into the certain public houses, nick-named, *smoke-shops*, where they discuss the topic of the day over a cup of *good ale*. I wish to lay a stress upon the epithet *good*, for, were it otherwise, in vain might the landlord bow, and the landlady apologize: no attonement could possibly be made; the most elegant parlour would be deserted for the meanest tap-room. It is by no means uncommon, after the usual salutations and greetings, to ask one another, as a most important question, “Where is the best tap?” Some of these *smoke-shops* are spacious, and not inelegant rooms, provided with ventilators, maps, gazetteers, and every other accommodation for smoking a pipe, reading a newspaper, and drinking a glass of genuine ale—ale, not supplied by public brewers, but manufactured by the landlords themselves, with the most anxious attention, as, on the quality of this beloved beverage depends their fortune and their fame.

The company, though enveloped in smoke,

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vated him above the pebbles of the street, he had never repented his stay.

bears no resemblance to the lumpish, boorish beings, that are huddled together in a Dutch Treckschuyte, which the Gleaner has so pleasantly and accurately described. So far from the conversation being confined to the insipid subject of trade, it is varied and jocose, replete with anecdote, and often enlivened by a toast and a song. The landlord mingles with his customers, acting as a kind of arbiter *elegantiarum*, and contributing all that is in his power to their accommodation and festivity. The most illustrious of these assemblies are Tomlinson's, in Friday-street; Poet Freeth's, in Bell-street; and Lynden's, in Peck-lane. All these have their several attractions, and the first and last are enthusiastically attached to the King and constitution of this country. Though their loyalty may begin, it does not end in fume. Here let any one, at his peril, sit or stand with his head covered when the sacred song of *God save the King* is sung. Here, during the late war, was promulgated, in large and golden characters, a salutary admonition to the sons of sedition to fly the hallowed ground, *procul, procul este profani!* I beg pardon; the inscriptions were in plain English as follows, *no jacobins admitted*. It is well worth the while of any stranger, and of a Gleaner in particular, to visit these temples of festivity:

if he can bear the cloud of fumigation, and stand the fire of a phalanx of pipes, he will learn more of the customs, manners, and habits, of this class of the inhabitants in a single evening than I could describe in a whole volume.

Two of the above-mentioned landlords are likewise deserving of a few touches of the biographical pencil. Samuel Tomlinson, who has chosen the head of the great lexicographical Johnson as his sign, is a host whose manly civility will please without any danger of disgusting. Versed in military tactics, he was appointed adjutant to the late Loyal Birmingham Association; and, though his education has been slender, his intellect is vigorous, and his memory retentive. He is an excellent *newspaper* politician, and a self-taught geographer. John Freeth, the Birmingham bard, who "writes songs, finds tunes, and sings them, too," is venerable for his years, respectable for his probity, and distinguished by home-spun wit and good-humoured satire. He is one of the best political ballad writers and election poets in the kingdom. Many strangers make a point of visiting this sprightly *septuagenarian*, whose voice is a little affected by years, but whose easy poetry trickles almost as freely from his pen as ever.

The Birmingham people are by no means expensive epicures. A turtle feast would be considered as a phenomenon, and none of our taverns, though some of them are elegant and well supplied, can boast such a costly catalogue of dainties as is exhibited at the Bush Tavern, in Bristol. One of the chief luxuries of a Birmingham mechanic is a leg of mutton, with turnips and caper-sauce. This is the common public-house wager, and is generally eaten for supper. A stranger, likewise, will be surprised to hear the town-criers almost every evening, except Sunday, announcing tripe and cow-heel ready at seven o'clock. From the vulgarity of sound, and this early hour of preparation, you will naturally suppose this said tripe and cow-heel to be the food of the lower classes. No such thing; it is in such high request, that the price is raised beyond the poor man's pocket; and it is no uncommon thing for respectable manufacturers to traverse half the town in quest of it. The cookery of this dainty is, I believe, peculiar to themselves; and, after being duly proclaimed by the bell-man, it is divided into threepenny or sixpenny cuts, and devoured with the rapacity of a Greenlander at a whale feast. Genteel families have been known to send from the distance of three or four miles for a quantity of *double tripe*, for the purpose

of being served up in China tureens, amidst the more elegant *farrago* of a fashionable supper.

So much for the genius of our meetings of this class, as far as respects eating and drinking. Ale, you will perceive, is its nectar; and its ambrosia boiled legs of mutton, tripe, cow-heel, and *greaty* pudding. Here another explanation is necessary. *Greaty*, or rather *groaty* pudding, (for I know not its orthography,) is made of shins of beef, and groats, (that is, dried oats stripped of their husks,) and, after being well seasoned with salt and pepper, is baked in ovens. Not many years ago it had the honour, like tripe, of being publicly proclaimed, and is still in high estimation, as a winter dish. Hot grey-pease were likewise formerly cried about the streets in an evening, but they seem at present to have lost their vogue. Let not these things be considered as degrading the dignity of communication: it may be matter of useful curiosity to know what is the favourite diet of these hardy and ingenious “artificers in brass and iron.”

In the local diversions, I see nothing singular or striking: in summer, we have the theatre and Vauxhall, and, in winter, concerts, balls, and card-assemblies. The better sort seemed attached to the amusement of *bowling*, and the

lower classes have their *five-courts* and *skittle-grounds*. Not many years ago, the public-houses had *marble alleys*, where children, from five to six feet high, and some of them even grey with years, were seen playing at *taw*, with the eagerness, but not with the innocence, of infants, their game being frequently interrupted by brawls, and sometimes bloodshed. Our magistrates, however, look on these vulgar dissipations with a keen and corrective eye; and have lately, much to their honour, enforced the statutes against profane swearing and drunkenness. The populace, from time immemorial, have been addicted to bull-baiting; but the loyal volunteers of this town, under the direction of the police, rescued their last bull, sword in hand, from its persecutors, and lodged him safely in our dungeon. This action being achieved, with military parade, exposed them to the ridicule of the disappointed populace, and perhaps might not have gained them the thanks of the late secretary-at-war, but certainly deserves praise from every man of sense and humanity.

Our theatre is accounted handsome and commodious, and of a size well adapted to the human voice, without straining its powers. The dramatic host, Mr. Macready, caters for the public with taste and spirit, bringing down,

every year, the most celebrated London performers. Kemble and his sister have given splendour to our boards. Last summer, the manly tones of Cooke resounded through the house, which was afterwards captivated by the Anglo-Italian, *vocalissima*, Billington. For want of sufficient materials, I am obliged to defer the brightest features in the Birmingham character, and must with reluctance, but with fidelity, proceed to its shaded parts.

Accept the following remarks on a subject which has escaped the notice of our Birmingham historians. I cannot conceal the prominent vices of my fellow-townsmen, but am compelled to confess, that their ingenuity too frequently takes a direction injurious to the public, and fatal to themselves. Possessing superior skill, in the management and mixture of metals, and cursed with an unfortunate flexibility of talent, whenever trade stagnates, or want assails, they feel no scruple in committing a crime, which is considered by our laws as an usurpation of sovereignty. Though warmly attached to his Majesty's person and government, they take shameful liberties with his sacred *image* and *superscription*. Not many years ago, the whole kingdom was deluged by our spurious halfpence and farthings; but this opprobrium is now so happily removed, that honour has succeeded to infamy,

and genuine copper to adulterated brass. The presses of Soho have completely vindicated our character, by producing a coinage, unrivalled in correctness, elegance, and weight. It is a great pity that this admirable apparatus, which can coin with ease twenty tons of copper per week, should be confined to that metal only. There having been no great effusion of legitimate silver from the mint, since the reign of William III. our currency is in such a depreciated, miserable state, as to be counterfeited with great facility and audacity. Thousands of bad half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences, are fabricated in this town, of all descriptions and denominations, *flats, plated, cast goods, &c.* for the definition of which, consult Colquhoun's excellent Treatise on the Police of the Metropolis. For this we may, in the first place, thank the inadequacy of our laws; statutes that do not *bite*, and provisions that do not apply. The fact is, they are too old and impotent to overtake modern offenders; most, if not all of them, having been enacted previous to the establishment of the button-manufactory in this country; and it is well known, that the same tools, implements, and even colouring materials, are used in making a button \* as in coun-

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\* I saw this process.—GLEANER,

terfeiting a shilling. One of the most recent of these statutes passed in the reign of William III. applies to *milled* money only, and many of our bad silver pieces are *cast*; and, to add to the mischief, the parliamentary allowance, for prosecuting offenders, is too scanty, being fixed at 600*l.* per annum in the time of Queen Anne, and not since augmented, though the evil has increased a hundred fold.

Gold coins are counterfeited here, particularly seven-shilling pieces, but not in the same abundance as silver; and the fame of our workmen has gone forth into other lands, by having most officiously fabricated *black dogs* for the West Indies, *sequins* for Turkey, and *pagodas* for Bengal. Nor are their achievements, with respect to the *crimen falsi*, confined to metals: they can not only gild without gold, but, in making and *smashing* of *screaves*, have displayed great genius and heroism. These words, my friend, will, in vain, send you to your dictionary: not even Bailey, so abundant in *cant* terms, will explain this gibberish. It is from the Birmingham mint, and signifies neither more nor less than making and uttering counterfeit Bank of England notes. The issuing paper, of small value, has thinned the ranks of ingenious iniquity in this place. Vast sums have been expended in prosecutions, but I

hope the gallows has not groaned in vain; and, as some of the veteran sinners perished in the late awful executions, at Washwood-heath, near this town, there is reason to believe that this dreadful blood-stained manufactory is at an end.

About the commencement of the late war, one of our artists counterfeited French assignats with such minute exactness as to puzzle the nicest examination. In vain had our enemies employed the first-rate talents in constructing their paper, and engraving their dies. Nothing could resist Birmingham ingenuity, stimulated by the *male-suada fames*; but why do I mention such an ignoble motive? The aim of the fabricator was great, glorious, and patriotic, being no less than to demolish the whole fabric of the revolution, by destroying the paper basis on which it rested. But, alas! *magnis, excidit ausis*, the poor fellow was neither fortunate enough to impair the French finances nor improve his own, being tricked out of his *paper Exchequer*, by a set of French swindlers.

The riots that have convulsed Birmingham, of late years, have spread a terrific idea of its character. I say of late years, for, previous to 1791, I know of no public commotion in the town. All was peace and harmony; "the

voice of labour sung away its cares ; " and of that tremendous event I wish to say little, for little do I know. The explosion was sudden and unexpected ; all Bedlam seemed to be let loose : the torch of the Furies blazed. An awful mystery hangs over the whole, which will, perhaps, never be developed, until the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed. Permit me to throw the veil of charity over horrors which something perhaps might be said to extenuate, but nothing to justify. It might be said, and I verily believe it to be true, that the vices of the Birmingham populace are the ebullitions of their virtues ; — the excesses of good principles ill-directed, and loyalty run mad. It might be said, — "*sed manum de tabulâ.*"

For some time after this dreadful outrage, a coldnesss, generated by mutual suspicion, took place between the Churchmen and Dissenters ; but, not long ago, they most cordially united in promoting a play for the benefit of their respective seminaries of education, namely, the Blue-coat and Park-street Schools, both of which are excellent institutions for the infant orphan poor. And, as there are most worthy people of both descriptions, and as kindred particles of mind, as well as matter, attract each other, I see with pleasure their

approximation ; and venture to predict that, steeping all the past in oblivion, Birmingham will become *one and indivisible*, when the discordant materials, the “ iron and clay, in the gigantic statue” of France, will burst asunder or crumble to pieces.

Since the above deplorable event, there was a commotion in this town which did honour to the moral feelings of his *majesty*, the mob. It was occasioned by the murder of a soldier in a brothel, which the populace resented, by gutting the houses of certain *impures*, and throwing their furniture into the street. Since that period, there have been two partial insurrections, the one in 1795 and the other in 1800, both of which were, I fear, excited by that powerful agent that “ breaketh through stone walls.” In these dreadful years of scarcity, the mob, women and boys chiefly, rendered frantic by famine, attacked a steam-mill, in the town, that grinds flour; the mischief they did was trifling, and they were easily quelled; but, as is usual in such cases, innocence was involved in the destruction.

And here I cannot help remarking, that the mobs in this town differ from most others in the respect, and even reverence, they have uniformly shewn to the houses of the magistrates and peace-officers. So far from burning

their houses, or threatening their lives, (as was the case in London, from the days of Wat Tyler and Jack Cade, to the last disgraceful riot,) they have never been known to insult their rulers, even in their maddest moments; but, on the contrary, have listened to their admonitions with an attention not to be expected from the “many-headed monster.” This confirms what I have above asserted, that, though their passions are warm and violent, their hearts are good, and their principles sound. No dangerous convulsions can ever happen in future, as the rabble are bridled not only by the barracks, but by the Birmingham Loyal Volunteers, which, though now in a torpid\* state, can soon be waked into new life and vigour.

Having finished the unpleasant part of the sketch, I shall, in my next and concluding letter, endeavour to describe the public charities of the town, together with its trade and manufactures. This is an arduous task; for it is difficult to trace who made the first buckle or button. Wonders, we know, have been performed in little more than a hundred years,

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\* The torpidity here spoken of has now grown, by the military passion of the times and preparation for events, into an almost constant, yet unwearied, *principle of action*. — GLEANER.

but by whom, and at what precise periods, is, in many cases, very dubious and uncertain. Many persons, who, on the score of ingenuity and invention, deserved the appellation of benefactors to the town, were humble in their origin, confined in their circumstances, or obscure in their stations; and it is a lamentable fact, that their names, having never been recorded in the page of history, have faded from the tablet of living memory. Some, who moved in a higher sphere, or whose inventions or improvements were more striking, or, being crowded into a smaller compass of time, shone with greater splendour, are not unknown to fame. I will endeavour to rescue as many of the rest as I possibly can from the gulph of oblivion, but I do most solemnly assure you, "*Apparent-rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*"

I am,

Mr. Gleaner, &c.

J. Morfitt.

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MY ingenious correspondent having observed, in one of his letters, that "there could be no necessity for giving all his papers in a series; my plan admitting the introduction of other matter, direct or collateral;" and that it might, indeed, "be the most pleasant so to va-

riegate the information," I shall now proceed with my own collections: which, in effect, will in some measure serve in the way of commentary to his text, — many of the same objects being discussed.

In my first traverse, about eleven in the forenoon, after the glut of the market morning already described, the general tranquillity, and, by comparison, the scanty traffic and throng in the streets appeared almost inconsistent with the constant spirit of commerce that is known to animate the place. I had now leisure for uninterrupted attention to those diversified objects of still life, which engage the eye of the passenger on every side. I examined the endless variety of splendid or delicate inventions, which the shop of Richards, and numerous other persons, displayed to the admiring view. I beheld, through a single pane of glass, sufficient to decorate the dressing table of an oriental princess! and, through another, piles of more solid articles, wrought, in gold and silver, to the polish of the most exquisite mirror. I passed composedly on, in the spirit of the hermit,

"Sedate to think, and watching each event."

The libraries, of course, did not pass neg-

lected. Those merely of the circulating kind might, in this town, as in every other, be well called toyshops for the head, and not improperly succeeded those I had left for the eye, with less, perhaps, of ingenious exertion, or sterling value, yet more of tinsel and show. But, in Birmingham, there are few literary toyshops which are independent of more estimable matter; and some there are who wholly exclude these vapours of the brain. Passing on, my curiosity was much excited by observing, at the window, of Piercy, in Bull-street, a most taking title; to a Gleaner more especially, and which I shall here subjoin, in a note.\*

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\* "The Life and Adventures of JOB NOTT, BUCKLE-MAKER, of Birmingham; first Cousin to the celebrated Button Burnisher; and Author of *Advice to sundry Sorts of Folks*.

AS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

With here and there a CAP for those that they'll fit;  
Here and there a DRESSING for those that have *sore* places;  
And here and there a FLOGGING for those that deserve it.

To which was added the following appropriate mottoes:

*Seest thou a man diligent in his business? This man shall stand before Kings.*  
*He that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity, and the rod of his anger shall fail.*

King Solomon, — Proverbs 22d chap.

Entering the shop, and turning over the leaf, I was greatly

My curiosity being now kindled, I felt so much good-will towards my friend Job Nott, as to make some inquiries into the particulars of his reasons for writing, &c. I then discovered that, ten years ago, honest Job saw, with aching heart, and great alarm, that sedition was gaining ground very fast in Birmingham. He heard of insidious clubs to entrap the unwary; he witnessed the growth of

pleased with the brevity and honesty of his style. "To whom can I so properly dedicate my book," says Job, "as to the *Merchants, Factors, Manufacturers*, and other worthy inhabitants of this noble town of Birmingham, you on every occasion show how desirous you are to spread plenty and happiness over this highly favoured town. Even in the course of the last week you have subscribed near 1400*l.* for the purpose of supplying the poor people, who are out of employ, with sixpenny loaves for three-pence a piece. For myself, I am proud of belonging to such a place; a place where every man may get forwards by his industry, as you and I have done:—And happy it is that the same road lies open, *at present*, for every one, and will remain so, if the world is not turned up side down by the Jacobins, who are industrious in nothing but in sowing sedition, in hopes of setting the nation in a blaze: filching from the affrighted inhabitants, and running away by the light.

And so wishing unanimity and good trade to this flourishing town,

I remain, as before,

Your's to command,

JOB NOTT.

insubordination, and the danger of the small books and papers which were daily issuing from the press of sedition. To hold up these reforming spirits to ridicule ; to arrest the attention of the lower orders, both by style, incident, and character, whilst he instilled into their minds morality, loyalty, and a just sense of the blessings of our glorious constitution, seems to have been his invariable aim. I collected, with some difficulty, such of the numbers of his little manual as I could ; and when I had leisure, from the more intense and tumultuous objects around me, to examine them, I found so much pertinence of remark, shrewdness of head, warmth of heart, and unlaboured expression in his observations and advices, that I set down, in my note book, Mr. Job Nott as amongst the “ wisest, discreetest, and best,” not only of the community of Birmingham, but of his country. He is a man, not simply of “ pith and moment,” as confined to the good order and good sense of any one provincial town, but his sentiments and warnings ought to be thickly spread over the whole surface—yea, and penetrate into the recesses, the *sly* as well as by-places—of the British empire ; because their locality is narrow, and their general importance,

especially in *these times*, extremely wide. They tend to strengthen the national compact, and to make the social bond touch at all points; they are in a style flowing from the heart: and, instead of weakening, are calculated to make the chain of commerce, of amity, of peace, and good-will amongst men, more firm, polished, and powerful.\*

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\* From his first paper of advice, &c. published the 18th of February, 1792, I select the following specimen:

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR,

You have hard duty — but you must bear it. The complaints of the poor, one after another, are wearisome: but Poverty's tale should be heard with patience. It is a time to be more tender-hearted and more liberal than common. Many who talk to you have hardly strength to talk; — the bread many obtain will hardly satisfy the cravings of nature. A sensible and discreet elderly man and his wife, without children, at a good salary, to make it perfectly worth their while, should, in my opinion, be engaged by you, whose sole business it should be to visit the out-poor; and, in a book, for your inspection, a daily account should be kept of the poor they have visited. Thus the more modest poor would be distinguished from the clamorous and imposing crew; and, when the town can afford it,

A LARGE POOR-HOUSE

should be built to take all in that want such comfort. This house ought to be built in a way that the poor might be divided; for it's shocking that a reduced decent person should be obliged to herd with the vilest and the dirtiest of the human

After a very strict and general inquiry into this subject, pursuing it through every direc-

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species. There should be work-rooms also, and every body obliged to work that can.

#### VISITING THE POOR.

While I am upon this subject, I cannot help recommending this great charity to the rich, who have no idea of the wretchedness of the poor. I would advise them to look at their beds, and examine into all their wants. It would have a two-fold good, — nay, a ten-fold good. The poor, in proportion as they were visited, advised, and relieved, would become more and more clean, and, consequently, more healthy; — it would be an irksome task at first, but it would be a Christian's task, and every time be more agreeable.

#### BROTHER ARTIFICERS,

The badness of trade, and the dearness of bread, certainly makes the shoe pinch hard; but necessity is the mother of invention, and we should all, when we are in a great strait, set our thoughts to work to make the best of a bad bargain. At any rate, let it not be our care to make *bad worse*, either by idleness, drunkenness, or wastefulness. God Almighty has been good to us a great many years. Think what distress other countries have suffered while we have been fed to the full.

One word more, and I have done. I wish you all happy, as you well know; and, as I wish your children to grow up to your credit, and their own advantage, you should rise early and work hard, and give your wives all the money you can get, that they may not be obliged to go *out* for work, but stay at home with their children; for, unless that is the case, children are so badly nursed that, if they live, which is a chance, they grow up with all kinds of diseases. Behave dutifully and respectfully to those neighbours whom God's Pre-

tion, I have accumulated reasons for believing that no papers have had a more impressive or

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vidence has placed in superior situations to yourselves, and he will, my word for it, raise you up helping friends. Act as I have advised, and you'll be happy.

#### MY SISTER ARTIFCERS.

I must now talk a little to you, for the happiness of this town depends more upon you than many are aware of — the children put to bed — a good fire — a clean hearth — a tidy wife — and pleasant looks — fixes a man snug in his two armed chair; and, instead of the evening being spent with a brother drunkard and a tankard, it is spent with a kind wife and a book. If more of this took place, we should not see the misery we do.

If, my sister artificers, you would buy every thing at the best hand, full weight, and full measure, your husband's money would go half as far again, — management! management! is every thing. I know a man who never got above ten shillings a week, who reared eight children, and saved a hundred pounds. But his wife was a good manager. But the great misfortune is, that many women who marry, in our great town, know nothing about household affairs. Cooking and sewing they know no more of than clock-making. There is an institution, and ere long I hope to see more of them, — to teach the young women, who are growing up, how to become useful wives. Hitherto it has been the unfortunate practice, in this town, to make the female part of every poor family

#### SHOP WENCHES.

They go in young and innocent, but, to often, by mixing with men and impudent boys, become depraved and debauched characters. All that they can do is to burnish and file, &c. and all that they get is spent in fine clothes and drop ear-rings;

extensive effect on the lower classes of the people, since the Drapier's Letters of Swift,

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and their delight is to sing and dance at twopenny hops; and walk about the streets to show themselves. To such, I fear, it is in vain to preach; but, to the rising generation of females, I would say a word. If it be possible, fix upon that sort of work which you can do at home. If you cannot do this, engage yourselves where you can work with your own sex, out of the hearing of the vulgarity and obscenity which your ears are too often obliged to hear. What you get spend in useful things rather than ornamental; fill up your time by learning that which all wives ought to know.

I wish that several good women would set up schools to teach these useful arts, for to learn those things, my sister artificers, would answer your end in every point of view, — you would be more independent of others, and you would marry sooner and better. For when a sober young man, of common sense and industry, is looking out for a *wife*, he does not look for a bold, dressy creature, that can burnish, and file, and sing, and dance, and dress, and strut about the streets with drop ear-rings; but one that can read, and spin, and sew, and knit, and mend, and make, and boil his mutton, and brew a peck of malt, and wash, and iron. And *example* draws where *precept* fails. And what is to be expected from children who witness the return of every Sunday without one effort, on the parents part, to go to church. This is a very melancholy evil, and will do a great deal to undo all that is done for the children, at so much expense, kindness, and labour.

#### MEN MILLINERS.

While I was writing to the shop wenches not to do men's work, it seemed to me that it was equally improper for men

than the publications of Job Nott. Although there were plenty of writers in the good cause, their books were not only too expensive, but they were written in a style less likely to arrest the attention of the common working people. Government had nothing to fear from people of property. It was from the numerous hardy poor that this country had every thing to dread. Neither were the lower orders at all disposed to take council from the rich, whose advice they were taught to suspect: therefore, better educated epistles were, as to them, nearly useless. It, therefore, occurred to Job, who had witnessed the good effects of a little thing by *John Nott*, to claim

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to do that which more properly belonged to women. How ridiculous is it to see a great fellow, six feet high, dangling along the street with a band-box, or twisting himself behind the counter, in a hundred forms, with “this is a neat feather, I'll put it in at half-a-crown.” These Jemmys, who rob the women of their proper employment, may be the cause of much mischief in society, by laying temptations in their way, to get money otherwise. I have desired my Betty to lay out all her money with the women milliners, even should it cost a trifle more.

Nature, when Jemmy's clay was blending,  
Uncertain what *the thing* would end in,  
Whether a female or a male,  
A pin dropt in and turned the scale.

a relationship; and, by addressing them in their own way, seize their attention, while he instilled into their minds morality and loyalty; and Job himself tells us, he “has reason to believe that great good has been done by these simple addresses, both to the people themselves, to government, and to the country:” not only the well-disposed were kept in *statue quo*, but Jacobinism was checked, by its abettors being constantly held up to ridicule.

From Bull-street I ascended the hill, which is crowned with one of the most conspicuous and justly-celebrated of the public buildings, the church of St. Philip's. The ground that encircles it has been called, and not improperly, one of the most spacious and attractive in England. But it is, like most others, exposed to many irreverent practices, from which places consecrated to the dead ought to be exempted. My esteemed correspondent has struck at this with becoming spirit, but I must go more at length into the subject. New church-yard is a common thoroughfare, in several directions. I object, in the first instance, to this, but far less than to what passes in it, from the twilight to deep in the night hour. The boys and girls are no sooner loosed from the schools and manufactories than they throng, in shoals, into the hallowed spot, as a

play-ground. They are seen at leap-frog over the graves, at marbles on the tomb-stones, at chuck-farthing, the skipping rope, and at driving the top and the hoop round the walks; while the scream, the shout, and the curse, are heard, to the annoyance of every chaste ear, and the pain of every feeling heart. Nor is this, perhaps, the worst; for, as the night deepens, a contemplative man, who loves to pass the pensive hour in a holy place, is prevented, as it were, from holding a communion with the dead, by the wanton disturbers, who add sacrilege to obscenity.

But, on the Sunday evenings, these indecorums are still more reprehensible. It is then that the prescribed duties of public worship, in the former parts of the day, are inverted. The ignorance and idleness—for the offenders are, in general, too young and too illiterate to commit a wilful crime—of the whole town, seem then to be emptied into the church-yard. It is then the boys and girls, from five to twelve years of age and upwards, meet together, without parent, pastor, or guide, and are turned over to their own devices. They dance in rings upon some of the flat tombstones; the smaller ones play at hide and seek, among the graves;—they fling handfuls of the new mould at each other, and shout in

triumph, or cry in defeat. The larger boys hunt one another; one acts as the hare, the rest as the hounds. They absolutely run one another down, in this mock chase, and do not give up the pursuit, till their legs, hands, and voices, are no longer able to sustain their wanton diversions. The little violators jump for wages over the dead, to see how many more graves one trespasser can leap than another; and, still worse, soldiers are mustered and roll called in this devoted place.

You will judge of the situation in which the burial grounds of this town are left by these little sabbath-breakers. Yet, this very church-yard is one of the fashionable walks of the place, and I am just come from seeing some very genteel people, of both sexes, taking the round of the beautiful trees which form the mall, but I did not perceive, in any of their countenances, the least degree of that irreverence which had so offended me; although I cannot have a doubt but they were, in general, alive to worthy and delicate sensations. Custom, however, makes us scarce see or hear what is daily presented to our eyes and ears; which may account for all the living inhabitants, if I may so say, of the church-yard being blind and deaf to this indecorum. To understand what I mean by living inhabitants, you

must be told, that one of the most polite parts of this great town is a semicircle of elegant houses, which have the spire for their vista, and the graves of thousands for their prospect. Perhaps, from that very reason, they see what the latter rioters are, constantly, and what looking upon, less than any other of their townsmen. It may, indeed, be questioned, arguing from the force of habits, whether they hear the bells,

I trust that readers of any purity of mind will not deem these remarks either severe or unnecessary: more mischief arises from the practice than is generally known. This early habit of rendering the repositories of death familiar, and, as it were, sporting with the dust and bones of our forefathers, takes off the just sense and pious awe which such places are calculated to inspire; it lessens the respect we bear sacred things, till they lose their impression and their merit. The last duties, which are paid by human beings to each other, are very tender and very solemn. In this immense church-yard, which is loaded with the mortality of eighty years, there are thousands of living inhabitants, who have a parent, or child, or friend, committed to that spot. It must often happen that some of those living persons amongst other passengers approach the narrow cells where their kinsfolk are laid. What

must be their sensations at the view of any of the irreverences I have described?

This offence against decency and affection might easily be avoided. The saving of a pitance of ground is all that can, in general, be gained, by making a church-yard a thoroughfare. It should *be locked up*, as a few, indeed, are, except when the interesting offices, to which they should alone be devoted, are to be performed. This simple mode would not only prove an effectual bar to the evils I have enumerated, but it would restore the sacred *ideas*, which always associate with the grave and with death, when the mind is left free to natural emotions.

I cannot hastily quit this subject, without noticing a still more atrocious practice in many country church-yards, where the sheep \* and pigs, belonging to the farmer, are allowed to graze and evitable among the dead ; and even the horses of the rector or vicar (the curate usually waits the power to commit the offence,) are turned to grass among his late parishioners and congregation.†

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\* I was concerned to perceive, in my recent visit to Southampton, the like indecent circumstance prevail in the church-yard of St. Mary's. I counted eight cows feeding on the verdure of the graves ; and, on inquiry, find it was a common practice.

† I must moreover, in this place, take occasion to desire such of my brother travellers as are somewhat infidel, on the

A most attaching object, and in perfect keeping with this, next caught my view, I mean the charity-school.\* Never could any edifice be

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subject of dressing the Welch graves, mentioned in the foregoing letter, to give themselves the trouble of going to see the church-yards in the places described, or, at least, making a fair inquiry, before they are so free in the use of the words “overcharged, improbable, impossible,” &c.

\* Hutton tells us, that this artificial family consists of about ninety scholars, of both sexes, over which preside a governor and governess, both single. Behind the apartments is a large area, appropriated for the amusement of the infant race, necessary as their food. Great decorum is preserved in this little society, who are supported by annual contribution, and by a collection made after sermon twice a year.

At twelve or fourteen, the children are removed into the commercial world, and often acquire an affluence, that enables them to support that foundation which formerly supported them.

It is worthy of remark, that those institutions, which are immediately upheld by the temporary hand of the giver, flourish in continual spring, and become real benefits to society; while those which enjoy a perpetual income are often tinctured with supineness, and dwindle into obscurity. The first usually answers the purpose of the living, the last seldom that of the dead.

He adds, that, about thirty years ago, the Dissenters established a school, upon nearly the same plan as the former, consisting of about eighteen boys and eight girls, with this improvement, that the boys are inured to moderate labour, and the girls to house-work.

The annual subscriptions seem to be willingly paid, thankfully received, and judiciously expended.

more congenially placed, and its emblems are most affectingly appropriate.

Our first impressions, when the heart is their source, and benevolence the object that draws them from their fountain, may generally be trusted, and are never to be suspected of an unworthy motive. The figures of a charity boy and girl, in the uniform of the institution, are placed over the door; and executed, as Mr. Hutton observes, with a degree of elegance, that a Roman statuary would not have blushed to own. But I was more touched with the modest posture and *character* in these little images. They *looked* all that pious gratitude could have *spoken*; and perhaps the excess of every great sensation depends rather on the eloquence of silence than words. The primary idea, on surveying this fair edifice, on the very edge of the church-yard, and inhabited by a rising generation, was extremely interesting. I considered it as a nursery of life to repair the waste of death! a repository, filled with a succession of beings, to supply the loss of those, by the ravages of that power, who had trampled under foot so many hundreds of generations—thousands might, with equal truth, have been the word, and within a few solemn paces of that nursery. I entered the school, and the same idea gained strength at every step,

and at every glance. My mind ran into the most penetrating associations. With the speed of thought, I passed on from time present, when all was life, youth, and animation, to the time advancing, when every creature shall be covered with dust, and the grass wave over their bones, even as it does over the mouldered heaps which form the immediate prospect from the seminary! The simplest thoughts often touch most deeply, when the mind is pensively excited. I never felt a more awful moment.

As I was returning from hence, by the beautiful ranges of trees that surround the burial-ground, I encountered a person in a more than half-worn suit of sables, with quick violent step, yet solemn air, pacing the avenue. He passed me with a swift foot, and, after glancing eager frowns, from a sallow visage, he thrust into my hand, without either ceremony or speech, the following card :

### *On Swearing.*

Weak is the excuse that is on custom built,  
The use of sinning lessens not the guilt.

SIR ROBERT BOYLE.

“ Stop for a moment! Carefully consider thou that hast thus long continued the career of corruption, and sacrificed thy soul at the shrine of sin and folly. “ *Thou shalt not take the name*

*of the Lord thy God in vain.*" Dost thou dare to tempt omnipotence, or violate his holy law, written also in thy heart? Attend to the still small voice of conscience—poor cowardly creature, whose existence depends on his will, and life is but a span; thou knowest not that the morrow shall be thine: what hast thou to plead? a vice without a gratification! This nation groans greatly beneath the **SIN OF SWEARING**: Blush for thy past folly, and crave help, for thy future amendment, of him who can again renew thee! Initiate thyself into virtuous freedom. Truth needs not tattered ornaments to adorn, but, simply arrayed, it sweetly persuades. The **GOD** of all truth, even **CHRIST**, who is willing to be thy Redeemer, hath commanded his followers, "*Swear not at all.*" Forsake the foolish, and live a new life even to his glory; for time is short, and altogether uncertain the grant."

I afterwards understood that the circulator of the card had taken the country in different directions; sometimes on foot, sometimes in carriages, but more frequently on the roofs or boxes of these, distributing from his satchel or his pockets similar admonitions, as well to the inhabitants of the towns through which he went as to his fellow-passengers, and to persons he encountered on the road.

Not seldom, as he journeyed on, or paused by the way, did he harangue the mob, particularly upon the sin which was stigmatized in his printed paper. The enthusiasm might, perhaps, from being too broad and strong, affect his transient auditors with that ridicule, which is even, in grave dispositions, almost inseparable from ludicrous gesture and manners ; instead of exciting pious awe, that the truths he inculcated might require. And, possibly, he might travel with a wounded mind ; his heart, nevertheless, might be sincerely warmed, by a devotion, genuine, though irregular and informal. We should think well before we set down to the account of a wild and warped imagination what breathes the *spirit*, at least, though it is not uttered in the still small voice of a more disciplined and temperate expression. It is with concern I add, that had he—good man!—circulated *sacks* of these little warnings, on the vice in question, there might have been found appropriate receivers in the lower classes, that at particular periods of the day and night crowd the streets of Birmingham.

While I was yet following the train of the foregoing reflections, my ears were assailed by the sudden confusion of so many clamorous voices, and clattering feet, that I absolutely startled with alarm, till I found the occasion of it. This was no other than the noon-tide

shoals that were poured from the different manufactories almost in countless multitudes to take their dinner. All ages and sexes, all shapes and sizes, dresses and almost undresses, from neatness down to rags, and nearly to *nakedness*, were thronging tumultuously along every path of this church-yard, which could scarcely have appeared more crowded had its graves given up their inhabitants. I followed several knots and trains in the direction of the avenue wherein I stood ; and had but too powerful a manifestation of the prevalence of the sin reprobated in the card ; oaths, no less unprovoked than dire, were to be heard on all hands, though uttered more in wantonness, from continued bad habit than from any bad intention : and yet, in general, perhaps without the idea of the wickedness of the practice. At the same time, a vast concourse of the persons then hurrying forward were eager only to reach their repast, and proceeded to their respective destinations, without the least offence whatever to manners or morals, and earnest to make the most of the narrow interval betwixt labour and refreshment.

I hasted to different parts of the town, and observed every street I could reach loaded in the like way, to the like end ! The industrious bees, which lie mostly concealed, during the day,

in the warehouses, or workshops, either high in air, or deep under the earth, seemed to have left their hives and cells, to wander awhile in search of a transient meal, and then return to their short-suspended labours. I had, you know, been examining the silent *effects* of the diversified beauties and utilities that, in so extraordinary a degree, embellish the exterior of this wonderful and ever-busy place ; and I now had in view the no less wonderful active *causes*. And, besides the pleasure (barring the above-mentioned drawback) of observing so many hundreds (thousands still escaping unseen) of persons, continually employed, repairing to the comforts which awaited them at their homes, in reward of that employment it was a speculation not a little curious, to consider that such tribes of dusky dark-looking beings were the artificers—often the inventors—of those graceful and elegant ornaments, and of those gorgeous and more expensive articles which are so much coveted, and add so much to the imaginary, if not real importance of the rich and beautiful. A more composed spectator would have gone with the subject, and all that associated therewith, into its philosophical retirements. Hurried as I was by a variety of circumstances, thus whirling immediately under my eye, I felt, very impressively, the connection betwixt all ranks

and conditions and classes of men; and perceived the force of that union, which arises from the dependence of one on the help of the other, towards the general harmonious movements of society. I beheld, in clear illustration, that, considering the present forms and usages of the world, this was right, and as it should be; and though, after I had withdrawn from the public scene to the private apartment where I have been writing this account, some heavy reflections accompanied me, to leaven the satisfaction, I was, on the whole, much gratified with my morning's tour.

In confidence that this gratification will travel unimpaired to you, or at least so much of its unevaporated spirit as can be folded in paper, I bid you, with genuine heart,

Farewell.

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MUCH had I heard of the drinking-houses in this place, so famous, as Mr. Morfitt observes, for good ale, and justly called *smoke-shops*; for, in a room twenty feet long, twelve or fourteen wide, and eight high, you may find, in an

evening, thirty or forty men, every one with a pipe in his mouth, and a glass of ale before him. In the windows are many little ventilators made of tin; and need enough there is for them. Report says, that if any of the company are wanted, the waiter, who is not permitted to call them out by name, takes a pair of bellows to disperse the smoke from the faces of the drinkers, till he finds the man he wants. This joke upon the smoke-shop frequenters, though doubtless, not literally true, prevented the Gleaner from venturing his head into such an atmosphere. Deploring the effects of these places, which must, I fear, have a tendency to injure the health and fortunes of the frequenters, I was somewhat consoled to find that they were in general, not only what my correspondent called them, "*happy and hearty*," but *loyal* souls. I wish not their *principles* changed; but I hope, if I live to see this place again, to find the *habits* of this class of manufacturers a good deal changed; for, doubtless, in addition to the bad effects to *themselves*, the *example* to their *workmen* must be extremely pernicious. But the upper classes here, I take a pleasure in repeating, are truly polite and hospitable. The theatre and assembly-rooms adjoining are of the first respectability. The assembly-room, at Styles's hotel, is truly a magnificent place; and, from the beauty and fashion,

&c. with which it is filled, there is no room to doubt but that there are very many families, both in the town and its vicinity, of great taste, education, and refinement.

Birmingham, in 1781 contained 125 streets, 12,000 houses, and 50,000 people. The annual rents about £70,000. I judge the weekly returns in trade are about the same sum as the annual rent of the buildings.

In 1791, the streets were increased to 203, the houses to 12,681, and the inhabitants to 73,653; the weekly returns in trade, as to the annual rents, about £90,000. But the unfortunate war of 1793, not only ruined the manufactorys, and put a stop to the trowel, but, by drawing 15,000 men into the army, left near 3000 houses empty. This, I believe, was the first decline Birmingham ever experienced.

Small indeed, observes Mr. Morfitt, in an added remark on church-yards, must have been the population of the antient town, if we may judge from the scanty portion of ground allotted for the burying-place of the Old Church, where, until the consecration of the new, "slept the rude forefathers" of the town. As the people were augmented, the *human* mould increased in such proportion, that, according to the facetious Birmingham historian, "instead of the church burying the dead, the dead would soon have buried the church."

I will just note, while the fact is fresh in my view, that Birmingham is the only town, in England, in which I have ever observed the windows washed on the outside by an engine, as in Holland: here however only partially, there, universally.

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*St. Paul's Square, Birmingham,  
9th March, 1803.*

Mr. Gleaner,

IN my last hasty epistle I endeavoured to give some account of the mixed ingredients that compose the Birmingham character; and from that account, lame and imperfect as it is, you will perceive that the lower classes are liable to irritation, and violent when irritated, yet, by no means savage or intractable. I have frequently said, that “the liquor was rich, though the scum was foul;” but, on cooler reflection, think the last epithet too harsh. By way of proof, permit me to mention, what I ought to have mentioned before, their uncommon partiality for gardens and gardening. Like the antient Romans, they are all fond of cultivating their cabbages, yet not for profit, but pleasure. In

consequence of this horticultural propensity, the town is, in every direction, bordered by gardens; and, in the language of poetry, invested by a zone of vegetable beauty, in which are stuck, by way of grotesque ornaments, arbours, and summer-houses of all the forms that untutored fancy can devise. Into these rural recesses, most of which lie at a considerable distance, and some a mile or more from the habitations of their owners, retire the merchant, manufacturer, and mechanic, to relieve the *tedium* of the counting-house, and the labours of the workshop. Here the sons of the anvil "relax their ponderous strength." Yet, though the rural principle is triumphant, it cannot entirely extirpate the habits of the town. Many of the little fabrics, dignified with the name of summer-houses, though in general built in a sovereign contempt of all the orders of architecture, contain a commodious repository for their favourite beverage; and in all of them it is accounted a luxury to smoke a pipe; without this auxiliary, the *divini gloria raris* loses its charms in the eyes of a Birmingham mechanic; yet still this propensity bespeaks a refined taste, and dispositions naturally quiescent. Is it probable that a race of savages should erect altars to Flora, or that people fond of riot, confusion, or plunder,

should take delight in the tranquil recreations of a garden.\*

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\* I must confess I was no less than my estimable correspondent delighted with the abundance of ground thus laid into upwards of a thousand gardens. From the point at which I took my observation, they formed a Chinese view, with little fanciful temples, and various arbourage, calculated for recreation and use. It was refreshing even to think of so many thousands of ingenious creatures retiring to their flowery nooks and verdant recesses, after bending over the counter, working at the anvil, filing or nailing throughout the day. I looked at it, even with something of a tender satisfaction, as equally conducive to health, virtue, and domestic happiness.—GLEANEER.

On quitting the above prospect, I was reminded of some excellent thoughts on the utility of the sedentary, and laborious, in large towns and cities, thus employing their leisure; and will here allow them a place, because the occasion is apt, and they unite the best moral and medical advice on good authority.—IBID.

“Instead of multiplying rules for preserving the health of the sedentary,” says Dr. Buchan, “we shall recommend to them the following general plan, viz. That every person who follows a sedentary employment should cultivate a piece of ground with his own hands. This he might dig, plant, sow, and weed at leisure hours, so as to make it both an exercise and amusement, while it produces many of the necessaries of life. After working an hour in a graden, a man will return with more keenness to his employment within doors, than if he had been all the while idle.

“Labouring the ground is every way conducive to health. It not only gives exercise to every part of the body, but the very smell of the earth and fresh herbs revives and cheers the spirits,

Here are lodges of free-masons, bucks, druids, odd-fellows, and knights of the wood.

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whilst the perpetual prospect of something coming to maturity, delights and entertains the mind. We are so formed as to be always pleased with somewhat in prospect, however distant, or however trivial. Hence the happiness that most men feel in planting, sowing, building, &c. These seem to have been the chief employments of the more early ages: and, when kings and conquerors cultivated the ground, there is reason to believe, that they knew as well wherein true happiness consisted as we do.

“ It may seem romantic to recommend gardening to manufacturers in great towns; but observation proves that the plan is very practicable. In the town of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, where the great iron manufacture is carried on, there is hardly a journeyman cutler who does not possess a piece of ground, which he cultivates as a garden: this practice has many salutary effects. It not only induces these people to take exercise without doors, but also to eat many greens, root, &c. of their own growth, which they would never think of purchasing. There can be no reason why manufacturers in Great Britain should not follow the same plan. It is, indeed, to be regretted, that in such a place as London, a plan of this kind is not practicable; yet, even there, sedentary artificers may find opportunities of taking air and exercise, if they choose to embrace them.”

Every true patriot will, at a time like the present, when bread is again advancing with hasty strides, endeavour to collect all the arguments which the wise and good have brought forward to lessen this growing evil: what follows is earnestly submitted.

“ The culture of grain is the culture of men. While the husbandman is raising food for his fellow-creatures, he is laying the foundation of health and longevity to himself and his off-

To describe these is to me impossible; but, I am convinced, the principle of most of them is

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spring. Innumerable benefits are connected with the culture of grain. While the artificer is sitting in some awkward posture, breathing confined, and perhaps contaminated air, the cultivator of soil rises with the sun, eats his wholesome meal of milk and farinaceous food, hies him to the field, where he spends his days in useful labour, inhales the fresh breezes, and at eve returns home with a keen appetite to join his simple repast and sound repose.

“ It has been said, as artificers can earn more money than those who cultivate the ground, that buts ought to encouraged, and grain, of necessity, imported. No manufacture is equal to the manufacture of grain. It supplies food for man and beast, while the surplus, by being exported, enriches the nation. Nor is it subject to the uncertainty of other manufactures. They often depend on fashion and caprice, but the necessities of life will always find their value somewhere. Though I am convinced that some regulations are wanting for the encouragement of agriculture, I do not consider it as my province to dictate to the wisdom of legislature. They know their duty, and I have reason to believe that they are inclined to pay it all due attention.

“ I will venture, however, to assert, that if proper encouragement were given to agriculture, Britain would, at all times, not only have a sufficiency of grain for her own consumption, but a surplus for exportation. This would contribute more to her real wealth, the happiness of her people, and the stability of her government, than either the increase of her trade, the flourishing of her manufacturers, or the extension of her territory.”

It is unquestionably matter of real regret and wonder that

philanthropy; and of all, harmless hilarity. The inhabitants seem to have a voracious appetite for reading, which is amply gratified by two large subscription libraries,\* exclusive of many circulating ones, particularly that of Mr. Lowe, our law-stationer, which, in its compliment of novels, romances, and other books of fancy and amusement, is perhaps exceeded by no other provincial collection in the kingdom. Even the working mechanics have, by a small weekly contribution, accumulated a number of useful books, which they denominate the *Artist's repository*. Chemical studies, so well adapted to the place, have of late become fash-

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Britain, at a time when agriculture is cultivated as a science, should not be able to raise grain for the supply of her own inhabitants, but become every year more dependant on foreign states for even the necessaries of life. Until an adequate remedy can be found for this growing evil, the free use of the various substitutes for bread cannot fail to alleviate the calamities of the poor, and to reduce the price of labour. The great consumption of animal food and the immense number of horses kept in this country are to be reckoned among the causes of the scarcity of grain. Mr. Mackie computes the number of horses in this country to be about two millions, and that every horse, on an average, consumes the produce of three fertile acres; consequently, the produce of six millions of fertile acres is annually consumed by horses.

\* Pearson's is also to be distinguished; so, likewise, is Grafton and Reddell's.

ionable, and even some ladies talk with facility about *oxygen* and *azote*, *hydrogen* and the *carbonic acid*. With respect to the *learned professions*, this town suffers not in comparison with others of equal magnitude; but here, as well as elsewhere, you must expect

“ Some half-bred Surgeons, whom men Doctors call,  
And Lawyers, who were never bred at all.”

In Birmingham, **CHARITY** “ never faileth;” and, to its immortal honour, the hallowed flame has uniformly burnt the brightest, in the darkest scenes of adversity and distress. Never, since the town had existence, was it more exhausted than during the late war; and yet, never were its charities supported with greater vigour.

We have a large, elegant, and commodious General Hospital, established in 1799, since which period have been admitted 14,988 in-patients, and 11,550 out-patients. The receipts of last year were 2197*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.* and the in-patients 803, the out-patients 655. As the lyre of Amphion is said, in *fable*, to have raised the walls of Thebes, the harp of Handel may be said, in *fact*, to have finished this noble pile. Though begun by charity, it was perfected by the profits of an oratorio, and every three years it is ably supported by its original auxiliary. The medical attendants on this institution are

restricted to four physicians, and four surgeons, exclusive of the house-apothecary ; but this regulation is, in my humble opinion, neither very liberal nor very wise, as it necessarily excludes some men of merit, and weakens the stimulus of exertion. I see, by the last report, that twelve clergymen read prayers to the patients, by rotation, and more are requested to undertake that pious office. Is it not strange that the number of physicians of the soul should be unlimited, and that of the curators of the body, narrowed to nine, the house apothecary inclusive ; and that these should be appointed for life, without the solicitude of re-election, or the fear of competition ? *Absit invidia.* I mean not to offend—the present medical assistants are, I verily believe, able and upright, skilful and conscientious ; but where is the necessity, where the policy, of confining near 1500 patients to the gratuitous care and superintendence of four surgeons only, who are all of them deeply engaged in a large and lucrative private practice ? If this observation is weak, let it be exposed ; if it is erroneous, let it be refuted : but I shall ask no man's pardon for speaking the honest dictates of my heart.

We have likewise an excellent Dispensary, excellent both in its plan and its execution, since the first institution of which, about nine

years ago, have been admitted 9493 patients; and the report of last year is as follows; 1023 sick patients, 139 midwife ditto, 303 vaccine inoculation. It is most assiduously attended by three physicians, six surgeons, besides a consulting surgeon, a visiting and a dispensing apothecary: but you will not find among its rules, the radical error of restraining the number of medical assistants. Simply to mention that though the patients in the last year amounted to 1470, the expenditure was 330*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.* only, will supply the place of a more laboured eulogium. This admirable charity was formed under the auspices of Matthew Boulton, and does "honour to its creator in the days of its youth."

There is a charity in this town, called the Blue Coat School, which receives children of both sexes, from the age of seven to fourteen, at which time the boys are bound apprentices, and the girls go out to service. This is an institution which I never contemplate but with unmixed satisfaction. I am pleased with every thing in it and about it: with its fine stone front, its airy ample rooms, and the general aspect of health, comfort, and cleanliness, in all its apartments. The average number of children is from 100 to 150, and there is room for 150 more. It was founded in 1724, and is intirely

supported by voluntary subscriptions, occasional legacies, and two sermons, preached every year for its benefit. The objects of this charity are friendless orphans, or the children of such poor people as cannot supply them with food and raiment: all the children are taught to read, write, and cast accounts; and the girls to sew, knit, and do household business. The accomplishment of drawing has been lately added by the philanthropical assistance of an able master and admired architect, Mr. Hollis, of this town. Notwithstanding an exhausting war, and unproductive peace, great efforts have been made to cherish this excellent *human nursery*: that benevolence which first planted the “withered twigs” continues still to “water them” with unremitting assiduity and care. It may be said, in some degree, to support itself; for those who were educated here, and now move in a respectable sphere of life, have established among themselves, what they call, a *Club of Gratitude*, the members of which contribute a certain sum monthly, for the purpose of recruiting that parental treasury to which they were originally indebted for the ability to contribute. The charity has likewise, for the last three years, been invigorated by the indefatigable gratuitous exertions of the ingenuous Mr. Weston, of Solihull, near this town, a

gentleman in whom, as in one of the antient bards, are united the powers of poetry and music, and who is a perfect enthusiast in the cause of humanity. The wood-notes of Innocence, always pleasing, have, under his discipline, acquired a pathos that sends them directly to the heart. He has taught the children to chaunt, correctly, the customary parts of divine service, and to sing the occasional hymns written, set, and accompanied by himself, in a style of precision and taste that astonishes those who are not acquainted with the docility of the pupils, and the powers of the master. In this town especially, Music, under the direction of Genius, assumes a most amiable character, acting not only as the friend of Devotion, but the handmaid of Charity.

I am happy to inform you, that it is in immediate contemplation to build a church in this town, for the free admission of the lower classes of inhabitants. It is a melancholy fact, that, though the gospel was originally preached to the poor, churches seem only erected for the rich, the former being excluded from the pews, and exposed to "the insolence of office." There is, I confess, a most splendid exception to this remark in the church of Great Packington, about ten miles from Birmingham. In this noble fabric, the magnificent present of the

Earl of Aylesford, all worldly distinctions are suspended—not a single pew is to be seen: the illustrious donor and his Countess are no otherwise discriminated than by a superior fervour of devotion. Here the rich and the poor are equalized in the sight of applauding heaven, that (in a beautiful *al fresco* painting) seems opening over their heads.

Upon the principles of Christian meekness and benevolence, which *dignify* the above noble Lord, the intended church is to be erected, in an elegant and airy part of the town, the vacant land, at the upper end of New-street, having been given for the purpose by W. Inge, Esq. This charity, I have abundant reason to believe, owes its origin to the Rev. Mr. Madan, rector of St. Philip's in this town. He is known to have long brooded over the benevolent idea, and has been heard repeatedly to declare, that he would give 500*l.* towards carrying it into execution. Happily the same sum, for the same purpose, was offered by the executors of the late Mr. Isaac Hawkins, of Burton-upon-Trent, an opulent attorney, who left the bulk of his great wealth to charitable uses. This stimulating donation, which immediately put in motion all the energies of charity, was, I verily believe, attracted hither by the above-mentioned worthy minister, whom I dare not

praise as he deserves, for fear of offending the delicacy that I revere. Suffice it to say, that, under the liberal patronage of his uncle, the Honourable and Right Rev. the Bishop of the diocese, this pious work has made great progress, the sum of 7000*l.*\* being already subscribed. In the numerous list of benefactors, you will find, amidst the clergy and orthodox gentry of the place, the name of an opulent, enlightened Dissenter, Samuel Pemberton, Esq. which I with pleasure produce, in proof of my former assertion, that the inauspicious animosity between the Churchmen and Dissenters is daily dying away, and that, at no very distant period, the genuine benevolence, which is confined to no creed, either religious or political, will complete its triumph.

In this truly Christian temple, the sons and daughters of Poverty will be freely admitted, without expense, insult, or inconvenience, to join in prayer and praise to the great Father of all. I am proud of belonging to a town capable of such elevated flights of charity, at a time when its trade is languid, and its finances depressed. Commerce may change its channels, manufactures may decline, and the praise of

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\* I am this instant advised of the subscription at this date, amounting to the sum of 8000*l.*

genius fade away ; but such acts of exalted goodness will throw a wreath of glory round Birmingham “ to the last syllable of recording time.”

The town abounds in Sunday-schools, which are highly encouraged, as well by the sectaries as the church. The appearance of the children is extremely gratifying to a well-constituted mind : instead of rambling about the streets, in ragged idleness, they are seen, by hundreds at a time, marching in regular rows, two and two, to their respective places of worship, with decent cleanliness in their attire and innocence beaming in their countenances.

Here are, likewise, numerous Friendly Societies, called *Sick Clubs*, some of which are enrolled agreeably to the late act of parliament, and the rest are governed by our Court of Requests, the little Lord Chancellors of which take much pains, and think highly of themselves, though neither preceded by the parade of a mace, nor stimulated by a salary. There are also *Gift Clubs*, which differ from the former in not being regulated by articles, but raising money for their sick and disabled members, according to the pressure of the occasion, upon principles of honour rather than compulsion. We have, lastly, a *Funeral Society*, the object of which is to provide for the decent in-

terment of its members, by a weekly contribution of a penny each. Small as this sum may appear, it enables them to pay three guineas on the death of an adult, and half that sum on the death of a child. This institution tends directly to lessen the poor's rate, by diminishing the number of parish funerals. On this and various other occasions, Birmingham may say to many a prouder town, " Go thou and do likewise."

During some of the late severe winters, when all the necessaries of life were enormously high, soup-shops \* were opened for the relief of the poor, and liberally supported ; and, for the benefit of these, as well as some other of our charities, plays have been performed by the inhabitants, who have exhibited a considerable portion of theatrical talents. Thus you see even our amusements are dignified by benevolence ;

" And Pleasure lights her torch at Virtue's flame,  
And Mirth is Bounty, with a humbler name."

I write in great haste — the bawling Welch-man proclaims it to be past the noon of night. Health and happiness attend you " from night till morn, from morn to dewy eve ! "

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\* I shall have occasion to speak more at large on this interesting theme hereafter. — GLEANER.

## BIRMINGHAM.

WHILE my correspondent reposes, I fill up the pause. This day has been devoted to a circuit of the manufactories, where I have seen, in their due stations, every hand busily employed in earning those comforts which yesterday put every foot in motion to share them.

The machinery like the mechanists, the arts like the artists, of Birmingham, are truly objects of wonder ; and the transient view, which a philanthropic eye must necessarily make from the means to the end, from the rude and uncouth material to the last beautiful finishes of the most insignificant article, and the prodigious distance which is observable betwixt the manufacturer of any such article and the purchaser of it, taking the whole on a graduated scale, from the labour of the first to the luxury of the last, fills the contemplative mind with an equal degree of admiration and of regret, of pity and of disgust !

To behold multitudes of the human species wasting their strength over poisonous steams of quicksilver and other unwholesome preparations, merely to decorate a gaudy bauble, burnish a button, or gild a trinket ; while others are heard, long before you approach them, working at the hammer, as if spending their

breath, and forcing out their very souls at the anvil, to bend the stubborn steel or obstinate iron into a shining toy ; to swell the vanity of the idle, and increase the superfluities of the wealthy ; and to survey others plying the enormous bellows, and beating the seemingly-impracticable brass, till it is moulded into form and fashion ; into instruments of annoyance for the destruction of one proportion of mankind, while it is to be the defence of another : to note, besides, the eye of languor, the young lip discoloured by disease, the visages of boys and girls changed to the complexion of almost death itself, while they lean over the crucible ; and a sulphureous glare from a devouring fire throws on their cheeks those Tartarian hues, which have been assigned to a suffering and sinful wretch : to behold a ghastly countenance, added, not unfrequently, to premature loss of the senses, the limbs, and of life : all these horrors, my dear friend, and a thousand others, which the inventive talents of the new-created wants and wishes, and the voluptuous passions of mankind in their progress through the refinements of society, have poured upon the world, seem, on the first blush, to offend the eye of reason with such a mixture of weakness, whim, and folly — such a perversion of all human power, contrivance, genius, and wisdom, that he who looks

at either the cause or the effect in the abstract, and sees on the surface nothing for all this drudgery—all this pain, sickness, and mortality—through a short and miserable life, but the production of idle acquisitions and brilliant emptiness, or of pernicious inventions, would surely be led to consider the whole as a mass of absurdity: as exhausting the strength, substance, and the spirit, of human beings to no good or worthy purpose.

The mind, habituated to delight in less clamorous as less noxious pursuits, is driven, by an involuntary impulse, from situations like these, to more quiet scenes, wherein she seems to repose, and to take refuge. My own sensations, at the moment of the survey, brought to my memory the country's wholesome air, which meets no obstructions in its way from heaven to earth, and which I seemed to respire while my thoughts flew to meet it. I retrospected on the more serene occupations, which the culture of the soil, in a thousand parts of this fairy island, holds out to the husbandman; and even while I commiserated the different tribes, pale and panting before me, I rushed in fancy to the salutary philosophic exercises in the soft solitudes of life,

“ Where ev'ry bush with Nature's music rings,  
And ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings,”

But these feelings, alas! have already yielded, in some measure, to other deductions, in which it is difficult to say whether the trepidations of the scale have, of late years, upon the whole, turned in favour of agriculture, or of rural employments; since we have had the pain to observe little more than a change of evils from a change of place.

Be that as it may, the brightest surfaces of society, as to form and fashion, and the splendours of life, are unquestionably derived from application of talent to the darkest labours; and there is not, perhaps, upon the surface of the globe, a spot, of equal dimensions, that exhibits so much real ingenuity, both of design and execution, as the town of Birmingham. It is devoutly to be wished that health and happiness, manners and morals, may be found to bear any due proportion to that ingenuity.

I will speedily proceed with you, dear friend, into an examination of this matter. Meanwhile I again give place to the farther communications of my bountiful correspondent, whose subsequent favour is peculiarly apposite to these reflections, being descriptive of the several TRADES which are carried on in the ingenious town under consideration.

By way of motto to Mr. Morfitt's observations on this subject, I shall subjoin some appropriate lines, extracted from an elegant little poem, addressed to a friend of the author.

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“ Can tasteless grandeur, with fastidious smile,  
Deride the labours of the forge or file?  
See, from the sooty toils, what wonders rise !  
Behold yon radiant family of toys;  
Th’ elastic buckle casts a silver ray,  
And the gilt button emulates the day.  
Here sparkling chains, in bright confusion lie,  
Chains not to fetter limbs, but grace the thigh.  
Beauty of every form, and every hue,  
Puzzles the fancy, and distracts the view.  
Well might the mythologic wits agree,  
That Beauty’s wedded with Deformity:  
Here the rude mass emits progressive charms,  
Till *Venus* clasps her *Vulcan* to her arms.\*

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Mr. Gleaner,

I am now arrived at a subject equally difficult and important; too important to be slightly investigated, and too difficult to be investigated with accuracy: — I mean the trade and manufactures of Birmingham, which

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\* This specimen of Mr. Morfitt's poetic talents will excite that desire for more, which I trust will be gratified, in that part of the third volume sacred to the Muse of Friendship.

have enabled her proudly to erect herself above the surrounding towns, and become one of the brightest gems in the imperial crown of these kingdoms. The causes are complicated and obscure, but the effects are such as might animate the patriot to rapture and the poet to enthusiasm. The Nile has fertilized Egypt, but who can explore its source? By whom, and at what time, were the first sword or gun, buckle or button, fabricated in Birmingham? This is a question which I have repeatedly asked of the most intelligent inhabitants, but hitherto asked in vain. In little more than a century, this town has thrown by its homely village robes, and assumed the port of a magnificent city; and yet none can tell with precision when the mighty transformation took place, or to whom it was owing. That the change was gradual and progressive, that the first attempts were feeble and little noticed, and that those who went before were eclipsed by those who came after, we can readily conceive; yet it is strange, passing strange, that the original benefactors cannot be rescued from obscurity.

Previous to the revolution, in 1638, the manufactures of Birmingham were plain and useful articles of iron, — such as nails, hinges, kitchen utensils, and implements of husban-

dry; to the making of which they were induced, by the abundant coal and iron mines in the neighbourhood. But, in process of time, they reversed the scriptural prophecy, and converted ploughshares into swords, and the instruments of peace into weapons of war. Guns were made here in the reign of William III. and now constitute one of the staple manufactures of the place; — a manufacture carried on, particularly in time of war, to an incredible extent. During the late hostilities, one-half of the muskets ordered by government were finished here, and the essential parts of the other half supplied. Our gun-makers were obliged to accompany every finished musket, sent to the office of ordnance, with the barrel and lock of another musket, in order to accommodate their brethren in London, who had interest enough to procure this regulation. For the purpose of proving these barrels, a proof-house was erected, by government, at the bottom of Walmer-lane, the explosions of which were very terrific to strangers. This was under the direction of one head viewer, and several subordinate ones, and was styled *the Tower*. You will perceive we are assimilating to London apace, when we can already boast not only a *Tower* but an excellent mint, of which more hereafter. Here

it may be proper to dissipate the public prejudices respecting guns, especially fowling-pieces. Those who make fire-arms for government of the best quality, may be rationally supposed to excel in guns of all descriptions; and this is really the case, though many people imagine that a Birmingham fowling-piece will not shoot, and therefore it will not sell as well as one made in London. But what will these wise-acres say to the established fact, that the barrels and locks of most of the guns, and very many of the guns themselves that bear the London mark, are made in Birmingham? Disregarding the common adage, that "practice makes perfect," and seduced by "whistling of a name," they fondly fancy the best things to be those which fetch the best price, and are fabricated in the greatest town. Be it known unto all men, by these presents, that guns, with the best stub and twisted barrels, eclipsing the formerly-famous barrels of Spain, the best skeleton locks, the best patent breeches, gold touch-holes, &c. are made here for one-half, nay, one-third of the price which they bring in the metropolis: and yet, a person unacquainted with the secret would suppose that Birmingham never produced a single fowling-piece; for our gun-makers have the policy to use the superscription of London.

You will smile when I inform you that guns, aye, and good-looking ones too, are made here at 7s. 6d. each. These, though formidable in appearance, have two *small* defects; the first is, that not being bored, except about an inch or two from the muzzle, they cannot be supposed to shoot very true; and the second is, that not being *proved*, they cannot shoot at all. I beg pardon; they certainly undergo some sort of proof, but not by *powder*, (for that would be too rough usage,) but by *water*, which, if they are capable of holding, without permitting it to ooze through their pores, they are sufficiently qualified to discharge their duty; which is not to shed the blood of man or beast, but to decorate the habitation of some negro chieftain. Yet these instruments, though harmless and innocent, (except to the luckless wight who should load and fire them,) would be considered as guilty by the friends of humanity, as they are indisputably employed in the nefarious African traffic, and bartered for human flesh and blood.

I know not who first introduced the gun-manufacture \* into this town, but upwards of

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\* In this place, Mr. Thomason's patent cocks for all sorts of guns and pistols, deserves particular notice.

Among the inventions hitherto made in the improvements of

seventy years ago it was conducted on a scale then thought large, by a Mr. Jordan, who

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guns and pistols, not any before the present have been brought forward to prevent the great danger that attends leaving or carrying them carelessly when they are *loaded*!

For as the flint is kept *stationary* in the cocks of all gun and pistol locks made on the old plan, it strikes the hammer each time in the same place, and, in a few times of firing, wears the flint smooth, and therefore requires to be frequently changed, or hacked with the back of a knife or some steel instrument, to break angles upon it, to produce sufficient fire.

The invention which the patentee now offers to the public, removes these *two principal inconveniences*; for a person can, in a second, take off or put on the *jaws only of the cock*, which holds the flint, without disengaging the cock from the lock, or unscrewing the flint; consequently a gun cannot discharge its contents, when the top part of the cock, which holds the flint, is detached from the spindle of the *lower* part.

And the other inconvenience is removed, by the flint each time presenting a different angle to the hammer, and thereby completely hacks itself; and a flint has been proved to last above a *thousand times* striking, without once missing fire.

They are made of all sizes, suitable for single and double barrels and pistols, and their peculiar advantages are:

1stly, They are upon a certainty of giving fire; and a flint will last fifty times as long as one fixed in by the old method, which enables a person to go out shooting, without encumbering himself with flints, turnscrew, &c. and not liable to lose his bird, for want of his gun giving fire. In a military point of view too, the certainty of a flint giving fire will be the means of saving many a brave soldier in the heat of battle,

had contracts with government; and whose son, succeeding him in the business, attained the honour of *shrievalty*—an honour to which other gun-smiths in the town have been since exalted.

For a considerable time after Birmingham had made muskets for the public service, government continued to procure their swords from Germany; but, after the most rigid scrupu-

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when he has not the opportunity of changing or hacking his flint.

2dly, All guns and pistols with the new-invented patent cocks affixed to them, may be carried or left any where about a house, without the possibility of danger, when the upper part is滑ed off the lower part, (*which is done in an instant by the thumb and finger,*) and certainly precludes all possibility of accident, for if even the trigger be pulled, the gun cannot discharge its contents, and any other person is thereby prevented from making use of the gun, except he who is in possession of the upper part of the cock.

In this particular they would prove advantageous to the military, inasmuch as, on suspicion of a mutiny, the top pieces of one thousand guns could be delivered up to the commanding officer in a few minutes, as well as the soldier having the opportunity of rendering his gun useless to the enemy, in case of his being obliged to surrender.

3dly, The patent cock can be affixed to any gun or pistol in a few minutes, without even taking off or altering either the lock or the barrel, for it is screwed on exactly in the same way as all others, with the *old* tumbler screw. And they are never likely to be out of repair.

tiny, our manufacture obtained a decided preference. Such are the strength and temper of these swords that, with a single blow from a strong arm, they will either cut a musket through or render it useless. The importance of a good sword, or sabre, is obvious: should his weapon fail him, the most gallant horseman, the most vigorous hero, is disarmed and helpless; and, in order to secure excellence, government has instituted the utmost severity of proof, and they have been so well seconded by the increasing ingenuity of our workmen, that the massy Moorish sabre, the *rusty* toledo of Spain, and the ferraras of the Highlanders, must yield to the Birmingham weapon, which possesses sufficient substance without encumbering weight, and elasticity without flimsiness. Previous to making swords for the public use, Birmingham was celebrated for its bayonets: the first government-contract for the former was given to the late Mr. S. Dawes, of Snow-hill, and the late Mr. Hervey; and both these important articles are now, almost exclusively, supplied from hence, to the great emolument of the town and of the public; for the blades of Birmingham, like the hearts of British warriors, will never fail. In addition to muskets and bayonets, swords and pistols, army accoutrements likewise are provided

here; and all these branches have proved fertile sources of opulence.\*

The BUCKLE† was one of our early and

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\* Though the sword and the gun, says Hutton, are equal companions in war, it does not appear they are of equal origin. The sword was the manufactory of Birmingham, in the time of the Britons. Tradition tells us, King William was once lamenting, " that guns were not manufactured in his dominions, but that he was obliged to procure them from Holland, at a great expense, and greater difficulty." Sir Richard Newdigate, one of the members for the county, being present, told the King, " the genius of guns resided in Warwickshire, and that he thought his constituents could answer his majesty's wishes." — The King was pleased with the remark, and the member posted to Birmingham. Upon application to a person in Digbeth, whose name I forget, the pattern was executed with precision, which, when presented to the royal board, gave intire satisfaction. Orders were immediately issued for large numbers, which have been so frequently repeated, that they never lost their road; and the ingenious artists have been so amply rewarded, that they have rolled in their carriages to this day. Thus, the same instrument, which is death to one man, is life to another.

† Perhaps the shoe, in one form or other, is nearly as antient as the foot. It originally appeared under the name of sandal; this was no other than a sole without upper leather. That fashion has since been inverted, and we now, sometimes, see the upper leather nearly without a sole. But, whatever was the cut of the shoe, it always demanded a fastening. Under the house of Plantagenet, it shot horizontally from the foot, like a Dutch skate, to an enormous length, so that the extremity was fastened to the knee, sometimes with a

most valuable manufactures ; it gave employment to twenty thousand people in this town

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silver chain, a silk lace, or even a packthread string, rather than avoid *genteel taste*.

This thriving beak drew the attention of the legislature, who were determined to prune the exorbitant shoot ; for, in 1465, we find an order of council, prohibiting the growth of the shoe to more than two inches, under the penalty of a dreadful curse from the priest, and the payment of twenty shillings to the King.

This fashion, like every other, gave way to time ; and, in its stead, the rose began to bud upon the foot, which, under the house of Tudor, opened in great perfection. No shoe was fashionable without being fastened with a full blown rose. Ribands of every colour, except white, the emblem of the depressed house of York, were held in esteem ; but the red, like the house of Lancaster, held the pre-eminence. Under the house of Stuart, the rose withered, which gave rise to the shoe-string. The beaux of that age ornamented their lower tier with double laces of silk, tagged with silver, and the extremities were beautified with a small fringe of the same metal. The inferior class wore laces of plain silk, linen, or even a thong of leather ; which last is yet to be met with in the humble plains of rural life. But I am inclined to think, the artists of Birmingham had no great hand in fitting out the beau of the last century.

The revolution was remarkable for the introduction of William, of liberty, and the minute buckle, not differing much in size and shape from the horse-bean.

This offspring of fancy, like the clouds, is ever changing. The fashion to-day is thrown into the casting-pot to-morrow. The buckle seems to have undergone every figure, size, and shape of geometrical invention ; it has passed through every form in the whole zodiac of Euclid.

and neighbourhood, but is now nearly extinguished, by the caprice of fashion; — by ladies wearing slippers, gentlemen shoe-strings, and buckles being discontinued in the army. Upon the grave of this once flourishing trade you, Mr. Gleaner, in your poetical capacity, might dictate an epitaph; but the chords of your lyre would vibrate in vain. Fashion had no feeling for the poor buckle-makers. Strong petitions were presented upon the subject, in 1790, to the Prince of Wales,\* and the Duke

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\* Some gentlemen of the committee of the principal manufacturers of buckles in Birmingham, Walsall, and Wolverhampton, waited upon his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales with the petition alluded to. Mr. Sheridan, who introduced the deputation to the Prince, passed the highest compliment on the abilities of the gentleman who drew it up; and remarked that he had hardly ever met with sentences so happily expressed, and which contained so much matter in so few words. I have been lucky enough to procure a copy.

*To His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.*

The humble Petition of the Buckle-manufacturers, &c.

Sheweth,

That, with minds strongly agitated by the alarming decline of our trade, we approach your Royal Highness, not without hope, being abundantly convinced that you will rejoice in an opportunity of displaying, at the same time, your goodness, public spirit, and humanity.

It will stand instead of a thousand arguments, simply to

and Duchess of York, as the arbiters of fashion, and the directors of taste, who, with a

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state to your Royal Highness, that the buckle-trade gives employment to more than twenty thousand persons, numbers of whom, in consequence of the prevalency of *shoe-strings*, and *slippers*, are at present without employ, almost destitute of bread, and exposed to the horrors of want, at this inclement season of the year. That should the same stagnation of trade continue, the miseries, emigrations, and other horrid consequences that will inevitably ensue, may be better conceived than expressed.

It is in a great measure owing to the two valuable manufactures of buckles and buttons, that Birmingham has attained her present importance in the map of Great Britain: the latter, when in an infirm state, was cherished by parliamentary assistance; but, averse to prohibitory penalties, we have the fullest reliance upon the gracious interference of your Royal Highness.

We beg leave to observe, that when Fashion, instead of sovereign or unprofitable ornaments, wears and consumes the manufactures of this country, she puts on a more engaging form, and becomes Patriotism. When Taste, at the same time, and by the same means that she decorates the persons of the rich, clothes and feeds the naked and hungry poor, she deserves a worthier appellation, and may be styled Humanity. We make no doubt but your Royal Highness will prefer the blessings of the starving manufacturer to the encomiums of the drawing-room.\*

We know it is to no purpose to address Fashion herself; she

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\* This passage of the petition is eminently beautiful, both for thought and expression: it was particularly distinguished by Mr. Sheridan.

humanity that does them great honour, promised to do, and no doubt did, every thing, in the way of example and influence, to restore the drooping manufacture, — but in vain. Many people, thrown out of employ by the unexpected failure of this business, applied themselves to making chains, keys, seals, trinkets, and other elegant appendages of watches; but, being threatened once more with beggary, by the tax upon clocks and watches, they, in conjunction with other parties interested, presented a vigorous petition to the minister, and were relieved by a repeal of

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is void of feeling, and deaf to argument; but fortunately she is subject to your controul: — she has been accustomed to listen to your voice, and to obey your commands.

We therefore most earnestly implore your Royal Highness, as our present hope, and future sovereign, attentively to consider the deplorable situation of our trade, which is in danger of being ruined by this mutability of fashion; and to give that direction to the public taste, which will ensure our most lively and lasting gratitude, and confirm the general opinion of the exalted virtues of your heart.

And your petitioners shall ever pray, &c.

December 17, 1791."

His Royal Highness has since ordered the principal persons of every department of his household into his presence, and informed them that they must, from that instant, discontinue the use of *shoe-strings*.

that injudicious tax. On this occasion, you will permit me to make two observations; first, that, previous to the imposition of a tax, all its collateral consequences, some of which may not be very obvious, but very important and extensive, should be maturely weighed; and, secondly, that it is always sounder policy to tax the wealth acquired by manufactures than manufactures themselves: for wide and serious is the difference between plucking the fruit and cutting down the tree.

Great fortunes were formerly acquired by this manufacture, but it is unpleasant to descant on the melancholy theme. As nothing can be permanent in the regions of fashion, it is possible there may be a resurrection of the buckle-trade; but, at present, I see no prospect of such an event. Ladies and gentlemen, no doubt, are so occupied in the accomplishment of their heads, that they have no leisure to decorate their feet. Even the latchets or elastic buckles of our Soho,\* which so strikingly unite elegance with convenience, have not that spread to which they are entitled by their merit.

The **BU T T O N** † manufactory being protected

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\* Mr. Boulton's place and manufactory.

† In a half playful, half serious manner, the pleasant historian of Birmingham observes, on this article, "that the beautiful or-

by parliamentary penalties, against the freaks of fashion, is still flourishing. Various are the materials and prices, from humble horn, at fivepence halfpenny per gross, to the finely polished steel button of Soho, at a guinea each. I have been informed, a Mr. Baddeley, who lived in the Square, was one of our oldest button-makers. He distinguished himself by inventing the *oval lathe*, and other curious engines for improving and facilitating this manufactory, and retired from business, on a

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nement, called the button, appears with infinite variation; and though the original date is rather uncertain, yet we well remember the long coats of our grandfathers, covered with half a gross of high-tops; and the cloaks of our grandmothers, ornamented with a horn button nearly the size of a crown-piece, a watch, or a John-apple, curiously wrought, as having passed through the Birmingham press.

Though the common round button keeps on with the steady pace of the day, yet we sometimes see the oval, the square, the pea, and the pyramid, flash into existence. In some branches of traffic, the wearer calls loudly for new fashions which crowd and tread upon each other. The consumption of the button is astonishing, and the value from threepence a gross to one hundred and forty guineas. There seems to be hidden treasures couched within this magic circle, known only to a few, who extract prodigious fortunes out of this useful toy, whilst a far greater number submit to a statute of bankruptcy. Trade, like a restive horse, can rarely be managed; for, where one is carried to the end of a successful journey, many are thrown off by the way.

genteel independency, about the year 1739. This business, likewise, was much advanced and improved by the great Matthew Boulton, so long ago as 1745, as will be seen in the subsequent account of Soho. Human ingenuity having, for a series of years, directed all its energies to the melioration of this productive trade, labour has been abridged, and effect increased, in a surprising way, by means of various machines and devices. Three pounds per gross were formerly paid for *chasing* buttons, which can now be better done for tenpence. Some of the button materials are singular; for who could ever imagine that *paper* and *slate* should arrive at that honour? There are four great branches of this trade, exclusive of various subordinate ones; namely, the polished steel, that emulates the diamond, the gilt and plated, the mother of pearl, and, lastly, the hard white metal composition button. The first are the dearest and the most splendid, and the last the cheapest and most durable.

It would occupy pages to describe the curious machines and contrivances that have been invented in this extensive trade. The velocity with which, by means of stamps and presses, buttons receive their figure and impression is almost miraculous. There are en-

gines for piercing and chasing them, which do much work in little time; and a most curious machine for making the shanks, constructed by Mr. Ralph Eaton, in Slancy-street, well worthy the attention of a stranger, as, indeed, are all the parts and processes of this multifarious manufactory. The time, Mr. Gleaner, to which you have restricted me, together with my professional avocations, absolutely prevents me from giving an account so copious as I could wish of a trade in which fancy “reigns and revels,” and invention is ever on the rack. But I cannot conclude without informing you, that buttons have been really gilt with gold for threepence halfpenny per gross! I say *gilt with gold*; for the Birmingham people can give the semblance without the substance of that precious metal; and it was lately found necessary to compel them, by parliamentary penalties, to use a specific quantity of gold, according to the surface of the button.

The art of Founding,\* or casting in iron,

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\* This is, perhaps, less ancient than profitable, and less healthful than either. I shall not inquire whose grandfather was the first brass-founder here, but shall leave their grandsons to settle that important point with my successor, who shall next write the history of Birmingham. Whoever was the first,

has here attained singular excellence, and was carried on with considerable *eclat*, by a Mr. Hodgets, upwards of fifty years ago. Every article almost that can cross the imagination is now *cast*; locks and keys, hinges with moveable joints, buttons to imitate steel, nails, scissors, razors, and even needles; but the last must, by a subsequent operation, be *tempered*, that is, heated along with some substance containing *carbon*, in order to give them flexibility or acuteness. The above-named Hodgets wrote upon his sign, “*Every thing cast here* ;” a wag, seeing the inscription, asked him to *cast* a tall grove of trees near his house; “with all my heart,” says Hodgets, “I’ll cast them, if you will but send me the *patterns*.”

Brass-founding is likewise a flourishing staple manufactory; to enumerate the various branches of which would exercise the memory of a Simonides.

THREAD-MAKING is an old and lucrative business in this town, having been carried on in “the days of other years,” by a Mr. Abney,

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I believe he figured in the reign of King William; but, though he sold his productions at an excessive price, he did not, like the moderns, possess the art of acquiring a fortune; but now the master knows the way to affluence, and the servant to liquor.—HUTTON.

who lived at the Moat, the seat of our antient feudal lords.

The HAND-WHIP manufactory is curious and respectable; and, previous to the late hostilities, was one of the briskest trades in town. It was transplanted to Birmingham from Daventry, where a Mr. Rose had acquired great opulence thereby. The whips are *braided* with what is called catgut, (but which is, in fact, the gut of sheep or lambs,) by means of a machine that excites admiration by its rapidity and correctness. This was one of the manufactories visited by the *hero of the Nile*, during the short stay he made in Birmingham.

The manufacturing of hand-whips commenced in Birmingham about fifty years ago. It is generally believed, that its introduction into this place was caused by an inspection of Mr. Rose's manufactory, at Daventry. The process of covering, or, as it is termed by the trade, braiding the whip, was formerly very tedious, it being then done by hand, in a frame. A very ingenious improvement has been made upon this method, by a gentleman of the name of Dundas, who, upwards of thirty years since, brought the machine now in use to its present perfection, as it will, on an average, braid nine or ten whips of most kinds in the same time

that the frame will braid one of a similar description. Whips, of the best quality, are made intirely of whalebone in the inside, and a covering of gut, which is put on in a peculiar manner, exclusive of an additional covering on the outside, already denominated braiding. The generality of whips consist of whalebone throughout, with the addition of a little cane to the stock only, merely to thicken it. The art of hand-whip making\* is esteemed one of the first curiosities in the place, and attracts the general notice of visitors.

The following catalogue of our manufactures will convince you how *Herculean* the task must be to give a complete history thereof. Taking them alphabetically, here are awl-blade-makers, bellows-makers, † brass and cock founders,

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\* Mr. Bridgeman is at present one of the first manufacturers in this article.

† Man first catches the profession, the profession afterwards moulds the man, says the facetious Hutton, on the subject of the bellows-trade. Whatever profession we assume, its *character* becomes a part of it, we vindicate its honour, its eminence, its antiquity, or feel a wound through its sides. Though there may be no more pride in a minister of state, who opens a budget, than in a tinker, who carries one, yet they equally contend for the honour of their trade.

The bellows-maker proclaims the *honour* of his art, by observing, he alone produces that instrument which commands

brush-makers, buckle-makers, button-makers, candlestick-makers, chafe-makers, cutlers, file-makers, gimblet-makers, gun and pistol makers, japanners, jewellers, iron-founders, lock-makers, opticians and spectacle-makers, platers, pocket-book-makers, saw and edge-tool makers, scale and steel-yard makers, *jobbing smiths*, as they are called *here*, and white-smiths elsewhere—a business of vast importance, with a paltry name, as they make engines and tools for the manufacturers; snuffer-makers, spoon-makers, spur-makers, thimble-makers, thread \* and wick-yard makers, turners, watch-

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the wind; his soft breeze, like that of the south, counteracts the chill blasts of winter; by his efforts, like those of the sun, the world receives light; he *creates* when he pleases, and gives *breath* when he *creates*. In his caverns the winds sleep at pleasure, and by his orders they set Europe in flames. He farther pretends, that the *antiquity* of his occupation will appear from the plenty of elm once in the neighbourhood, but long cut up for his use; that the leather-market in Birmingham, for many ages, furnished him with hides; and, though the manufacture of iron is allowed to be extremely antient, yet the smith could not procure his heat without a blast, nor could that blast be raised without the bellows. One inference will arise from these remarks, that bellows-making is one of the oldest trades in Birmingham.

\* While, in the following passage, I give you a specimen of the style and manner of Hutton, you will receive a curious history of an article of no inconsiderable manufacture in this

chain and toy-makers, steel man-trap-makers, fox-traps, rat-traps, and wooden mouse-trap makers, &c. &c.

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place—in short, you will have the history of both the artist and his art, the thread-man and his thread.

“ We,” says Mr. Hutton, “ who reside in the interior parts of the kingdom, may observe the first traces of a river issue from its fountain; the current at first extremely small. If we pursue its course, winding through one hundred and thirty miles, we shall observe it collect strength as it runs, expand its borders, swell into consequence, employ multitudes of people, carry wealth in its bosom. This exactly resembles the *thread-making* of Birmingham.

“ If we represent to our idea, a man able to employ three or four people, himself in an apron, one of the number; but, being *unable* to write his name, makes his mark to receipts, whose method of book-keeping, like that of a publican, is *a door and a lump of chalk*, producing a book which none can peruse but himself; who, having manufactured forty pounds weight of thread, of divers colours, and rammed it into a pair of leather bags, something larger than a pair of boots, which we might deem the arms of his trade *empaled*, slung them on a horse, and placed himself on the top, by way of a *crest*; if we follow this man to an adjacent market, to starve with his goods at a stall, or retail them with a mercer, resolved not to return without the money; we shall see the *thread-maker* of 1652.

“ If we may pursue this occupation, winding through the mazes of one hundred and thirty *years*, we shall see it enlarge its boundaries, multiply its people, increase its consequence and wealth, till 1782; when we behold the master in possession of correct accounts, the apron thrown aside, the stall kicked

A few anecdotes of some of the great leaders or inventors of our trade here cannot but be proper objects of a gleaner's notice: accept, therefore, what follows:

The late JOHN TAYLOR,\* Esq. (the father of the present banker,) who served the office of high-sheriff of the county in 1756, and died worth 300,000*l.* was originally a cabinet-maker. Being applied to in his capacity, by the people of Bilston, in the neighbourhood, for large quantities of varnish, he asked the purposes for which it was used, and being told it was for japanning iron tobacco-boxes, he formed a resolution to excel them in their own ma-

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over, the bags tossed into the garret, and the mercer overlooked in the grand prospect of exportation. We farther behold him take the lead in provincial concerns, step into his own carriage, and hold the king's commission in the peace right deserving of the honour."

\* One of Mr. Taylor's servants earned three pounds ten shillings per week, by painting gilt snuff-boxes, enamels, &c. at a *farthing each*. In this shop were weekly manufactured buttons to the amount of 800*l.* exclusive of other valuable productions. One of our present nobility, of distinguished taste, examining Taylor's works with the master, purchased some of the articles, among others, a toy of eighty guineas value; and, while paying for them, observed, with a smile, "he plainly saw he could not reside in Birmingham for less than 200*l.* a day!"

nufacture. He did so : getting up boxes of the most humble materials in the proudest style and some of them admirably painted. *Materiam superabat opus* ; and from thence he proceeded to construct boxes of more valuable substances ; such as gold and silver, with lids of Egyptian pebbles, and of a composition imitative of the *lapis lazuli*, and another which he denominated the *philosopher's stone*. He made gold, or gilt, cane heads, exquisitely engraved, and most brilliant equipage ; watch-chains for ladies, of various materials, from polished steel to burnished gold. "Art," says the poet, "reflected images on art." He added buttons, of various descriptions, gilt, plated, lacquered, &c. and in all the branches of the numerous family of enamels he shone with pre-eminent lustre. He had the policy and spirit to engage the most expert workmen at any expense, foreign as well as native ; and was rewarded by large returns of fame, and, what he is said to have valued more, of fortune.

BASKERVILLE,\* the celebrated printer and

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\* A farther account of this extraordinary man is given by Huntington, who informs us—that son of genius, John Taylor, was born at Wolverly, in the county of Worcester, in 1706 ; heir to a paternal estate of 60*l.* per annum, which, fifty years after, while in his own possession, had increased to 90*l.* In 1726, he became a

type-founder, was originally a schoolmaster; but having a strong propensity to the fine for-

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writing-master in Birmingham. In 1737, he taught a school in the Bull-ring, and is said to have written an excellent hand.

As painting suited his talents, he entered into the lucrative branch of japanning.

He took, in 1745, a building-lease of eight acres, to which he gave the name of Easy-hill, converted it into a little Eden, and built a house in the centre; but the town, as if conscious of his merit, followed his retreat, and surrounded it with buildings. Here he continued the business of a japanner for life. His carriage, each pannel of which was a distinct picture, might be considered as the *pattern-card of his trade*, and was drawn by a beautiful pair of cream-coloured horses.

His inclination for letters induced him, in 1750, to turn his thoughts towards the press. He passed many years in the uncertain pursuit, sunk 600*l.* before he could produce one letter himself, and some thousands before the shallow stream of profit began to flow.

His first attempt, in 1756, was a quarto edition of "Virgil," price one guinea, now worth several. He afterwards printed "Paradise Lost," the "Bible," "Common Prayer," "Roman and English Classics," &c. in various sizes; but still with more satisfaction to the literary world than emolument to himself.

In 1765, he applied to his friend, Dr. Franklin, then at Paris, and ambassador from America, to sound the Gallic literati, respecting the purchase of his types; but received for answer, "That the French, reduced by the war in 1756, were so far from pursuing schemes of taste, that they were unable to repair their public edifices, and suffered the scaffolds erected for building to rot before them."

It should seem, however, that they *were* the purchasers, for

mation of letters, he occasionally amused himself with cutting or engraving tomb-stones, which perhaps occasioned the error of his being a stone-mason. He was, I believe, the first who introduced the art of japanning tea-trays, waiters, &c. together with the high copal varnish. Mr. Grose, in his edition of Camden's Britannia, is mistaken, in saying that this gentleman began that species of japanning which Mr. Clay afterwards brought to perfection: their materials were different; the latter claims the exclusive honour of inventing the beautiful

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the venerable historian tells us afterwards, that the French nation, though brought, by the British arms, in 1762, to the verge of ruin, rose so far above distress as to purchase, seventeen years after, Mr. Baskerville's elegant types, and to expend 100,000*l.* in printing the works of Voltaire!

Mr. Hutton adds, but I hope on conjecture only, that Baskerville's *aversion to Christianity* would not suffer him to lie among Christians; he, therefore, erected a mausoleum in his own grounds for his remains, and died, without issue, in 1775, at the age of sixty-nine.

Many efforts were used, after his death, to dispose of the types; but, to the lasting discredit of the British nation, no purchaser could be found in the whole common-wealth of letters. The universities coldly rejected the offer: the London booksellers did not think fit to hazard the purchase; and this invaluable property, therefore, lay a dead weight till, as was noted above, it was bought by a literary society at Paris, in 1779, for 3700*l.*

*pannel* paper, hereafter described, whereas the former confined himself to iron. Baskerville was employed by the University of Cambridge, for some time, as their printer, with high reputation; and it is a matter of lamentation, that his elegant type-foundry and printing apparatus should, after his death, be permitted to be sold to *foreigners*; and, in particular, that they should be sold to *France*, for the purpose of publishing the works of the infidel VOLTAIRE, after having been previously consecrated by a splendid edition of the BIBLE!

Mr. CLAY, who served the office of High Sheriff, in 1790, was originally a painter on enamel, has acquired great opulence and celebrity by various inventions, particularly by converting paper to an use for which it was never apparently intended. Addison, in the Spectator, thinks it a wonderful metamorphosis that a lady's shift should come back to her in the shape of a love-letter: but what would he have said to old rags being taught to assume the character of wood, equalling it in firmness, and exceeding it in beauty of polish? In the year 1772, the above-named gentleman (after several previous experiments in making bottle-stands and other minuter articles) took out a patent for *cartoon* or *panneled* paper, so called, I presume, from its constituting the pannel of

chariots, doors, cabins of ships, and window-shutters, such as are, or lately were, at Lord Scarsdale's sumptuous seat at Kettleston. It is likewise applicable to tea-trays, waiters, card and dressing tables, and every other species of elegant household furniture. It is made of successive layers, or strata, of paper, cemented by paste, which, having acquired the requisite thickness, and being dried, is sawn, planed, or otherwise treated, as wood, and afterwards covered with varnish of such a thickness or body as will resist the friction of sand or pumice stone, which is employed to obtain a level surface, and prepare it for the ultimate operation—the friction of the human hand, which, assisted by human saliva, in preference to all other substances, gives it a beautiful polished surface, little inferior to a mirror in its reflecting powers; and at the same time forms an admirable ground for painting in the most exquisite colours.

As the first fruits of his invention, Mr. Clay had the policy to make a present to her Majesty of a sedan chair, the pannels of which were constructed of this elegant composition; and, in 1777, he complimented the same august personage with a superb set of pier tables, admirably painted, from designs of Guido. These presents, with others equally novel and

attractive, made to her Majesty, gained Mr. Clay the personal acquaintance and esteem of the Royal Family.

In 1778, he obtained a second patent for making buttons of the same beautiful material, and of every colour, simple or complex, that fancy could devise; to which was superadded, the improvement of giving any form required, to the composition, by means of a press. This patent was afterwards extended, upon the ground of having invented a new mode of securing the shanks of the said buttons.

This manufactory has been very productive, and is still flourishing, particularly in the articles of buttons, tea-trays, card-boxes, dressing-boxes for the ladies, &c. Formerly three hundred hands were employed, and now, nearly one hundred.

This artist, likewise, constructed buttons of slate, of all the various native colours exhibited by that species of stone. These were made double, for the purpose of receiving the shank, and turned on a lathe.

He has lately obtained two important patents, the one for an improved waggon, which, by dividing or opening in the middle, gives the same facility of unloading, as is possessed by a cart: and the other, for a canal or navigation lock, which is equally simple and ingenious; tending not only to save half the

quantity of water, but facilitate the progress of the vessel.

This able mechanic and worthy man has, by persevering industry, brought the art of japanning to such perfection as to rival the celebrated originals from the East Indies, notwithstanding their boasted varnish hue.

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My short history of Birmingham manufactures will be very properly closed, Mr. Gleaner, by an account, however imperfect, of SOHO, which not only contains an epitome of what is curious or splendid in the rest; but exhibits, what Dr. Plot whimsically calls, "THAUMATURGICS, or monsters of art."

This far-famed place owes all its consequence and celebrity to a single individual, whose whole life has been spent in one unremitting effort to advance the national character, and augment the national wealth, by extending manufactures and commerce, facilitating labour, and enlarging the sphere of human ingenuity. For this purpose, no risk has been avoided, no expense spared: the powers of nature have been laboriously investigated, and the faculties of art called into their utmost action and energy. But fortune often delights to exalt what nature has neglected.

This scene of wonder was once a barren heath, on the bleak summit of which stood a naked hut, the habitation of a warrener. In 1762, when Mr. Boulton purchased the lease of the premises, there were only a small house and feeble mill erected; the last of which he enlarged and rebuilt, transplanting his manufactory from Birmingham thither; but the works not being sufficient for his great designs, in 1764, he laid the foundation of the present superb manufactory, which was finished, the next year, at the expense of 9000*l.* Previous to this, namely, in 1745, Mr. Boulton had invented, and afterwards brought to perfection, the *inlaid* buckles, buttons, watch-chains, &c. which Dr. Johnson, in his paper in the *World*, mentions as becoming very fashionable, and which were repurchased, from France, under an idea of their being the manufacture of that country. In 1768, the late Dr. Darwin, speaking of Soho, says, “Here are toys and utensils of various kinds, in gold, copper, tortoiseshell, enamels, and many vitreous and metallic compositions, with gilt, plated, and inlaid works, all wrought up to the highest elegance of taste and perfection of execution.”

From the æra of building his grand fabric, as above-mentioned, Mr. Boulton began to devote his attention to the different branches of manufactory; and, in conjunction with Mr. Fother-

gill, his then partner, established a mercantile correspondence throughout Europe. He likewise established a seminary of artists for drawing and modelling; and men of genius were eagerly sought for, and liberally patronized, which shortly led to a successful imitation of the or-molu, then metallic ornaments, consisting of vases, tripods, candelabras, &c. These soon found their way, not only to the admiration of his Majesty, and to the chimney-pieces and cabinets of the nobility and curious of this kingdom, but likewise to France, and almost every part of Europe. From this elegant branch, Mr. Boulton led his artists, by an easy transition, to that of wrought silver; upon which he soon saw the necessity of applying for, and establishing, in 1779, an assay-office in Birmingham, which has since been so much improved, as to assay one thousand ounces per week. About this time, that ingenious art of copying pictures in oil colours, by a mechanical process, was invented at Soho, and brought to such perfection, as to be taken for originals, by the most experienced connoisseurs. This was chiefly conducted by the ingenious Mr. F. Egerston, which led him to that of painting upon glass, now carried on at his neighbouring manufactory.

Mr. Boulton, finding the stream of water insufficient, applied horses, in conjunction with

his water-mill; but, this proving troublesome, irregular, and expensive, in 1767, he made a steam-engine, on Savary's plan, with the intention of returning and raising the water about twenty-five feet high. This being unsatisfactory, he soon after formed an acquaintance with Mr. James Watt, of Glasgow, his present partner and friend, who, in 1765, had invented several valuable improvements in the steam-engine, which, in fact, made it a new machine. For these improvements, he had obtained a patent, in 1769, and afterwards came to settle at Soho, where, in that year, he erected one of his improved engines, which he had brought from Scotland; and, after full proof of its utility, obtained from parliament, in 1775, a prolongation of his patent for twenty-five years, from that date. He then entered into partnership with Mr. Boulton, and they established a very extensive manufactory of these engines, at Soho, from whence most of the great mines and manufactories in England are supplied.

The application of this improved steam-engine extended the powers of Mr. Boulton's water-mill, which induced him to rebuild it, a second time, upon a much larger scale; and several engines were afterwards erected at Soho, for other purposes, by which the manufactory was greatly extended.

It would fill a large volume to detail the suits occasioned by the piracies of this invaluable invention; but Boulton and Watt were uniformly victorious, and their patent-right was fully established by the unanimous decision of the court of King's Bench. The following facts will shew the wonderful powers and decided superiority of these engines. One bushel of Newcastle or Swansea coals, applied to one of them, will raise thirty millions of pounds weight of water one foot high; or three millions ditto, ten feet high; or three hundred thousand ditto, one hundred feet high; or the like proportion to any other height; or one bushel of coals will do as much work as ten strong horses can effect, acting together for one hour; or, will turn twelve hundred or more cotton spinning spindles for one hour; or will grind and dress from eleven to twelve bushels of wheat; or will grind two hundred and sixty-six bushels of malt for a brewery, &c. &c.

Among the various application of the steam-engine, that of coining is very important, as, by its powers, all the operations are concentrated in the same spot;—such as rolling the cakes of copper hot into sheets; fine rolling the same cold in steel polished rollers; cutting out the blank pieces of coin, which is

done with greater ease and facility by girls than could possibly be done by strong men. The steam-engine also performs other operations,—such as shaking the coin in bags; and, lastly, it works a number of coining-machines with greater rapidity and exactness, by a few boys, than could be done by a great number of strong men, without endangering their fingers; as the machine itself lays the blanks upon the die perfectly concentrated with it, and when struck displaces one piece and replaces another.

The coining-mill, which was erected in 1788, and has since been greatly improved, is adapted to work eight machines, and each is capable of striking from seventy to eighty-four pieces of money per minute, the size of a guinea, which is equal to between thirty thousand and forty thousand per hour; and, at the same blow, which strikes the two faces, the edge is also struck, either plain or with an inscription upon it; and thus every piece becomes perfectly round and of equal diameter, which is not the case with any other national money ever put in circulation.

Such a coining-mill, erected in the national mint, would, in cases of emergency, be able to coin all the bullion in the Bank of England, at a short notice, without the necessity of put-

ting dollars, or other foreign coin into circulation; and, by erecting double the number of presses, a double quantity may be coined.

Most justly has Dr. Darwin observed, that the “whole of this magnificent and expensive apparatus moves with such superior excellence and cheapness of workmanship, as well as with such powerful machinery, as must totally prevent clandestine imitation; and, in consequence, save many lives from the hand of the executioner; a circumstance well worthy the attention of a great minister. If a civic crown were given, in Rome, for preserving the life of one citizen, Mr. Boulton should be covered with garlands of oak.”

It is worthy of observation, that the ground of the silver money coined by this machine has a much finer and blacker polish than the money coined by the common apparatus.

In consequence of Mr. Boulton’s money being perfectly round, and of equal diameter, he proposed the following coincidence between money, weights, and measures, in the copper coins, viz. a twopenny piece to weigh two ounces, and fifteen of them to measure two feet; one penny piece to weigh one ounce, and seventeen of them to measure two feet; half-penny to weigh half an ounce, and ten of them to measure one foot; a farthing to weigh

one quarter of an ounce, and twelve to measure one foot. This plan was prevented from being put into execution, by the sudden advance in the price of copper.

In 1788, Mr. Boulton struck a piece of gold, the size of a guinea, as a pattern, similar to those of copper. The letters were indented instead of being in relief; and the head and other devices, although in relief, were protected from wear by a broad, flat border; and, from the perfect rotundity of shape, &c. with the aid of a steel gage, it may, with great ease and certainty, by ascertaining its specific gravity, be distinguished from any base metal. Previous to Mr. Boulton's engaging to supply government with copper pence, in order to bring his apparatus to perfection, he exercised it in coining silver money for the Sierra Leone and the African company, and copper for the East-India company and Bermudas. Various beautiful medals of our celebrated naval and other officers, &c. have likewise been struck here, from time to time, by Mr. Boulton, for the purpose of encouraging ingenious artists to revive that branch of sculpture, which had been upon the decline in this kingdom since the death of Symonds, in the reign of Charles II.

This mint is now coining a very small species

of copper money for the East-India company, called *one cash*, seven hundred and fifty of them making a pound of copper. Each press coins one hundred and twenty per minute.

Mr. Boulton having sent, as a present to the late Emperor of Russia, some of the most curious produce of this manufactory, received, in return, a very handsome letter and valuable accompaniments. The letter, written in French, was, in purport, as follows:

“ Mr. Boulton, I thank you for the divers articles made at your manufactory, which you have sent me. I receive them as a mark of your attachment to me. Mr. S. who has communicated to me a knowledge of your character, will remit to you this letter, on my part, and I recommend him to your favour. I send you herewith a medal, in gold, as a mark of my esteem and affection; and I pray God to take you into his holy protection.

Paul.

Moscow, the 15 — 26 April, 1797.

This gold medal is deemed a very strong likeness of the late emperor, and is finely engraved; but what adds to its curiosity is, that the die was engraved by the hands of his imperial consort, who distinguished her taste and talents, in early youth, by modelling por-

traits of her majesty's family and friends in wax, and afterwards made great progress in engraving, both in stones and in steel.

The presents, which accompanied the medal, were a collection of Siberian minerals, and of all the modern money in Russia, in gold, silver, and copper; the Russian weights and measures, with a collection of two hundred very large and finely-engraved bronzed copper medals of all the distinguished characters of that country, recording most of its victories and great events; also the portraits of his two sons, the present amiable emperor and his brother.

In order to attain the desired perfection, in their steam-engines, Messrs. Bolton and Watt found it necessary to erect an iron-foundry, at Smethwick, at a convenient distance, into which a branch of the Birmingham canal enters, and thereby the coals, his iron, sand, &c. are brought, and their engines, or other heavy goods, are transported in boats to every part of the kingdom, there being a wet dock within the walls.

This great work was erected (in partnership with their sons, who possess hereditary talents) from a plan previously digested, and not from disjoined ideas, in three winter months; and the extensive experience of the proprietors has

applied the power of steam to boring cylinders, pumps, &c. to drilling, to turning, to blowing their melting furnaces, and to whatever tends to abridge human labour, and secure accuracy. In viewing this immense fabric, the spectator is most agreeably struck with the extraordinary neatness and regularity which pervades the whole, from the common operations of the anvil to fabricating the ponderous and massive parts of the steam-engines.

To detail the mechanical and philosophical transactions of Soho, and enumerate its multifarious productions, would not only be tedious but superfluous. Considered in a national view, the undertakings of Mr. Boulton are of infinite importance. By collecting around him artists of various descriptions, rival talents have been called forth, and, by successive competition, have been animated and multiplied to an incredible extent. The rays of scattered genius have been concentrated in a point so luminous, that its splendour has reached the remotest shores of Europe and America. Works which, in their infancy, were little attended to, now occupy several acres, and give constant employment to more than six hundred persons. No expense has been spared to render these works not only neat and commodious, but

uniform in aspect, and handsome in architecture; and a barren heath, where the rabbit burrowed, and the lapwing screamed, is now covered with plenty and population.

The same liberal spirit and creative genius has the great and worthy proprietor gradually exercised in the adjoining groves, gardens, and pleasure grounds, which render Soho a much admired scene of picturesque beauty. In the extensive new plantations we see the most extraordinary effects produced by irrigation, with the powerful aid of the steam-engine, which, when at liberty from its other labours, forces up water, by pipes, to the summit of these grounds; so that when all other vegetation is parched and perishing, these shrubberies are amply supplied with genial moisture, and reward their ingenious benefactor by the most grateful foliage. Here also we see the new hydraulic ram, which is a self-moving water-work, applicable to agricultural purposes, and constructed with great ingenuity and simplicity.

The house, which was before much too small for its hospitable owner, has been lately enlarged, in a style of Grecian beauty. At the top of the roof, which is made very neat and commodious for common or telescopic observa-

tions, the prospect is equally extensive and delightful.

In the adjoining groves, near the banks of glassy lakes and murmuring waterfalls, we lose every vestige of art, though so near its confines. The works of the neighbouring Soho are forgotten, and the smoky wreathes of Birmingham melt in the sky. Here, as if in scenes of distant seclusion, you, Mr. Gleaner, may meditate, as a philosopher, or woo the Muse, as a bard.



A beneficial plan has been long established by the worthy proprietor of the Soho manufactory and foundry, by which each manufacturer is obliged to leave a small proportion of his weekly earnings, for sickness, age, accident, &c. &c. This, being stopped out of his wages, is sure to be a regular accumulation for the benefit of the contributor—a plan highly worthy of imitation. — GLEANER.



SKETCH

OF THE

*MORAL, PERSONAL, AND DOMESTIC STATE*

OF THE

ARTISANS OF BIRMINGHAM.



## BIRMINGHAM.

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THE foregoing accounts, of the different branches of trade, having been now laid before you, including an idea of the place and of the people, partly by the help of my ally, and partly by my own collections, you are thus prepared to accompany me, not as a stranger, but as a man and a philanthropist, who feels sensibly for the honours and comforts of such a prodigious community. You are hence enabled to enter into a closer examination of those things, which, in so bustling a scene, lie concealed from the gay and rapid part of the world, under those smooth and attracting surfaces of society, which so often bewilder and deceive the hasty examiner; and, from their general confusion, or, from the particular interest each man takes in his own concerns, are but partially seen by those who live and move in the midst of them.

In looking steadily at my subject, I found that the easiest mode would be to divide the information into certain given points of inquiry; and, by pleasant and useful association with all orders of men, particularly those who, by official situation, or local circumstances, and,

above all, by independence of mind and candour of disposition, as well as by taking time to compare one point of intelligence with another, and to try each by the test of my own reason and observation, I trust you will receive a faithful and impartial statement of what is most interesting to you, as a citizen of the world, and a friend of man.

It appeared to me, that the great objects to be investigated, respecting the manufacturers, would separate into the following points of inquiry :

1. State of their manners and morals ?
2. Of their comforts, whether proportioned to what might be expected from the profits of their labour ?
3. And, if not, whence the failure ?
4. How do they pass their leisure hours ?
5. How their Sabbath days ?
6. In what state is their integrity, as *confidential* persons, who may have *opportunities* to defraud their employers ?
7. What are their habits of cleanliness ? How are they lodged ? how fed ?
8. Do they in general save or dissipate ?
9. Do they economise for future independence in sickness and old age ; or do they spend what they get in youth and health, and look to the poor-house as their dernier resort, with a sort of satisfaction, from which people, who have the least reverence of themselves, shudder but to think of, and use every effort to prevent ?
10. Are the common pot-houses much frequented ?
11. What were the numbers drafted from that part of Warwickshire to supply the exigencies of the war ?

12. Have any artisans returned as volunteers to the manu-factories since the peace?
13. Are there any beneficial club-societies instituted by their employers or themselves for diminishing the public bur-dens, and producing a fund for and by themselves, as in the Soho institution?

14. The state of apprenticeship?

15. Poor-house bills of fare?

16. Work-house weekly statements in time of scarcity, and at present?

To these questions I obtained, partly in conversation, partly in correspondence, the following answers:

1. Their manners and morals must, in this general way, be pronounced licentious and abandoned.
2. Their comforts, and particularly that of their families, are, hence, no way commensurate to their industry.
3. The question is included in the reply given to the first.
4. The bulk of them are wasted in indolence, sloth, or per-nicious activity; but not a few in sober repose, or in the culti-vation of their little garden, of which I shall enlarge here-after.
5. It cannot be supposed that they who mispend their time through the ordinary week "should keep holy the Sabbath day."
6. The opportunities to defraud are innumerable; and it is to be feared nefarious practices are in proportion.

The *temptations* to dishonesty are as manifold as the instances in which they avail themselves of the opportunity.

The seventh question must be divided. The manufacturers of Birmingham, though generally well fed and lodged, are by no means in the habits of cleanliness.

The eighth must be answered to the general disadvantage of this part of the people.

On the ninth question we shall, in its appropriate place,

have much to say. In the mean time, I have to observe, that I find it a common expression, with the unthinking and dissolute part of the artisans, to advert to the poor-house as a certainty. They call it *going home*.

The tenth query must have a decided affirmative.

Of the eleventh question, it is to be remarked, that, in Birmingham and its environs, not less than 75,000 were drafted, as soldiers and sailors, from this county in the course of the war; and yet one of the lamentable effects of that war was the decay of trade, which did not allow sufficient employment to keep the remainder of the manufacturing poor, in the early part of 1797, and not less than 1000 became volunteers at that period. About 12,000 have become volunteers since; and one would have expected, that, when such a number of labourers were taken away, there would have been a want of hands. The reverse was the case: there were still too many hands for the manufacturers here; and certainly in consequence of the war.

The amount of those who connect with the twelfth question is very considerable.

On the beneficial clubs, as well as the state of apprenticeship, alluded to in questions thirteen and fourteen, we shall expatiate in due time and place.

Questions fifteen and sixteen will be accurately answered by the following documents, with which I have been favoured, by the present intelligent and liberal overseers, to whom I am indebted for various information.

Birmingham Work-house, July 20, 1801.

STATE OF THE HOUSE UP TO THIS DAY.

	Men.	Women.	Boys.	Girls.	Totals.
In the house on Monday last	121	500	198	238	1057
Admitted since . . . . .	6	16	8	7	37
Born in the house . . . . .	—	—	—	—	—
	127	516	206	245	1094
Subtract, as below . . . . .	1	11	5	4	21
Totals of each . . . . .	126	505	201	241	1073

	Men.	Women.	Boys.	Girls.
Discharged and absconded . . .	—	6	3	4
Burials . . . . .	1	5	2	—
Apprenticed . . . . .	—	—	—	—
	1	11	5	4

G. HINCHLIFFE, Governor.

Number of out-poor relieved last week . . . 3175 cases

Number of children at the asylum . . . . . 295

J. WRIGHT, Vestry-Clerk.

*Birmingham Work-house, Nov. 9, 1801.*

STATE OF THE HOUSE UP TO THIS DAY.

	Men.	Women.	Boys.	Girls.	Totals.
In the house on Monday last	85	258	109	92	544
Admitted since . . . . .	2	6	—	—	8
Born in the house . . . . .	—	—	—	—	—
	87	264	109	92	552
Subtract, as below . . . . .	1	16	8	3	28
Totals of each . . . . .	86	248	101	89	524

	Men.	Women.	Boys.	Girls.
Discharged and absconded . . .	1	13	8	2
Burials . . . . .	—	1	—	—
Apprenticed . . . . .	—	2	—	1
	1	16	8	3

G. HINCHLIFFE, Governor.

Number of out-poor relieved last week . . 3015 cases

*Birmingham Work-house, May 17, 1802.*

STATE OF THE HOUSE UP TO THIS DAY.

	Men.	Women.	Boys.	Girls.	Totals.
In the house on Monday last	79	200	66	33	378
Admitted since . . . . .	2	4	—	—	6
Born in the house . . . . .	—	—	—	1	1
	81	204	66	34	385
Subtract, as below . . . . .	4	6	4	7	21
Totals of each . . . . .	77	198	62	27	364

	Men.	Women.	Boys.	Girls.
Discharged and absconded . .	3	6	4	3
Burials . . . . .	1	—	—	4
Apprenticed . . . . .	—	—	—	—
	4	6	4	7

G. HINCHLIFFE, Governor.

Number of out-poor relieved last week . . 2770 cases.

Number of children at the asylum . . . . 279

J. WRIGHT, Vestry-Clerk.

NOTE.

The Birmingham work-house, in the scarcity-year, contained upwards of 1100; and such was the crowded state of the house, that the dying, the convalescent, and the dead, have mingled together in the same bed, from a most dire necessity.

So extreme, indeed, was the condition, that many who were received in the house, on representation of their state, while conveying to their wards,

died, on the stairs, in the arms of those who carried them.—Great numbers were of course excluded, from absolute want of room ; those, however, were visited and relieved, yet died in clusters. The causes of which were unquestionably the high price of provisions, and the extreme badness of trade.

The documents I have published prove the number in the house to be reduced one-third, and the out-payments in proportion. Though the disbanding of the militia must have, in some measure, tended to an increase, as they cannot all get into immediate employment.

The result of my inquiries, respecting future preventions, as suggested to me, by the benevolent Dr. Gilby, are—firstly, not to suffer the rooms to be crowded ; secondly, ventilators to be made, by putting wooden frames, with slides, close to the ceiling, in opposite sides or ends of the rooms ; the frames sixteen or eighteen inches long, and the thickness of two bricks ; the slides should be taken out altogether in the hot and mild months, and only made use of when the atmosphere is cold, in proportion to the severity of the weather.

Thirdly, **CLEANLINESS** should be attended to—all the walls should be washed with lime-wash, to which a little size should be added every six months ; fourthly, people who are to receive parish-relief should be examined, to see they are cleanly in their *own* persons ; fifthly, there is nothing the poor are so addicted to as to neglect washing their feet—the stench from which is highly detrimental to health ; sixthly, the *diet of poor-houses* is generally less nutritive than it ought to be. The plan of contracting to keep the poor, at a certain sum per head, is disgraceful to any town or county ; the contract being generally made on such terms, as to render it impossible for the person contracting to give the object under his care a sufficient quantity of nourishment ; seventhly, those who become overseers ought to be compelled to see that every thing goes on comfortably, with respect to diet, which they rarely do ; as a man and Christian, an overseer ought to take the same pains in providing for the poor, committed to his care, as he does for his own family. He should see that they have meat of a good wholesome quality, three or four days per week at least, and as much of it as he himself would wish. Rounds and beds of beef, and legs of veal and mutton, are the cheapest and best meat, for work-houses, that can be procured. They are cheapest, because every part is ate, without waste ; solids are certainly more invigorating than slops.

The soup-shops, however, have undoubtedly had a most admirable effect in Birmingham.

In proof of the diminished distress of the poor in this town, since this time last year, (June 2, 1802,) an able magistrate, and very amiable man, collected for me the following facts, in reference to the soup-shop.

From November 1, 1800, to May 2, 1801, soup was sold (as it had been done some winters before) three days a week. The quantity sold in the whole was 53,980 gallons, on seventy-eight different days, averaging 692 gallons per day; and it was supposed double the quantity might have been sold, could it have been made; thus, the poor were limited to a certain quantity, and frequently some hundreds went away, after waiting an hour or two, without a supply.

The shop was opened again on the 22d of December, 1802, and continued so till March 6, 1802. The soup was much better, and the poor might have as much as they wished. The whole quantity sold was only 4,855 gallons, on thirty-three different days, averaging 147 gallons per day; and the demand at last was so small, that not more than fifty gallons a day was required: the shop was in consequence shut up.



The weight of the poor, during the war, in addition to famine,\* however induced, could

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\* In the courts surrounding Union-street more than one hundred poor died, in the course of the scarcity-winter, of absolute hunger, notwithstanding the bounty of public and private charities, and the very enormous poor's rates.

“ Such is and ever will be the fluctuating state of trade and manufactures, says Buchan, that thousands of people may be in full employment to-day and in beggary to-morrow.”\*

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\* In corroboration of these facts, it has been recently observed, that in the years 1800, 1801, the badness of trade concurred with dearness of provisions, to occasion such distress of mind, and weakness of body, as were followed by that most fertile cause of contagion, the filth of private dwellings. The opulent then stepped forward with that humanity which makes the poor rejoice in their prosperity: the establishment of a public kitchen, in which soup of an excellent quality, together with good bread, was delivered in a liberal manner, doubtless prevented thousands from death, either through the direct effect of scarcity, or its indirect consequence of increased conta-

not have been supported, either by benevolence or industry, much longer, because the two last were like the poor themselves, exhausted for want of their usual supply. The only branch of the commerce of this great town being then

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gion ; yet, with every exertion of benevolence, scenes of misery occurred that can scarcely be conceived, by those who have not beheld them.

In the beginning of this period of distress, many sold their furniture by degrees, and then their apparel in the same way, before they submitted to the afflicting resource of asking parish relief. This degree of calamity pressed longer than has been generally supposed, but there is sufficient testimony of its weight to be obtained from the pawnbrokers. Clothes loaded with filth were taken upon pawn every Saturday night, and several persons in this business were infected, and some died of fever, after long protracted indisposition. The applications to the parish were at length so numerous, that the relief afforded to each family was barely sufficient for their sustenance.

The poverty which is so great as to prevent the obtaining necessities for a family brings with it, besides the physical evils of pain and disease, the misery of hopeless despondency and confirmed humiliation. Despondency and even despair were therefore moral causes, which, in this *typhus* of the poor, added greatly to the difficulties of overcoming the disease. The state we have described, may be irritated rather than alleviated by the remedies commonly applied ; the soothing attentions\* of the benevolent are the most efficacious balm to soften the anguish of a wounded heart, and to calm the agitations of a mind, stung by disappointment, and humbled by despair. In proposing remedies for the ills of the body, it is therefore not less than a duty, to raise the sinking heart by the cheerful assurance of recovery, and by inspiring a confidence in the prospect of better days. Frequent instances of unaffected sympathy with the sick, appeared in many respectable females, who were so active and judicious as to supply, by their attentions, the deficiencies of poverty, and thus to give efficacy to the medicines recommended. Amongst these the Quakers were to be found, acting up to their professions with exemplary zeal, wherever their benevolence could be usefully exerted.

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\* For a more ample discussion on this important branch of medical influence, see "The Physician," a poem: also the notes to that performance, "Harvest Home," vol. iii. page 1.

through manufactures which assisted the war itself, *viz.* swords, guns, balls, and other instruments, which have been invented and constructed by human beings to harass each other. Thus, by a singular fatality, the lives of one part of the people of England were supported by multiplying the means of destroying the other. Yet peace no sooner returned than the arts of peace, and the industry with which they are acquired, returned with them. This was strongly illustrated in the eager return of the disbanded regiments to the manufactories.



Amongst the useful improvements in mechanical arts, it will be a just tribute to private ingenuity, and a proper notice to the public, to mention Mr. Thomason's patent steps.

Since the construction of coaches, post-chaises, chariots, and two-wheel pleasurable carriages, not any plan has been thought of to get conveniently in and out of a carriage, without the assistance of a servant to let down and put up the steps.—The only one that has been submitted to the public is what some of the medical gentlemen use in London, which are small iron steps fixed to the outside of the carriage, suspended a great height from the ground, and of course are extremely inconvenient, either in ascending or descending, and, moreover, are always covered with dirt, from off the wheels.

The invention now offered to the public has not any of these objections, and differs very little in appearance from the steps in general use; for they fold up nearly in the same manner, do not take more room, stand in the same place inside the car-

riage, and are not so heavy.—They can be affixed to any carriage in a few hours, as they screw on exactly the same as all other coach-steps; and, as the two principal movements are a roller and slide, they are not likely to be out of repair.—To be confident of the proof of their durability, a person was employed to fold and unfold them upwards of thirty thousand times, by the action of the door, when they did not receive the least injury.

In the opening of the door, the steps will unfold and descend with the same rapidity as the door is opened; that is, if the door is opened in one second, the steps will be down in the same time; but, if a person opens the door regular, the steps will descend smooth and without noise.

Thus a gentleman may travel commodiously without a servant behind his carriage, or the driver leaving his horses. The door keeps firm in its convenient situation, for a person to alight from, or ascend into the carriage. And in case the driver should be thrown from the horse, or the horses become vicious, the person in the carriage may let himself out, without any danger.

They are said, likewise, to be more durable, and, at the same time, much lighter than the common carriage steps, and, by their mode of construction, will support twice the weight.

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TO detail the great variety of causes which have contributed to counteract, in great measure, the comforts, the morals, and the profits arising from the industry and ingenuity of the manufacturers of Birmingham is a very painful, and, in many respects, a very mournful under-

taking. It is so satisfactory to observe the effect of a beautiful or useful piece of art, as it presents itself to the admiring eye, and it is so gratifying to the mind to consider, in a collective sense, the exertion of talents, and the reward of labour joining hands as it were, till the means and the end seem equally to be answered, that it appears almost an invidious task\* to penetrate deeper than the smiling surface, and descend into the darkness that is beneath.

But, since it is well known the fairest flowers may adorn the surface of the earth, and hide from the eye the most dangerous pit-falls ; since

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\* As a leading circumstance it may be noted, that there is a material distinction to be made in the higher orders of the manufacturers ; beginning with the manufacturers in the article of japanning to the manufacturers of pins, which may be considered as the extremes of high and low ; the manners and morals of these are as different as the employments : and it is, therefore, more than vague conjecture to believe, that the intermediate classes partake the like influence in a certain descending series, and graduate in their progress accordingly : for instance, the first rank, namely, the japanners, rarely associate, in their hours of relaxation, with the workers of copper, brass, iron, &c. the latter frequent the common pot-house, the former get into the third and fourth inns and club-rooms, with the little tradesmen, considering themselves rather as artists than artisans, dress to the character, have something more of a reverence for themselves, and are, therefore, upon the whole, not only a more polished, but a more valuable link in the chain of society.

even the richest-looking verdure may cover these, and the traveller be overwhelmed, by trusting to alluring appearances, it becomes the duty of such as are acquainted with these perilous places to mark them out by a direction-post, or by some other warning, to prevent mischief; and, as far as may be, to suggest, as we go along, a remedy for the evil.

Little does the purchaser of a Birmingham toy suppose how much of virtue and of vice is attached to its production, before it comes into his possession.\* Nor, in the aggregate, does it seem at all necessary for him to be apprised of this. It is, individually speaking, enough for him to be attracted by the article, to praise its workmanship, and to place it amongst the curiosities of his cabinet. The same remark applies to the purchaser of a suit of ribands, at

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\* On this occasion, I am forced, by a stern duty, to forego my usual propensity to choose only the lucid paths, and to go into the depths of darkness. I shall be constrained, in some instances, to look at a vast proportion of the people of Birmingham, in their personal and domestic situation, with a different eye from that with which they have been viewed by my candid and liberal correspondent, Mr. Morfitt. "I think," observes another contributing friend, "when the Gleaner is compelled to look at *Human Nature's unhandsome leg*, as described in Franklin's *Apologue*, her cloven foot must come out; especially when he enters on the moral and social state of artisans."

Coventry; a set of China, at Worcester; and a piece of cotton or muslin, at Manchester.

Parties visiting a manufactory, at either of the above towns, are so engaged in particular inquiry or inspection, or so absorbed in general admiration, that they have neither power nor inclination to go into the detail of political or moral effects. They observe every eye intent, and every hand busy, on its appropriate object: they see the most exact order, and a simplicity of arrangement in the most complex employments: and they view the wonderful processes of a pin, a button, a skein of thread or of silk, from its dark and rude state of the raw material to its ultimate polish and perfection: they look, with almost a religious wonder, at the progressions of these different pieces of workmanship, softening and refining, as they are passed from one set of artificers to another, till they behold shape, symmetry, order, beauty, and use: the magic increases, and the charm strengthens at every step, till, in the end, a new and fair creation stands displayed before their eyes. Having gained this point, they retire well gratified; and the impression left on their minds is very seldom diminished by any of those less pleasing researches, which lie remote from these shew-shops, or warehouses.

It is reserved for other examiners to follow

the artisan, from the spindle, the wheel, and the shuttle; from the anvil, the hammer, and the forge; from the compass and the rule; the varnish and the painting-pot, to his places of retirement and vacation, to his house, his lodging, his public meetings, and his private haunts. It is the business of a philosophical observer to leave the scene of art with the artisan, and with silent but with serious steps, whatever be the age, or the sex, to pursue the artisan to his last retreats, so far as they can be penetrated, or explored; thence to look at him as a citizen, a neighbour, a friend, a servant, or a wife; a husband, child, parent, and human Being. The accessible manufactory is but a public exhibition of its local inhabitants, where laws and duties are obeyed or enforced. But, to obtain an estimate of conduct, character, happiness, or misery, of those inhabitants, must be exhibited at their several homes, or in their desertions from home.

And, alas! dear friend, it is then that the talisman is so often dissolved, the spell broken, and the well-ordered artificial creation, which discipline, policy, and necessity, have raised around a character are thrown again into anarchy. Then, too, it is, not only in the workshop of the artisan and toy-shop of the tradesman, but in the parlour and the drawing-room of the

more splendid children of fortune, that the fair and polished fabrics of art and imagination, fall down, and leave nothing but a wreck behind.

The author of the "History of Whalley" has pronounced, with dreadful energy, "That, in great manufactories, human corruption, accumulated in large masses, seems to undergo a kind of fermentation, which sublimes it to a degree of malignity not to be exceeded out of Hell."

The truth of these remarks and assertions, my friend, lead regularly, and but too naturally, to the results of the surveys I have made, and the information I have received, of the moral, personal, and domestic state of the manufacturers of this great town.

That state, you are already prepared to believe, is loaded with variety of distress and disorder. The general answers given to my general questions, in the preceding pages, have led you to expect still less satisfaction from a knowledge of particular causes and effects. I have to beg, however, you will go with me into the subject, ungracious as it is, with patience and perseverance: in mitigation of which penance, I pledge myself to touch only such points as seem the most prominent; and to dispatch these with as little prolixity as is consist-

tent with a lucid and accurate description of the facts I have gathered.

It is difficult to say which of the causes I have to bring forward ought, in pre-eminence of mischief, to take the lead. Unfortunately, choice is puzzled amidst a diversity of objects equally atrocious. If any distinct enormity, however, has a claim to priority, and to be considered as the head of the Hydra, which haunts and infects the comfort and character of so many thousands of a most laborious and ingenious community, resident in this vast mart of British manufactures, turning all that ingenuity, so far as it respects themselves, into contempt, and all that labour into unprofitable gain, it is, perhaps, the *facility* with which dishonesty and dissipation, of every kind, may here be gratified to the fullness of the worst desires, in defiance of laws, human or divine. It has been already noted, that, in a town of this kind, confidence in the integrity of the servant is often a matter rather of necessity than free will in the master. Trust is inseparable from the very nature of the employment; and this of necessity is so broad and general, that a breach of it may be committed for a series of years, in many articles of the manufactures of the place, and may proceed in a silent progress of depredation, sometimes

less, sometimes greater, before it is either punished or even suspected.\*

In the various articles of silver, copper, brass, and iron, for example, the employer may be plundered daily and hourly, for half a century, and at last, merely by accident, or by the treachery of one rogue impeaching another, from envy or from revenge, may discover that he has been the loser of defrauded thousands.

It must be admitted, that this strong temptation to theft is in itself; but is highly an evil aggravated by the ready modes which present themselves in this and every other great manufacturer's own manner of turning ill-got property to immediate advantage; and more thieves are not made by a knowledge of the certain and unquestioned means of disposing of their pillage, and of the encouragements held out by

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\* Nay, the aggregate of the pillage might startle and alarm the plunderer himself, if suddenly presented to his view; and if he were conscious of having followed the purloining part of his trade with unchecked success for any length of time: and if this retrospect was to take place, at the moment of sickness, in the midst of his ill-got wealth, if we can suppose thieves to step out of their own natural characters of prodigals, and become misers, I can imagine nothing so terrifying, even to themselves, as this idea of dying impiously rich, or any so likely to make them ashamed of life, and afraid of death. Nor would the astonishment of the person robbed be less than that of the robber were it possible for him to measure the end with the means; to see articles of a few pence rise into pounds, till, in the course of twenty or thirty years, the stolen heaps, that had been in daily accumulation, would almost surpass credibility.

the receivers, than from any predisposition to roguery in the thief himself. The old iron shops of Birmingham are more numerous than in any other town in England, except London. Generally speaking, they are scandalous receptacles of stolen property; and I have the strongest grounds for asserting, that these pestiferous houses have, within the last twenty years, multiplied most alarmingly; in the proportion, perhaps, of twenty to one. These resorts, my dear friend, are direct repositories of every description of the materials used in the manufactures of the place, and, in many cases, of the articles in a finished state, under the general name of an *old iron shop*. The owner deals in, and will purchase, even from children of ten years old and under, paper, packthread, resin, lead, brass, tin, iron, silver, gold, in short, any thing they can purloin from their employers, from the value of one penny to any amount. By these inducements, great numbers of persons, of both sexes, in this town, are entangled in a most ruinous commerce.

And this source of temptation to theft is held out to every description of offenders, from a child who wants a penny, to buy apples, to a man who desires to keep his girl and his gig. Take not, however, in too broad a sense this expression. Though temptations are very nu-

merous, a great many of the workmen are honest.

But the intercourse betwixt the thief and the receiver is, at length, become now perfectly systematic in Birmingham ; the former has but to avail himself of one or more of the opportunities which are continually occurring, and then to carry the stolen goods to the latter ; and if there should be any other than the parties concerned in the shop, at the time of delivering the said article, it is frequently placed on the counter, or given to the receiver, without a single word being exchanged on either side. Now, supposing the thief to be detected by the employer, or by an artisan more honest or more adroit than the plunderer ; and even supposing justice aroused to pursue her victim to the receiving house, it is fifty to one whether any thing effective would result from the search, unless it were immediate ; for, as by one Harlequin trick, the stolen goods were conveyed, in the first instance, to the old iron shop, so, by another, it passes to the second, the crucible, the melting-pot, the forge, or some other vehicle of transmutation ; after which the commodity becomes so changed as to make it impossible for the master to swear to his own property, though it should, in the very next hour, be exposed for sale under his eyes.

Of this nefarious system I have gleaned a variety of instances; some of which were contributed by a highly respectable and enlightened magistrate; and, as they tend to illustrate all my assertions on this head, I shall lay them before you in this place, by the following extracts from a letter of great, though melancholy, information.

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“ When I had the honour of conversing with you on the inducements held out to youth, by the receivers of stolen goods in this town, to rob their employers, the facility with which this fraudulent system was carried on, and the extreme difficulty of bringing offenders to justice, you discovered that surprise, which might naturally be expected from the contemplation of a subject pregnant with evils of so alarming a nature, to the morals and property of the inhabitants of so populous a town as Birmingham; and, in particular, as affecting the principles of the rising generation, exposed to temptations so various and strong, before the seeds of virtue had taken sufficient root in their minds to enable them to resist the allurements of vice. As you appeared solicitous to collect a few accounts of the many instances which might be furnished in illustration of the subject, I shall with pleasure state some which have fallen under my own notice, in hopes it may excite the attention of those whose duty it is to guard the morals and property of the community, and lead to some remedy which may at least check, if not destroy, this dreadfully nefarious system; not less injurious to the welfare of society than disgraceful to the police of the country.

“ I shall begin with a servant who had been many years employed by a public company in the neighbouring manufac-

ries of ingot-brass. Having frequently missed small quantities of shot or granulated copper, such as is used in making brass, they were induced to watch the different workmen employed; finding three or four pounds of copper tied up in a handkerchief, concealed among some straw, they directed a confidential person to keep an eye upon it, from a situation where he could not be seen. It was soon removed, the thief immediately left the premises, as was supposed with a view to sell it: he was pursued and brought back with the property upon him; being young in vice, he immediately, with tears, acknowledged his guilt, and gave the following account of the means by which he had been seduced from the path of integrity.

“ As he was going, sometime before, from his work, through St. Phillip’s church-yard, he met a woman, who asked him if he did not work at the brass-house? On his answering in the affirmative, she inquired if he could not bring a little metal now and then, telling him that she would give him a good price for it, and it would never be known. He told her he had none of his own, and did not wish to rob his masters, who were very good to him. She replied that she supposed he sometimes made a bit of an out, (meaning drinking and neglecting his work,) and that a few shillings, at such a time, would be useful; again assuring him she would take care it should never be found out. Sometime after he was induced to take a small parcel, which she bought, and encouraged him to come again, which he did. That he was going to take this to the same place, and, if they chose to permit him, he would go and sell it, and a constable being in waiting, might enter immediately, and find the property in her possession. This was agreed to, and the better to identify it, every piece was marked with a punch. He went accordingly, and, in a few minutes, came out with the money in his hand, which he gave to the constable, who instantly entered the house, but could

find no copper. A neighbour, who was washing in the same yard, perceiving something tied up in a handkerchief fall, as she supposed, from the chamber window of this woman's house, picked it up and brought it in; upon examination, it was found to contain the copper in question, and the handkerchief was proved to be the property of the woman suspected of being the receiver. It appeared that, on seeing the constable entering the house, she had run down into the cellar, and thrown the handkerchief out of a window up into the air, by which means the washerwoman was led to suppose it fell from the chamber. On this evidence the woman was held to bail, to answer the charge at the next assizes, when she was discharged, on the ground of the copper having been in the possession of the owners, who marked it after it had been stolen, and could therefore be no longer considered as stolen property.

A short time since, four boys, the eldest of whom was not sixteen, were brought to the public office, on a charge of stealing some gold and silver articles from a watchmaker's shop, which they effected by taking a pane of glass out of the window.

On examination it appeared that one of these boys went to an old Jew or broker's shop, to buy a jacket. The man asked him if he could not bring a silver-spoon, or any article of that kind from his mother's, and he would buy it. The boy did so, and, after awhile, he introduced him to two or three more boys about his own age, and pointed out to them how they might rob this watchmaker's shop; telling them he would purchase what they brought, and take care that it should be melted directly, and therefore would never be found out. Having accomplished their purpose, they returned with their booty; he then took them to a house at a considerable distance from his own, and desired them to wait in the street whilst he went in, as the man would not deal if any other per-

son was present. After waiting some time he came out, and gave each of them some money; they were dissatisfied with the amount; a quarrel ensued, when one of the boys went and informed the constable of the whole transaction. The constable went immediately to the house, where he found a melting furnace in the garret, and a couple of crucibles recently taken out of the fire, containing a quantity of gold and silver, corresponding in weight with the articles that had been stolen, which confirmed the account the boy had given. The property could, however, no longer be identified, and consequently no prosecution could take place.

"I shall mention another instance, which occurred in the case of an eminent manufacturer of japanned goods. As one of his painters was passing by a shop of this kind he saw a large waiter, which he knew to be his master's property, having painted it himself, and, being an article made only for exportation, concluded it must have been stolen. He acquainted his employer, who immediately went to the shop, and found the waiter, which he knew, but could give no information, from the possessor, of whom it was purchased. On a strict examination of his servants, it was at length discovered to have been taken and sold by a girl not more than eight years old, who was afterwards confronted with the keeper of the shop, who acknowledged it was bought of this *little girl*.

"In this case, likewise, the receiver could not be punished, (though the price acknowledged to have been given for the waiter was not a fourth of its value,) there being no evidence but his own confession, and the manufacturer not being able to swear that he never *sold* the waiter. "This," he said, "could not be done, because, having sold many of the same pattern to merchants, in cases or casks, for exportation, it was possible this might be one of them, although, from the nature

of the trade, there was not the slightest *probability* of this being the fact.

“The manufacturer afterwards went to many of the shops in the same neighbourhood, requesting them to stop any person who might bring such articles for sale, but met with a refusal in every instance.

“I could enumerate many more instances of a similar kind, but possibly these may be sufficient for your purpose. This subject is discussed at length, with so much knowledge and ability, by Mr. Celquhoun, in his Treatise on the Police of the Metropolis, both in reference to the causes and remedies, that, if you have not already perused it, I am persuaded, in your present pursuit, you will derive much information from that most valuable and important work.

“I have the honour to be, dear Sir, &c.”

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What has been observed, on the topic of those nurseries of crimes, instituted by the receivers of stolen property, is no less applicable to the town of Birmingham than to the city of London.

Without the facilities, which receivers hold out, by administering immediately to the wants of criminal offenders, and concealing what they purloin from the public, a thief, a robber, or a burglar, could not carry on his trade.

And yet, conclusive and obvious as these remarks must be, it is a melancholy truth that,

in the British metropolis alone, there are at present supposed to be three thousand receivers\*

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\* It is not supposed that the property which is purloined and pilfered, in a little way, from almost every family, and from every *house, stable, shop, warehouse, workshop, foundry, and other repositories*, in and about the metropolis, can amount to less than 710,000*l.* a year, exclusive of what is pilfered from ships in the river Thames, which is supposed to amount, by estimates which have been made, to about half a million sterling more, including the stores and materials; and when to this is added the pillage of his Majesty's stores, in ships of war, dock-yards, and other public repositories, the aggregate will be found, in point of extent, almost to exceed credibility.

It is a melancholy reflection to consider how many individuals, young and old, who are not of the class or description of common or even reputed thieves, are implicated in this system of depredation, who would probably have remained honest and industrious, had it not been for the easy and safe mode of raising money, which these numerous receivers of stolen goods hold out, in every by-street and lane in the metropolis; where, although a beggarly appearance of old iron, old rags, or second-hand clothes is only exhibited, the back apartments are often filled with the most valuable articles of ship stores, copper-bolts, and nails, brass, and other valuable metals; West-India produce, household goods, and wearing-apparel, purchased from artificers, labourers in the docks, lumpers, glutmen, menial servants, apprentices, journeymen, porters, chimney-sweepers, itinerant Jews, and others, who, thus encouraged, and thus protected, go on with impunity, and without the least dread of detection, in supplying the numerous imaginary wants, which are created in a large capital,

of various kinds of stolen goods; and an equal proportion all over the country, who keep open

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by plundering every article not likely to be missed in the houses or stables of men of property, or in the shops, warehouses, foundries, workshops, or manufactories, or from new buildings, from ships in the river, and also from his majesty's stores and other repositories, where, in some instances, the same articles are said to be sold to the public boards three or four times over.

Thus it is that the moral principle is totally destroyed among a vast body of the lower ranks of the people; for, whatever prodigality, dissipation, or a want of economy, or gaming, whether in the lottery or otherwise, occasions a pressure for money, they avail themselves of every opportunity to purloin public or private property, and recourse is had to all those devices and tricks by which even children are enticed to steal before they know that it is a crime, and to raise money at the pawnbrokers, or the old iron and rag shop, to supply the wants of profligate parents.

Hence it is that servants, apprentices, journeymen, and labourers, in short, all those classes of labouring people who have opportunities of purloining the property of their masters, their employers, or the public, are led astray by the temptations to spend money which occur in a great metropolis, and by the facilities and the encouragements held out by the dire nest of receivers, than from any predisposed tendency to rascality in the thief himself.

In regard to the pawnshops, there may be instances where they are a great relief, and a *prudent* poor person may derive great benefit; but if the prudent poor are but as one in fifty, in such proportion only are the advantages of these places. We know that, in general, they gain a great deal of money

shop, for the purpose of purchasing, at an under price, — often for a mere trifle, — every kind of property brought to them; from a nail, or a glass bottle, up to the most valuable article, either new or old; and this without asking a single question.

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out of the bowels of the poor, and that they are, though some are doubtless good, in general a very great encouragement and cloak to thieves of all descriptions. A parish pawnshop would be a salutary institution. It would have no inducement to encourage improper characters; and if it was a gainer by the trade, the profits would again return to the poor.

## SUBJECT OF ARTISANS CONTINUED.

IN pursuance of this momentous subject, I have to observe, that the evil, which, in the second place, calls aloud for reprobation, is the number of public-houses: indeed, I have been in some doubt whether this mischief ought not to have been noticed in the first place. There would be very slight temptation to the theft of any portable article of manufacture, or to the temporary advantages arising from its sale, were there no haunts for the thief to enjoy the fruits of his plunder in a manner consistent with the licentiousness of his character. It rarely happens that any part of the money obtained in this way is appropriated to domestic economy; for, besides that the pillage is induced by luxury and not necessity, (and *that* even in cases where the wife and children, engaged in the same manufactory, confederate with the husband to defraud their employer,) the whole family are involved in their separate plans of debauchery, scarcely ever are their *homes* one comfort the richer; on the contrary, the house of the artisan, like that of the cottager, is ge-

nerally destitute of health and happiness, in proportion to the money obtained by nefarious practices. These inevitably produce a consciousness, which make a man's house a place of escape and of desertion, and the several objects which inhabit it are so many secret causes for his being out of it as much as possible. The hours which honest industry looks to, even in the midst of labour, with so much fondness, the very minutes of which are appreciated with so much home-felt and heart-felt delight — *that* delight, my friend, which, while a man is intensely plying his art, breaks forth into song, and softens the rough brow of drudgery into a smile — are contemplated by the fraudulent artisan under very opposite impressions. If the labour of his body is not less, that of his mind is greater; his eyes are on the watch for the moment most favourable to his dark purposes; his toil is unsweetened by the refreshing images of relative affection; his thoughts are occupied with the different arrangements of the preconcerted peculation; and the associations of the coming night are anticipated with a feverish yet gloomy kind of joy. The intermediate points of time, meanwhile, are past in that anxious and uncheerful state, which inevitably attends wicked thoughts before they are aggravated by wicked actions.

But, in due time, all these brooding imaginations are realized: the daily theft has been committed, the article purloined is converted into specie, and the plunderer, by a very easy transition, repairs to a *second* receiving-house, — for so may the public-house of a manufacturing town be very truly denominated. Here he either meets with others as guilty as himself, and tries to drown reflection by the heat and tumult of confederating wickedness, or by solitary intoxication; and it is no wonder if he here forgets wife, children, parent, and friend, since he has arrived at that deplorable point of vice, as to make it a dreadful kind of interest to do all that in him lies to forget himself.

The progress of criminal actions, from the first trespass onward in ascent, to the last dark achievement, when bad habits have taken root in the mind, would, were the picture exhibited, terrify the most abandoned creature; and yet the gradations from error to error, from one fraud to another, from one theft to a thousand, (where temptations are innumerable, and punishments few,) are so easy and so imperceptible at first, and become so familiar in the end, that the most inveterate feature in the portrait is looked upon without disgust. Hundreds of persons there are, I fear, in Birmingham, who, in the beginning of their furtive ca-

reer, have blushed and trembled as they purloined the first pin or button, and who, having since arrived at the horrible necessity, as they may think it, of pursuing the compact of fraud, feel scarcely the dread of any thing but detection; and even *that* (by the frequency of a vicious pursuit, which hardens the mind both against danger and disgrace,) loses much of its terror. The habitual thief is in a manner prepared for the worst; and it is said, that those persons who have been long in the practice of highway robbery, and whose haunts are known to the inferior officers of our police, consider their dying, sooner or later, by the halter, an almost inevitable circumstance; make up their minds, as it were, with a sort of horrid philosophy to their fate, and even sport with each other as to whose turn shall be next.

But to return to that nest of public mischief, the common ale-house.\* It may easily be sup-

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\* Miscellaneous as are the sketches of the Gleaner, says a valued friend, he may perhaps somewhere find a place for reprobating the practice prevailing among many masters of business, of *paying their workmen*, on Saturday evenings, at a PUBLIC-HOUSE. It is certainly too common in this county, if not in other parts of the kingdom. It often originates in the self-importance of some employer of workmen, who promises in this way to bring custom to his friend at the Six Bells, or

posed in what a condition the husband, who has past his over-work hours among these pest-houses, returns to his wife and family, if he returns at all. A guilty man, who has absconded from his house, wants not only the virtue but the courage to re-enter it till his senses are drenched; and it is far more likely that the vice of drunkenness should lead to other excesses, far from home, before he seeks the spot where he thinks he has a husband and a father's right to act the tyrant and the brute. In short, his own house is the last place to which he resorts, either to squander his ill-got gains, or to share them. His domestic duties

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the Green Dragon, or the Cat and Bagpipes, &c. &c. that he may exalt himself in the idea of the obligation he has conferred. At the close of Saturday's employ the workmen assemble. They cannot meet without calling for a pot, which is perhaps three or four times replenished before master appears, whose delay is one of the marks of his dignity, as well as of his friendship for the landlord. Master sits down in the parlour or bar, and calls aloud, and with a tone of great importance, for Robert, and Harry, and Dick, till he has gone through the list, when they return for the finishing pot. I knew a young man who was extremely averse to this practice, but who could never get through the ceremony of the pay-table at a less expense than the sixteenth part of his weekly earnings. This is a serious business for a man with a family, and often leads to a drunken Saturday night and a dinnerless Sunday.

are, of course, not less neglected than those of his master.\*

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\* A large proportion of those earnings, observes Mr. Colquhoun, on treating this article, which would enable a family to be comfortable at home, to educate children, and to rear them up with a proper regard to their health and morals, so as to render them useful, instead of mischievous members of the community, is, from invincible and growing habits, squandered in public-houses.

The period is not too remote to be recollected, when it was thought a disgrace for a woman (excepting on holiday occasions) to be seen in the tap-room of a public-house; but, of late years, the obloquy has lost its effect, since it is to be lamented, that the public tap-rooms of many ale-houses are filled with men, women, and children, on all occasions, where the wages of labour is too often exchanged for indulgences ruinous to health, and for lessons of profligacy and vice, totally destructive of the morals of the adults as well as of the rising generation.

In tracing the causes of the increase of public depredation, by means of robberies, pilferings, and frauds, which must be attributed to ill-regulated public-houses.

An ill-regulated public-house is, in truth, one of the greatest nuisances which can exist in civil society. Through this medium crimes are increased in an eminent degree; its poison spreads far and wide; it may be truly said to be a seminary for rearing up rogues and vagabonds.

It is in such public-houses that thieves and fraudulent persons find an asylum, and consult how and where they are to commit depredations on the public. It is here that apprentices, and boys and girls of tender years, are to be found engaged in scenes of lewdness and debauchery; and, in fine, it is in such

It must be confessed, at the same time, that the wives of the artisans of Birmingham, are,

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places where almost every vice that disturbs the peace and good order of society has its origin.\*

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\* Amongst the admirable remarks, relative to public-houses, it is stated, that, in the city of London, under the jurisdiction of the lord mayor and aldermen, there are 21,649 houses, whereof 825 are licensed public-houses.

*The proportion, therefore, is, 1 public-house to every 25 private houses.*

In the division of the Tower Hamlets, under the jurisdiction of the resident and acting magistrates of the county of Middlesex, for that district, there are 25,402 houses, whereof 1016 are licensed public-houses, and in this division there were 145 liquor-shops last year.

*The proportion, therefore, is, 1 public-house to every 24 private houses.*

In the division of the Tower Royalty, under the jurisdiction of magistrates, specially commissioned for that district of the metropolis, there are 750 houses, whereof 43 are licensed public-houses.

*The proportion, therefore, is, 1 public-house to every 16 private houses.*

In the city of London and its environs, including the borough of Southwark, and the surrounding towns and villages in Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Essex, within ten miles of the capital, it is computed that there are about 6000 licensed ale-houses, and the average upon the whole is supposed to be about 26 *private houses* to 1 *public house*, taking it on the scale of 156,000 inhabited houses in and near the metropolis.

In the above limits, it is calculated, that, including *inmates* and *lodgers*, there are about 222,000 families, who are, more or less, customers to ale-houses, and upon this data

*The proportion is 1 public-house to every 37 families.*

It has been generally understood, that about 60 families are necessary to support a creditable newly-established ale-house, and the best proof that can be adduced in support of this position is, the frequent shifting of tenants, occasioned, no doubt, from the want of trade, arising principally from the circumstance of the average number of families to each public-house, being, at least, one-third short of what is supposed to be necessary to support a reputable trade.

In the Tower Hamlets alone (which forms only one-sixth part of the whole) there are 127 houses, which, in the course of the last four years,

in general, as deficient in those duties as their husbands. They are lamentably unfit for

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have been occupied by no less than 498 different publicans, and from which, of course, 371 tenants have found it necessary, or have in general been compelled to withdraw themselves: in many instances, perhaps from thence to a jail.

If changes to the same extent have taken place all over the capital and its environs, the number of publicans who have been deprived of the means of living, in this way, must have amounted to upwards of 2000 in the course of four years!

Upon this calculation, the accuracy of which has not been disputed, the injury to the public, arising from extending licenses too far, is obvious. It is not an object to good men to become publicans, where the hazard is so great; and hence it follows, that bad and profligate characters often get into public houses, who tolerate every kind of immorality and disorder, to create a trade, which they are generally obliged to abandon at last, to the great injury of brewers and distillers, who are not less interested in reducing the number of public houses than the magistrates, seeing that the consumption of liquors must always be nearly the same, and that the injury arises from the trade being in too many hands, by which the morals of the lower ranks are corrupted, and the best interests of society injured, through the medium of ill-regulated and disorderly public-houses, where the most reprehensible means are made use of, in order to create a trade.

To remedy the evils which have been thus detailed, much will depend on the exercise of the investigating and discriminating powers of active, zealous, and intelligent magistrates; and still more on the support and assistance which will be derived from those of their brethren, whose habits and inclinations are less devoted to laborious investigations, in acting under the influence of such facts and observations as shall be brought under their consideration: in giving the subject a patient and full consideration, so as to enable them to act under the impulses of truth, without being open to that species of influence, in their ultimate decisions, which the applications of interested individuals, or the temporary clamours of a narrow circle, may create; and, when practiced upon weak minds, or minds not fully in possession of the subject, often defeat the best objects that ever were devised for the public good.

Mr. Colquhoun asserts a most awful truth, when he says, It is impossible to contemplate the subject, as it relates to the community, in any point of view,

wives, which will always be the case where women are brought up in the shops or manu-

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without feeling its importance. The foundation of all good police—of all happiness, comfort, and security in society, is to be traced to the morals of the lower ranks of the people.—If they cannot be preserved, in a greater degree than at present, profligacy and universal anarchy and confusion will sap the foundations of the state.

It follows, that while it is in public-houses chiefly that morals are corrupted, the proper regulation of these places of resort, especially in and about a great and overgrown capital, is a matter of infinitely more importance to the interest of the state and to the security of individuals, as well as to the peace and good order of society, than appears at first view.

The above able magistrate introduces regulations, chiefly respecting granting and refusing licences, with a view to public and private advantage. The Gleaner most sincerely regrets the want of room to give this proposition in detail. He has already sacrificed many, perhaps more generally pleasing topics, intended for this volume, and must offer up many gayer themes, on the altar of public good, to admit even this very imperfect sketch of the important subject immediately in question; but Mr. Colquhoun's pamphlet is before the public, and to that he must refer the reader. It was first published in the year 1794, principally with a view of bringing the subject more fully under the consideration of the licensing magistrates; so that, by awakening the attention to some very prominent abuses which affect the best interests of society, a system might be laid down for the purpose of at least lessening those evils which have too long prevailed, with regard to public houses, and in the gradual abolition of which, by mild and temperate measures, steadily and uniformly pursued, infinite advantages would arise to the community.

If this great object can be attained—if the pernicious habit of living in alehouses, so prevalent at present among the labouring people, can in any degree be checked, so as to secure to them those domestic comforts which the earnings of their industry, when properly and economically applied, would afford in their own homes. If the rising generation, destined for labour, and for those useful purposes where the preservation of health and morals become of great consequence to the community, can be prevented from prematurely frequenting those schools of profligacy, which render them diseased and depraved in early life. If fraud and deception, regarding the disposal and

factories, because this allows no time for attention either to the decencies or the discretion of life. The very state of childhood is almost necessarily abandoned by mothers who are engaged in the work-shops of this town. Till the boys and girls can themselves get into occupation, they are suffered to run loose in the day, and to ramble at night. And, as idleness is the nurse of licentiousness, who leads them, the little unprotected creatures, into constant temptation, no wonder if they almost as constantly fall into the snare. Generally speaking, there-

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transfer of alehouses can, in any degree, be prevented : and if that system can be gradually introduced, and steadily persevered in, which shall render public houses a convenience, without becoming nuisances and receptacles for the destruction of health and morals, it will, indeed, be

“A consummation, devoutly to be wish'd.”

For the two leading queries, on which, indeed, hang, more or less, all the others, I am resolved to find place.

1. Whether it shall not be established as a rule, to grant no license to any new public house, unless it can be made clearly evident that there are at least, from fifty to sixty *families in the neighbourhood*, who are likely to resort to that house for their beer, or that the local situation is otherwise so advantageous as to hold out a fair prospect of supporting a family.

2. Whether it would not be a proper rule, also, to deny the *renewal* of licenses to those particular houses, which are found to have been constantly changing tenants for a course of years; (if, on a full investigation it shall appear that these changes have arisen merely from want of trade, and not by bad liquors or improper management,) under a conviction, that such houses not only injure the brewers, but are lures to entrap the unwary, and to increase the ruin and devastation, which has brought so many publicans to a jail, and their families to misery and want?

fore, the rising generation of artisans are initiated into the principles and practice of vice, before they are either of age or strength to take the lowest place in the repositories of art: and, with such rudiments of knowledge, they come into the shops, where both sex grow up into man and woman-hood together, without a single check upon propensity or passion. Boys, girls, men, and women, frequently associate, and there is scarcely a line of separation drawn, either by policy, decorum, or sexual distinction. So that the work of the manufacturer be carried on, too many, it is to be feared, are totally indifferent whether vice or virtue, health or disease, modesty or indecency, compose the society. But what makes it the more flagrant is, that these associations are necessary to the children who are in training for the manufactures. The men and women teach the boys and girls the mingled industry and immorality they have learned themselves. The contagion of good example, with respect to the trade, and of bad, with regard to morals, are inculcated at one and the same time; and, as the mould and the material, the forge and the fire, are not more in contact than the corrupt discourse and the ingenious exertions of the artisans, the youths, who would be proficients in the last, must inevitably become adepts in the first: so that,

according to the present system, those who would save their morals must lose their trade.

How little such a nursery for the child, such a seminary for the youth, and such a society for adults, is calculated to form men or women into faithful servants, liberal masters, honourable lovers, tender couples, or affectionate parents, you need not be told. There is not, in effect, a single half-hour in the twenty-four that is free from mere manual labour, the fatigue which follows it, the diseases of a sedentary life, and close-crowded places, or the countless ills to which the influence of evil communications are liable:—no, my dear baron, there is scarcely half an hour in half a year that is unencumbered from one or the other of these, to be afforded for the purity of the body, or the instruction of the mind; and in regard to that day, which I am proud to say is, by comparison, not so irreverently treated in any part of England as in her towns of manufacture.—In regard to the sabbath I have already exhibited to you a true picture of the manner in which it is passed by the children of the artisans, and poor of this place. It is notorious, that although, during the time of divine service, fear of the magistrates keeps the boys and girls from the church-yard, there is not one in a hundred of them to be seen in the

church. And how far a laxity of morals is induced, by a disregard even to the ceremonies of public worship, is demonstrated, even by these very boys and girls, the instant that worship is over. From that moment till the bed-time of these little ravagers, that sacred and beautiful circle is, as I have before observed, turned into a play-ground; and, as soon as these have vacated the scene, I am solemnly informed, by those in whose bosom truth could never be warped by prejudice, that many of the fathers and mothers, or of their grown-up offspring, fill the paths to a still worse purpose, and continue their profanations through most part of the night.

Are you not prepared, my friend, for the remark which seems inevitably attached to such a series and succession of loose and unprincipled habits? Do you not expect I should inform you, that marriage amongst the artisans is in deep decline, and that every other kindred and holy tie partakes this misfortune? Where there is no time left, or room allowed, for the soft attentions of the cradle, for the opening powers of the soul, in a virtuous education; for the endearing offices of son and daughter, in a virtuous example; for the uncontaminated pursuit of an honest calling; for the observations and instructions necessary to a good housewife,

and particularly to the wife of the artisan, who is sometimes drawn abroad to find what he sees not at home; for the sweet interchange of thought and cultivation of heart, which are so essential to a happy union; and, lastly, where there is every engine set in motion to disown and dethrone all these household charms and virtues: what but unsound youth, enfeebled manhood, and diseased old age; what but the prostitute substituted for the wife, obscene lewdness for innocent love, and the common alehouse and brothel instead of a comfortable home, can be the consequence. And what, too, but filial disobedience, and disdain of the parental character—that august title in days of simplicity!—can proceed from progeny thus brought up?

This latter consideration leads me to notice another important mischief to this town, as a manufactory, namely, the custom of *out-apprentices*, or not being bound at all: from whence springs evils, moral and commercial, almost beyond numbering. I have to inform you, that, from the year 1784 to 1789, every father prepared his son for a regular apprenticeship with the manufacturers; and, during this period, there was a kind of double paternity, in the care of the youths, resulting from fathers and masters. The excellent effects of this was

manifest in every possible way. There was a sort of guard fenced around the tender and growing plant, which cherished the flourishing leaf, and preserved the goodly fruit; and the best children, the most faithful lovers, and the happiest marriages were amongst the blessed results of this well-regulated period. But the expansion of trade made it in a manner necessary to employ extra hands; and a certain number of boys were hired on jobs, to complete particular orders, or facilitate general augmented commerce. If this was a benefit to the trade of the town one way it was a miserable disadvantage to its morals another. The high wages of the supernumerary-boys soon proved to the youths apprenticed that they had bound themselves up, for a term of years, for a less sum than they could have earned had they been in a situation to volunteer their services by the week, month, or the job.

By degrees, this not only struck at the root of apprenticeship, but tended to give the young men an undue idea of their own importance and independence; and, ultimately, to loosen the sacred bonds of duty and love betwixt parents and children; of course, to sow the seeds of that disobedience and misrule, which grows out of an untimely and premature power in

young persons when delivered over to themselves.

Nor must we, in this enumeration of the great causes of a defective state of morals in this town, forget to observe upon the wicked industry with which *licentious principles* have been propagated. The manufactories, my friend, have their politicians and republicans as well as the barber's shop and the ale-house, yea, and their revolutionists, Robespierres, and atheists, are as numerous and as fierce, and it is as common to hear the downfal of states, the high and low church party, the indivisibility of the great nation, the imperfection of thrones and dominions, and the perfectability of human nature, the bill of rights and the bill of wrongs, discussed and determined in casting a button, or pointing a pin, as at the Devil Tavern, or the Robin-Hood-Society! aye, believe me, and almost with as much sagacity as in more popular assemblies, and with quite as much party rage and patriotic violence. All this would be pleasant enough were its noise and nonsense to be the worst. It is not unmusing to hear the roaring, nor to view the foam of the sea, were the sound and sight unconnected with the terrors and mischiefs of a storm, in which many of our fellow-creatures may be struggling or sinking to the bottom,

while we are looking only, from some secure part of the beach, at the agitations of the surface.

But the elementary tempest does not more frequently overwhelm the mariner than the political hurricane the manufacturer; and, indeed, the slight intellectual skiff of the latter is more easily upset, by any sudden gust of passion or of party, than a Thames wherry in the Bay of Biscay. The rocks of treason, and the quicksands of rebellion, equally threaten his destruction; and, if he escapes these, he is in danger from both the shallows and depths of infidelity. To speak without allusion, I know not any thing which has a greater tendency to warp a weak and vacant mind, from simple conversation about governments, into the worst extremes and inflammations, almost as fatal in their loyalty as in their opposition; and those who know the history of the most dreadful revolutions can confirm my assertion, that they have begun in things as idle as the froth and bubble in a pail of water, and ended in rivers of blood.

This reminds me to enrol amongst the subordinate evils, at least, of this important town, a practice which would be much more “honoured in the breach than the observance.” I allude to the incredible multitudes gathered

together on every public occasion, but particularly round the police-office. That part of the High-street, which leads to the house, where the magistrates assemble, is invariably crowded, on the sitting days, by greater numbers than are to be seen in the neighbourhood of Bow-street; in which more rogues, of every description, are daily examined than a man, new to the vices of society, could suppose would be dispersed through the jails of the kingdom in a twelvemonth. And it seems incredible, how such a prodigious concourse of idle persons should be collected in a town devoted to active industry; yet they are collected in the space of a few minutes, and block up the passage both of man and of beast, elbowing and shoudering each other, even to the door-way and windows of the office, as well when there is only the ordinary business of the morning as when any notorious gang of offenders,—the clippers and coiners of the place, for instance,—are under examination. These mobs are composed of people of all ages, and of both sexes, and in this sweltering way they continue wedged together from the beginning to the end of the sitting. Hundreds of them are to be seen standing tiptoe to gain a prospect of the house of examination, every part of which they watch, for hours together, with as much eager-

ness and solicitude as if they were waiting the final judgement passed on the dearest friend or bitterest enemy they had in the world ; although, nineteen times out of twenty, the greater part of them neither know the criminals or the nature of the offence.

What can possibly be the inducement is not easy to ascertain ; probably a curious and strange mixture of cruelty, curiosity, and idleness : for, as to any thing shaped like pity, it is clean cut out of the question, by the behaviour of the mob at the close of the trial. They crowd about the culprits, whether composed of men or women, follow them through the streets, scarcely allowing a path for the beadle, constables, &c. and attend them to the very gate of the prison ; and, having picked up in their way the story of the offence, with the nature, degree, place, and time of its punishment, they resign the victims, without bestowing another thought about their fate till that time comes round, and then, with little emotion, natural or moral, enjoy another morning's lounge, to see that punishment inflicted.

To the thinking part, however, of the community — to the men of profession, or of business — to the enlightened magistrates and respectable merchants of the place — to all those who have the wisdom and the opportunity to

look at these things—to measure the effects by the causes, and to pursue both to their ultimate consequences, there is far more than meets the common eye or vulgar ear. To such honourable and sagacious persons, and very many of them are to be found in Birmingham, it is more than irksome, it is portentous, to see ten or twenty offenders in a day, each of whom are violators of the awful, yet benignant laws of their country, or of the harmonious order of society, dragged before the tribunal of justice; and the contemplation takes a yet more alarming form, when this daily examination of as many men and women as might form the dark kalendar of a county assize,—to see these, I say, arraigned, convicted, and punished, without its diminishing the crimes and misdemeanors of the town, in the active and upright magistracy of a series of years. This fact shows, of itself, to what little moral purpose the mobs, who attend the criminals, are gathered together, and that the influence of example, as to its operation on the great body so congregated, is very inconsiderable, or, at any rate, no way in proportion to what would be the case, were the multitude to assemble on the pure and worthy principle of seeing vice punished, and rescued innocence rewarded. It is, hence, rather to be presumed, that those who compose the

majority of such assemblies, are impelled by far less laudible motives; nor is it bearing hard on the parties thus associated, to conclude, that idleness and curiosity are but the exterior and ostensible reasons. A multitude of this description is a many-headed monster; and whose apparent slumber, like that of some other ferocious animal, is counterfeited to delude and secure its prey. It sees and hears with but too quick and fell a power; it is *watching* even when it is not roaming for its prey; it lies per-  
due but to be ready for the fullest opportunity; and, in that moment, it opens all its mouths to seize its victim,

Had I not my fears, the allusion, which I assure you is but too accurate, might be run out of breath, I should beg you would suffer me to pursue it yet farther. I should request you to understand that almost every thing at motion or at rest, that is within reach, is food for this public monster, who, Colossus like, strides the High-street of Birmingham. Even the exits and entrances of the stage-coaches, though they are the common objects, at stated hours, through the year, bring together hundreds of people, who hang about the wheels, and watch every minutiae of the loading, packing, cramming, and confusion. And, by the by, this overcharging our public

vehicles is, in itself, a blushing proof of the proprietors and drivers of those carriages, who are generally *parts* of the monster in question, holding themselves triumphant over any regard for the safety or lives of his Majesty's subjects. In defiance of these considerations, or of acts of parliament, or of the magistrates, under whose eyes they dare to break them, because they dare every thing, there is scarcely one out of the hundred public conveyances, in daily movement, which does not double and often treble the passengers allowed by the laws of the land. The penalties annexed to such trespasses, it is true, are frequently levied, but are so disproportionate to the general profit upon such overloading, that the parties concerned can afford now and then to break a leg or an arm, and occasionally a neck, and pay for mending them, or for compromising with the relatives of such accidents as are irreparable, and be gainers \* by the bargain,

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\* Several of the public vehicles, on the Bath and Southampton roads for instance, are made so top heavy, that it is even fearful to look at them! But, as most coach-accidents, except in cases of absolute death, are sunk upon the public, and as these are not the sort of casualties recorded in the provincial prints, for certain *weighty* reasons, a few simple fractures are passed over in profitable silence; and, as to acts of

Next to the ill omen of collected thousands, flocking together in the manner above described, is the grouping of smaller bodies of men, stuck, as it were together in a wedge, at the corners of the most public streets. This is among the petty nuisances of this highly-po-

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parliament, a coachman literally smacks his whip at them. I was myself once hardy enough to threaten a complaint; the coachman laughed defiance; a fellow passenger advised me to silence: "I actually did complain," said he, "the fellow was fined, and the next time I travelled the road pointed me out as an informer, and said I might accuse him again if I thought proper, as '*he could afford it* ;' pointing, at the same time, to the roof of his coach, at that moment passing the turnpike leading into a town. It was certainly," added the gentlemen, "a triumphant reference, for the roof was piled, mountain high, with men, women, and luggage. The townsfolk looked up as to a curiosity: the tollman, whose office it is to make note and report these things, joined the laugh, the outside passengers were delighted, the coachman huzzaed, and he entered the town in triumph, with redoubled speed over the stones; — a constant point of this kind of ambition, lashing up his horses, and reprobating his informers."

The practice, however, is grown into a serious enormity, and is become a public nuisance, which extremely deducts from the pleasure of travel, and claims the intervention of magistracy. Until some check takes place I humbly move that, instead of the Star, Sun, Jupiter, Duncan, Nelson, &c. all public carriages, except the mails, which are restricted, should be called *Life and death machines*, and their motto, *Neck or nothing*.

pulated town. This business, or rather this idleness, is really curiously manœuvred. Eight or ten people, with their hands on their head, or in their bosoms, stand fixed in a stupid gaze at each other, very seldom converse, and yet seldom appear to be in the least degree amused or interested; yet they keep their station, occupying more than three parts of the foot-way, making it almost impossible to work your way through them. This well-compactèd phalanx of loungers is so firm, that, although there appears to be neither aim nor end in it, I question whether the famous pass at Thermopilæ, was more stoutly disputed. Now, as I truly believe that, in this instance, if the personages forming these groups, of which there is at least one in every public street in Birmingham, intend no good, they mean no harm, I could wish it were insinuated to them, that, as it must be a matter of indifference to them how they stand, they would contract and incorporate yet closer, and more into the horse and carriage parts of the street. This would really be a great accommodation to the active part of their fellow townsmen, and something of a convenience to themselves, as it would save much crowding and rubbing against each other, yet preserve them as idly and as lovingly together as before, with the

additional advantage of their having more lounging room; and, as to the annoyance of now and then having their phalanx broken by a cart or a coach, and now and then a fracture, they might easily form again, in defiance of such casualties, and the public be insensible of any loss whatever.

But these are trifling impediments, my dear correspondent, and you perceive my pen has sported with them as such. They are among the little vexations which more or less belong to every extensive place, and whether they are removed, or whether they remain, is not very important. The evils which were described before, and were thrown into the account, are of greater magnitude, as of greater moment.

It is grievous to observe that the result of my inquiries at other great commercial towns, where similar causes producing similar effects did not much soften the harsh features of the moral picture, so far as the artisans of different places assist in the drawing.

The authentic reports which have been made form, *en masse*, a body of evidence, at once enormous in bulk and terrifying in fact. For the reasons already assigned, I can only give a few brief documents, which, however, will lead but too easily and naturally to deduc-

tions of what would be exhibited, had I yielded to my original design of going into the details.

My advices from Lancashire\* would of themselves constitute a considerable volume; but you will, I think, be capable, from a partial abstract of the correspondence, of forming a judgement of the whole. I shall, in the first place, select the manufactories in the parochial district of Padiham, which consists of the townships of Padiham, Simonstone, (in which is Huntrods, the seat of Le Gendre Pierce Starkie, Esq.†) Hapton, Higham, and Heyhouses. The town of Padiham, being central to the rest, is situated upon the high road, between Blackburn and Burnley, three miles from the latter, and exactly half way between Coln and Blackburn, being nine miles from each; so that the following answers to my questions‡ are to be understood as appertaining not only and specially to the place in question, but generally to the whole county immediately circumjacent.

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\* For the sake of bringing all that relates to this great subject under one point of view, I shall incorporate the abstracts of my intelligence from Lancashire, and other manufacturing counties.

† An exalted character, the friend of the poor and of human kind.

‡ A duplicate of those received at Birmingham.

1. The cotton-trade, or weaving of calicoes, being the grand staple of the county, almost every house may be styled a manufactory. Weaving-shops, containing from two to eight pair of looms, are frequently attached to cottages; and for which a higher rent is afforded than for the cottages themselves; and, where these are wanting, the house part, that is to say, the common living room, the parlour, or the chamber, and frequently all of them, are destined to contain looms in common with their appropriate furniture and utensils. As this trade was never known so good as it now is, the number of these manufactories, and of factories hereafter defined, is, *at present*, greater than at any previous period.

Factories are mills for the spinning of cotton-wool, or for the purpose of winding it for the use of the manufacturer, and these mills are actuated by horses, by steam-engines, or by currents of water. Printing-houses and pencilling-shops are places where calicoes, muslins, and other cotton-manufactured goods, by impression or pencil, receive their various tints. In these, children from six years old are employed, and can earn, even in *tolerable times*, an ample maintenance. These factories, and printing-houses, and pencilling-shops, abound on all hands of us.

Padham is likewise a central point to some of the first printing-houses in the kingdom; namely, Messrs. Peel,\* Yates, and Co. of Church; Messrs. Fort, Hargreaves, and Co. of Oakenshaw; and Messrs. Bury and Co. of Pendlehill; besides many others. These respectable merchants, and highly estimable characters, besides the concerns of their immediate province, as cotton-printers, have large spinning factories, winding-engines, and warping-mills; and carry on extensive manufactures of goods, to be afterwards bleached and printed by them. The whole county is upon the alert, in one department or other of the cotton-trade.

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\* Sir Robert Peel, Bart. a gentleman universally appreciated for public spirit and private virtue.

Here, Mr. Gleaner, your muse would be in despair; scarcely a streamlet is any where to be found, but what is dammed up, diverted, and tortured, to answer some of the purposes of this commerce; and even the sacred recesses of monastic devotion are, as the votaries of the convent would think, sacrilegiously perverted to the whirl of cotton-machinery. To the solemn chaunt of matins and vespers succeeds the horrible din of oaths and imprecations; and the piety of our ancestors, who took such commendable pains in decorating the Houses of God, is now infamously scandalised with universal havoc and derangement; with every nauseous species of external defilement, and of internal depraved manners and debauched morals. Whether this perversion be owing to want of taste, want of religion, defect in regard to antiquity, or respect to ancestry, or to what other motives is no part, I presume, of the Gleaner's present business to inquire. *Great is the Goddess COTTONIA of the Lancastrians!*

2. Question is already answered in the above.  
3. Of the state of manners and morals in our factories and other manufactorys little can be said that will prove gratifying to the philanthropist. But of each in their order. Urbanity is certainly not increased amongst our artisans and mechanics since the great additional influence of commerce and manufactures. The primitive simplicity of manners is wofully exchanged for headstrong, positive churlishness. Boys and girls are, from infancy, initiated in the mysteries of the loom, the pencil, the colourpot, the spinning Jenny, and the winding engine, which last are denominated *knit-knotters*, and are employed as early as they are able to tie a knot upon the broken thread. Hence a general ignorance prevails, of all domestic employments and the most ordinary agricultural pursuits. A girl does not even understand the use of her needle; is accustomed, from childhood to maturity, to *put out her sewing, and all her making, and even mending.* Consequently, she makes a sad dowdy of a mistress of a house; and is most miserably qualified to discharge

the important duties of a wife and a mother. Idleness, neglect, raggedness, and filthiness of course ensue; and the succeeding generation are early initiated in the same mysteries of deterioration; whilst the boys, on the other hand, when grown up to manhood, are, in their departments, ignorant, even in country places, how to make a hedge or a ditch. Should the provincial trade proceed for some time longer without a defalcation, in thirty years time there will not be found a man capable of making a fence, or even stopping a gap. And this is not all, the usual artificers, both in town and in the country, are now lessened in number, either by entering into some department of the cotton-trade, by death, or some other cause. Labourers and handicraftmen for the purposes of common life are not to be met with in sufficient numbers. Their wages are consequently enormous, their conversation flippant, and their conduct impertinent and ungrateful. This is also in a very especial manner true of menial servants in general. The Leeds merchant advertises in the Manchester papers, and the Manchester manufacturer in the Leeds papers, for those domestic servants, which, a few years ago, were to be had at moderate wages, and in the greatest plenty. The same may be said of master-smiths, masons, carpenters, and other handicraftmen, whose workmen, added to the above causes, are now rendered scarcer, by the great and excessive employment of cotton-spinners, cotton-manufacturers, and cotton-printers.

Of the *morals* of persons employed in factories no more pleasing picture can be drawn than of their *manners*. The promiscuous intercourse of the sexes takes away that shamefacedness, diffidence, and modesty, which is the criterion of youth of both sexes, brought up in detached situations; and which, either in a moral, national, or individual point of view are but ill exchanged for a petulant frowardness of behaviour, a lascivious eye, and a licentious tongue. Their *temptations* here, as in Birmingham, to purloin their employer's property are so great and so frequent, that it is not to be expected but disciples

educated in such schools of lax morality, must often give way to them. But more of this under the 12th interrogatory. Suffice it for the present to observe, that commercial depredations were never so frequent, and that indecency and incontinency were never so flagrant amongst the common people. As to the first, the writer of this is credibly informed, by a respectable friend at Manchester, that *drunkenness* is there, even in maid-servants, *connived at*, and that *common peculations*, if they amount not to great enormity, are esteemed but as *venial errors*.

4. *The comforts of the poor*, Mr. Gleaner, your appreciated theme, of those at least who will live comfortably, are, in this district, you will rejoice to hear, truly great. We abound in coal, have naturally a healthy situation, pure air, and good water. The trade of the county affords plenty of employment and good wages. In the hardest part of the late severe and pressing times our *labouring* poor had sufficient for themselves and families. For this, indeed, they wrought two hours more in the four-and-twenty than usual. The factory-bell, instead of ringing on and off at six, then rang on at five and off at seven. By these exertions, amidst all the tremendous suffering of great part of the nation, the people here, habituated to labour and industry, comparatively speaking, suffered little. And the wants and miseries of others were greatly relieved and assuaged by the bounty and munificence of the opulent. And in these unprecedented good times, there is so much more work to be done than labourers to perform it, that the masters of factories are sending to different parts of Durham, Cumberland, and other remote parts of the north of England for hands. Perhaps the land-owner, some years hence, may smart under the effects of this importation. What pity, if we *must* import labourers, that such numbers should be permitted, to the amount of many thousands, to emigrate to America, from Ireland, and the Highlands of Scotland!

Perhaps, in point of *domestic comfort*, the families of labour-

ers and artisans do not now experience that happy contrast to bad times which might reasonably be wished, and naturally expected. Alas, where prudence, temperance, and economy, are wanting, all times will be hard times ! And there is but little difference between the domestic comforts of these prosperous times, in the habitation of the labourer and mechanic, and the heavy pressure of the severest. The reason is obvious. When the weaver had five shillings for weaving a piece for which he now gets ten ; when he paid sixpence a pound for flour, or six pounds a pack ;\* and five pence half-penny a pound, or five pounds ten shillings a load for oatmeal ; and for malt, potatoes, and shambles-meat, in melancholy, wretched proportion, he contrived to live, and to maintain his family. Now that meal is selling under twenty-eight shillings a load, and flour at forty-six shillings a pack, he does no more, at double the wages. Perhaps they may be somewhat better clad. This is necessarily so ; for, in the hard times, all income went for food. Time and labour had made dismal rents in the clothing ; and the first efforts of the good times were to cover the poor back. But with this exception, and this cannot last for ever, there is little difference between the then and the now state of the labourer's family's comforts.

The ale-house and the gin-shop, those absorbing vortexes just as you inform me is the case in Birmingham, swallow up all the rest. Idleness, disease, poverty, and wretchedness, necessarily ensue ; of these are engendered, debauchery, misery, robbery and murder, punishment and death ; and, amidst such a train, it is no wonder we find every species of refractoriness, disobedience to superiors, ingratitude to benefactors, and insubordination to magistrates, governors, and laws.

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\* The pack of flour and load of meal are two hundred and forty pounds each ; so denominated from this weight being a proper *load* for a *pack-horse*, in these mountainous parts, when that was the only mode of conveyance.

Contrasting with these the families and comforts of the truly laborious, the industrious, prudent, and sober, we contemplate with sorrow and indignation what would be the felicitous state of the lowest orders were the bounties of Providence rightly appreciated.\* Here we behold clean, neat, well-furnished houses, decent clothing, respectful manners, and sound morals. Instead of the expensive haunts, the idle and expensive frippery of the factory flirt, and the cotton-spinning coxcomb, the termination of which we have already seen, we behold every decent comfort of life; a happy provision against sickness and old age; the fund for which is a sum out at interest, or laid out upon houses; or, as in several instances, expended in the purchase of lands. The result of all which is, that the comforts of the labouring poor are, generally speaking, very disproportionate to what might reasonably be expected from the profits of their labours.

5. Already answered in the above.

6. How the labouring manufacturers of this county pass that time not expended in the immediate duties of their respective calling has, in some measure, been answered, under the 4th interrogatory; and what follows will, generally speaking,

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\* The poor who possess the spirit of true Christianity have something incalculably precious. I have had instances, within my own observation, which have confirmed to me the truth of the following passage, transcribed from Cecil's Life of that excellent artist, and truly pious man, the late Mr. Bacon, and of which, perhaps, the Gleaner may make some use, says another esteemed correspondent. "No unprejudiced observer, who regards this subject, as it respects the poor, but must have been struck with the ameliorating and elevating effect of true religion in their case. Even the most squalid wretch found among them, whose habits of stupidity, sensuality, and wild disorder, have sunk him below the brutes; such an one may be sometimes seen rising, by religion, into a rationality that surprises the observer. The man awakes and looks upward: he abstracts and compares, and, acting on his new and higher sentiments, becomes, to all intents, a true moral philosopher."

complete what is to be said under that head. In every town and village throughout the kingdom there is some place or another dedicated to vulgar loungers and idle gossips of both sexes; as, for instance, a turnpike-bar, a bake-house, or a barber's shop. In these places, which may not improperly be termed the parliament-house of the place, are generally settled the whole routine of provincial politics, personal scandal, and the *haut ton* of mischief and defamation. In some of our towns it is in the public street; and in one of them just under the walls of the church, where colliers, weavers, and idle persons of all descriptions, spend their leisure time, in discussing the subject of the day. Here, whole hours are spent every day in the year; and, in fine weather, in the early part of the week, the place bears great resemblance, except being vacated at the hours of meals, to the *Everlasting Club*. Saint Monday is an invariably idle day with weavers and labourers, in general, who are not bound by positive engagements; as is the day after every fair, feast, club-meeting, or dog-hanging, throughout the whole county. With your dashing men of spirit, who have a proper contempt for their families, and every thing good and sacred, three or four days after any of these public cessations of labour will hardly suffice; and even then they must be hunted down to labour by absolute necessity: "*Want, worldly want, is at their heels, and chases them in view!*" To the ale-house and these idle haunts, the writer of this is most happy that he has it not in his power to add a spirit of gaming of any kind. Not a skittle-ground is in the place. No taste for lotteries prevails; and a pack of cards is scarcely ever to be seen but for about a few weeks after Christmas.

7. The Sabbath-day is spent, the writer of this would most charitably hope, the *most profanely* at this place of any other in his Majesty's dominions. To this profanation many things conduce. Formerly, the place was full of colliers. Many of the natives go into the army and navy. The Knights of the

*Black Rock* are not, generally speaking, the most pious and devout persons in the world ; and the transplantation of black faces into red coats and blue jackets has not yet been found a very prolific mode of cultivating church-going fruits, nor some other Christian graces and virtues. Again, cotton being engrafted upon the old stock, and being both combustibles, no change for the better has yet taken place. Thus, in all the gradations of coal, gunpowder, and cotton, the observance of the Sabbath, and every thing respecting real genuine religion, remain exactly in *statu quo*. Coal-devotion hath certainly not been accended by the flashes of naval and military intonation ; nor hath the combustible matter of gunpowder and cotton been able to warm the hearts or enlighten the paths of the inhabitants, in general, with the rays of religious felicity. But there may be great and glorious exceptions amongst us in both the blue and scarlet.

8. That there are, in the mass of persons employed in these manufactories, several individuals, who are justly celebrated for integrity and confidence is, I repeat, a just tribute to their character, which it is truly pleasing to pay. But that the general herd are every way undeserving of it is a melancholy truth : of whom, it may be justly asserted, that the opportunities of fraud and peculation, which, in undertakings of this kind, are necessarily so great and so numerous, are by no means thrown away upon them.

9. Much cannot be said of the habits of cleanliness, either in their houses, clothes, or persons. A striking contrast is here manifest between them and the Yorkshire peasantry, who, in rags, are always clean and decent, and those rags generally well patched together. The manners and other habits, also, of the Lancashire artificers, lose much again by the comparison. They, however, are comfortably lodged, in good stone or brick buildings, well slated, which, compared to some of the cottages in the south, may be called mansion-houses.

Good chaff and flock, and even feather-beds, are found in the cottages of the labourers. They live well: water-pottage, oat bread and butter, puddings, potatoes, and shambles meat, with milk diet, constitute their chief food. Potatoes are, with all Lancashire people, in common with the Irish, a great and very deserved favourite; and, in the use of butter, they are most extravagant.

10. In general, they are miserable economists: some few, however, as above related, are careful, frugal, sober, and provident.

11. The dread and abhorrence of the poor-house are deservedly great; and yet little forecast, prudence, or economy, is manifested by them, except in the solitary instance of Benefit Societies, to be treated on under the sixteenth head.

12. Receiving-houses are not so publicly and generally known as they are in Manchester, Birmingham, and London, which houses, upon a late trial, appeared to be connected together. Nevertheless, *sic parva cum magnis componere!* we have also our little shops to accommodate the gentlemen in the *thievling line*; and cotton, wool, yarn, and cloth, are to be had all up and down the county, from persons, who, it is well known, could hardly have an opportunity of coming fairly by it. To these stolen articles is annexed a curious epithet, upon the derivation of which I shall not at present hazard a conjecture, which is provincially termed RONZE. Thus ronze-wool, warp, weft, &c. &c.

The cotton-trade is a great encourager of ronze materials in all its departments; and, as such, cannot fail in the end to sap the morals of the whole county connected with it. It has been supposed, that the plague has sometimes been imported in a bag of cotton. Wonderful stories have prevailed upon this subject; not a word of which did any rational intelligent person, upon proper inquiry, ever believe. That the cotton-trade has, nevertheless, introduced a plague into the county, which

some wise and good men fear will be irremediable and perennial, cannot be denied. Vitiated manners, depraved morals, and debauched principles, are to a nation a scourge, and a curse tremendous; and whether the plague be introduced in a bag of cotton, or whether it be produced by the mode of manufacturing that cotton, as injuring the health, or, what is far worse, corrupting the manners and the morals of the people, it is surely an object worthy the serious inquiry and investigation of the legislature. That the cotton-trade is abundantly productive \* to the revenue cannot be doubted: as such, it is extremely useful in helping to defray the immense expenditure upon the numerous fleets and armies, and the extensive settlements of Great Britain. But, if the most precious of metals

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\* The state of the raw materials, and the progressive and astonishing increase of this manufacture, will, in some measure, be explained by what follows:

	Cotton-wool used in the Manufac- ture,	Supposed Value when manufac- tured.
1781 . . . . .	lb. 5,101,920 . . . . .	£ 2,000,000
1782 . . . . .	11,206,810 . . . . .	3,900,000
1783 . . . . .	9,546,179 . . . . .	3,200,000
1784 . . . . .	11,280,338 . . . . .	3,950,000
1785 . . . . .	17,992,888 . . . . .	6,000,000
1786 . . . . .	19,151,867 . . . . .	6,500,000
1787 . . . . .	22,600,000 . . . . .	7,500,000

One of the first manufacturers, in Lancashire, insists, that the annual return of the county will amount to upwards of *one hundred millions*. This is a good round sum, and, in calculation, saves a world of trouble, with fractions. He offered, to a large and respectable company, to venture any wages upon it; it was, however, agreed, "*to fall short of the mark.*" I am not much addicted to laying wages, or holding the stakes; upon this occasion, however, I should have been glad to promote this English mode of ascertaining: as an able, just, and true decider of the wager must necessarily, from the evidence before him, have been competent, above all others, to answer the Gleaner's queries.

may be overvalued, surely the *present* pecuniary advantages, resulting from any branch of commerce, may be also overrated; and, if there be any truth in the above assertions, we make but a most miserable exchange. That this description, however, wear not the face of declamation, it is necessary it should assume some semblance, at least, of argument.

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The three principal gradations of the cotton-trade are the factory, or spinning and winding mill, the manufactory, and the printing-shop: of each of these in their order.

From the very nature of such a property, the proprietor of jennies, mules, and winding-engines, must necessarily be subject to constant peculations: not to mention the frequent depredations, which, in common with all large, populous, and exposed concerns, must be experienced. The *cops* in this trade are the yarn wound round the spindles, which, for the purpose of winding and warping, are drawn off the spindle whole, and packed up for carriage in large hampers, termed *skeps*, lined and covered at top with canvass. These cops are very convenient to put in the pocket, or stop down the stays of the cotton-wenchies, who are not so dull or stupid as not to find out their portable accommodation. The consequence is, that, though we have not your grand receptacles of Birmingham, Manchester, and London, we have, nevertheless, in all parts, very snug, convenient little chandlers' shops, where a cop will, at any time, fetch a certain value in tobacco, snuff, tea, or other necessaries of human life. These *ronze-cops* are then accumulated by the kind and accommodating shop-keeper, who, having done a friendly good turn, by purchasing the superfluities of those who have enough and to spare, is disposed to do an act of neighbourly kindness to others, by selling, upon fair and honest terms, what they stand in need of. Thus, little dealers, who have too much good sense to be delicate, nice, or queasy, are enabled to manufacture pieces and to take for sale to the

Manchester or Blackburn market, to the printer, or to the great manufacturer, who is a man of ready rhino to small manufacturers, and a man of amazingly long-winded credit to those who re-purchase. These cops are sometimes what is technically called raveled, that is to say, the outside end is not easy for the winder to find, or, when found, not over and above civil in accelerating the pursuit of the other end. In this case, what is to be done? The winders and warpers generally work by the great; and can any reasonable person suppose, that their precious time is to be thrown away, in poking over two or three nasty cops, which never cost them a farthing? Far be such stingy, confined notions from them! They generously throw them aside; and, in hopes of pleasanter work, try another, and another, and another.

The fields and hedges, the dunghills and other private and public places, are strewed with these abominable, plagueing cops. There the dust-man and the rag-man often find a plentiful harvest, which they sell to the shopkeepers, and which he intermingles with other and better materials, to dispose of as above; and, in this multifarious scheme of fraud, plunder, and depredation, nothing is more common than for the manufacturer to re-purchase, amongst other unwoven materials, those which had been purloined from himself. But should it be objected, that these peculations are not peculiar to the dealers in cotton, but common to all large, populous, exposed, undertakings, I must remain unconvinced by such assertions, and shall therefore content myself, with adducing instances of depredation, common to no other manufacture. The manufacturer, as an encouragement to his weavers, not only pays them a sum of money, according to the state of the times, for weaving, but allows them a parcel of the woven cloth at the end of every piece, provided they deliver in the piece, to their masters, twenty-eight yards and a half in length; now the weaver is induced, by this foolish practice, to allow himself more generously than

his master ; and, if the warp be marked, so that he cannot take more than a certain length from it, without detection, yet he can weave his piece more flimsily, lay by his cops for future use, and damp his piece to make it of the proper weight. The end cut off for the weaver's privilege is called a *fent* ; whatever be the state of the piece, this fent is always well-woven and properly filled up with *weft*. The cops saved as above, in times of exigency, go to the chandler's shop, the rag-man, or the gin-shop. They form the *woof*, or *weft*, of the piece. In better times, the honest man saves them till he has obtained sufficient for a piece of his own ; then he buys a *warp*, and, putting them together, becomes a manufacturer upon his own bottom ; thus receiving the wages of his master's folly and his own adroitness.

Thus, it is easy to see how, by the master's connivance, a scheme of iniquity is advanced and sanctioned. When a man first begins to practise villainy, it is difficult to assign a limit, or to say, thus far will I go, and no farther. *Nemo repente fuit Turpissimus.* And the evils thus introduced, kept in continual practice and uncontrolled, gradually harden the heart, and sap the foundations of principle and good morals ; in their nature they are detestable, their progress is *going from evil to evil*, and their dreadful effects and consequences are immense and incalculable.

The writer of this had once the temerity to address a letter, under a seigned and appropriate signature, to the principal manufacturers upon this subject, proposing that, instead of fents, they should allow their weavers an adequate sum in hard money, and put a stop to receiving-houses and venders of ronze materials, by bringing in an act, similar to that for the regulation of the worsted manufactory. The letter appeared in a provincial periodical paper, made a great noise in the county, and, for the time, was read with avidity ; the truth and justice of its statements, its fair arguments, reasonable deductions, and

feasible proposals, were universally admitted, made the subject of conversation for some time, and then sunk into oblivion.

The cotton-printers form the last stage in this immense manufacture. When prudent and prosperous, they become suddenly and astonishingly rich, beyond what any other trade hath ever yet evinced. Their branch of the business contributes its ample share to the present laxity of morals and prevalent insubordination. Their men, whom, in future, I shall call printers, in distinction from their masters, employers, or those whom they do the honour to work for, are banded and leagued together, in a peculiar kind of professional club. This club the legislature ought, without delay, to break open, and discover to the world the nefarious secrets of its prison-house.

When the printers choose to have their wages raised, or to have a certain number of holidays in a month, for the idleness of which they choose to be paid upon the same terms as when working for their masters; or to have any other just and reasonable privilege, they announce their intentions, through the overseer, to their masters. These overseers are very different from the *primum mobile*, or factory factotum, alluded to in the seventh answer, being essentially contrary to him in every point, excepting the confidence of the employers. The master objects to the proposal, and refuses to comply with the demand. The men immediately *strike work*. The very apprentices are compelled to do the same. The latter are, indeed, obliged to be sent out of the way, on account of certain unfeeling creatures termed justices, who, under pretence of administering a particular act of parliament, which certainly was never framed by printers, would otherwise commit the poor lads to durance vile. The club supports both journeymen and apprentices, while out of work, for weeks and months

together; and enables them stoutly to resist and defy those monstrous tyrants who would otherwise have the audacity to require them, for the trifling consideration of a day's wages, to do the work of ten or twelve hours. Should some pusillanimous wretch pretend to be troubled with qualms of conscience, or fear of ingratitude to a kind and generous master; and consequently return to his work, he must work *solus*: and, when the other gentlemen have agreed upon certain terms with their master, and return to theirs, this obnoxious wretch must immediately be turned adrift, under the opprobrious epithet of *knobstick*, as the *uni qua non* of their condescending to work again. Happy is it for these poor knobsticks if they be able to work at any other business; for their characters are up, and their notoriety is in every printshop in the United Kingdom.

When a printer is *upon the tramp*, and wants employment, as a stranger, where do you suppose he applies for it? *Why, to the master to be sure!* No such thing. *To the overlookers!* No. He might as well apply to the printer's devil, who is here called a *tierboy*. The master cannot employ him without consulting mister legion; but when this many-headed monster gives his fiat the man may safely be put into employment. The stranger inquires for John-a-styles, who, he knows, and every printer in the kingdom knows, is president, or sheriff, or constable, in Mr. Tinctorious's printing shop. If he be at the ale-house, or elsewhere, Dick-a-nooks is inquired for, whose office of secretary is as well-known as the other. Being called out, Billy Block announces his business, *abeste profacei*, and, being properly interrogated respecting certain points, which none but the initiated know, especially whether he has ever at any time been guilty of that tremendous and never-to-be-forgiven sin, *knobstickism*. If he can give satisfactory answers, he is then recommended to the master, as having sufficient of

the bravado about him to rise and resist when necessary, and, consequently, as being a proper person to be employed. The master must submit, and cannot take in a fresh hand, however he may need, without this approbation and recommendation.

*But more apprentices may be taken!* true; but the master's independence is by no means better secured. A very respectable friend of the writer of this had upwards of fifty that absconded upon the printers *striking*. They durst not return, though some of them wished it. They were long advertised in the public prints, without effect; and, being supported by the fund, for disobedience and refractoriness, were, at last, no doubt, properly recommended to the printers in Ireland, or in some remote part of Great Britain. The apprentices being early initiated, made members of the club, and having the fear and detestation of knobsticks before their eyes, are as little to be depended upon as their sage directors, the printers. How such a business can be carried on without an appeal to the legislature is unaccountable; and yet, as we have seen, provident persons in this trade grow speedily and excessively opulent. In short, though the cotton-trade be a kind of inverting topsy-turvy sort of business, yet, to be in any respectable department of it, is to be in the high road to wealth. Under the proper inquiry, regulation, and control of the legislature, and what is not to be expected from such a happily commingled legislature as ours, it might be rendered a real national benefit and public blessing. In its present uncontrolled and ill-regulated state it will prove a bane and a curse. Children yet unborn may rue the day when cotton was imported into England; and, without a *speedy* alteration, the effects will be inevitable and irremediable.

Persons growing rich by the trade have some degree of right, if they choose it, to take the evils along with them; but it is

hard that persons who have no interest, no advantage, in it, should suffer by it. And yet all the vicinage partake, in some degree, in the refractory, predatory effects of the cotton-trade: servants, labourers, workmen of all kinds, are difficult to procure; still more difficult to retain, at once dissatisfied, insolent, and refractory. A drunken idle fellow, in the neighbourhood, having dissipated all his substance, be-thought him, as a dernier resort, of the following expedient: He stuck up hand-bills, announcing that he had a most curious natural phenomenon to exhibit; — a horse with the head where the tail should be, and the tail where the head should be. The bait took; all the town, grave and gay, came to see the monster. Each, for fear of being laughed at, kept his own counsel, till the rest became as wise as himself. The horse was merely a common horse, with the tail placed towards the manger, and the head towards the gangway of the stable. And the story is introduced merely to shew how apposite the advertisement was to the present times; — the head where the tail should be, and the tail where the head should be!

As the above account may tend to convey some idea of the writer being an alarmist, or a jealous, envious, splenetic, or malicious observer of the wealth and happiness of his neighbours, permit him, as a regard to truth is his sole object in this disquisition, to state the following apologetic account of himself. If the trade has introduced evils and inconveniences, it has also, as well individually as nationally, produced some advantages. Every person whose income proceeds from land will find an advantage from the cotton-trade's prosperity, and population. The writer, amongst others, feels and enjoys this; and so far from entertaining any splenetic, invidious, or malignant heart-burnings against the trade itself, or any of the individuals following it, he sincerely wishes it

and them, according to his corrected plan, every species of success, prosperity, and felicity.

As to many individuals in the different departments of the trade, I esteem it an honour and a happiness to bear and deserve the reputation of an intimate acquaintance, and a particular friend; and, in despite of what is said of predatory practices, and deterioration of manners, it is a duty I owe to myself, to them, and to the public, to acknowledge that there are amongst them men who would be an honour to any condition, to any age, or to any county.

13. The common pot-houses are now more than ever frequented, owing to the briskness of trade, and the fullness of employment; and some severe examples will be necessary to make at the next Brewster session.

14. Of this afterwards.

15. Great numbers of artisans have voluntarily returned to their former employments since the peace; and numbers of others are now soliciting their discharge, which, *at present*, is, owing to particular circumstances, not granted.

16. Benefit-societies are in great estimation here, amongst the lower orders. Amongst the rest we have a female club; but no particular manufacture-institutions take place, if we except the combination-clubs of the printers, related in the twelfth answer. They are much encouraged, and deservedly, by the higher orders and the middle ranks.

17. The general term of apprenticeship is for seven years. There are fewer apprentices now than ever, if we except the printers, who allow wages for support during the term, by an increasing ratio. Scarcely any town-apprentices. The reason is obvious; children can be employed at so early an age that they maintain themselves; and many labouring persons, by their own efforts and their family's, have a clear income of upwards of two hundred a year. One misfortune of apprenticeship, which

the legislature ought to be made acquainted with is, printers, having a great number, *quarter* them, not where they live, but in the next town, where, of course, they will gain their settlement. This is another sore evil to be charged to the account of the cotton-trade's black list, and which must sometime be severely felt by this and other towns.

Ult. As consiliatory measures here have long been tried in vain, it is a melancholy truth, that coercive steps must necessarily be resorted to. A new Sunday Act is severely wanted. The pecuniary penalty is so small, and bears so little proportion to the depreciated value of money, that common artisans pay it and laugh at the constables, who ought to have a recompense for their trouble of going many miles to a justice, and loosing a day's labour. If the mulct be meant as a deterrent punishment, it certainly is not so, as it now stands in our statute-book.

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The same valuable correspondent, on a re-examination of his subject, in a letter of later date, April 28th, 1804, says: My opinion of the increased and increasing depravity of the lower orders in this opulent, populous, and commercial county, hath suffered no diminution; especially respecting those concerned in the different departments of the cotton-trade: but, on the contrary, is much corroborated by daily experience and observation; and I cannot but think, that yourself will be much confirmed in your opinion of the veracity of my former statements, from the late "Petition from the journeymen cotton-printers to the House of Commons;" which, from its unpresidented audacity, was, very much to the credit of the master printers, who rank in the highest order of commercial celebrity, as opulent merchant adventurers, deemed unworthy of their attention or opposition; and, very much to the honour of the wisdom and discrimination of the highest and most ho-

nourable Senate in the universe, was indignantly kicked out of the house.

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One of the great evils, in this part of the county, complained of by all the more decent, orderly, and respectable inhabitants, is the profanation and wanton prostitution of the Sabbath. The day of cessation from labour is thus made a general curse; the dread of the former and the decent orderly citizen, and a deluge of every species of dishonesty, vice, and wickedness. I could wish what I am now treating upon might be considered, not as proceeding from *l'esprit du corps*, but as the general opinion of all orders and ranks of thinking beings. For, if the trampled Sabbath serve merely the purposes, as a parent crime, of producing or serving as an inlet to all other crimes and vices whatsoever, in a ten thousand fold ratio to those of any other day in the week, it would have been far better for the *generality of the world* that no such day had ever been appointed.

This increasing and confirmed depravity, in our county especially, loudly and impressively invokes the interference of the wisdom and attention of parliament. And I do not know a more likely way to bring about this event, so devoutly to be wished, by serious Christians of all denominations; and by all the friends of decency and social order, than by its being noticed in some of the productions of the Gleaner. What I would recommend to the legislature upon this subject, could my still small voice be heard, is, to revise the existing laws against sabbath-breaking; to find out the cause of the evil increasing; to devise means for correcting it; and especially to adopt strong coercive measures, both with regard to pecuniary mulcts, temporary privation of liberty, and corporal punishment. That the laws at present in existence are inadequate to remedy the evil complained of is but too evident to every serious thinking man, residing in or near any populous manufacturing county.

In the present depreciated value of money, what is a fine of

*five shillings*, to an opulent tradesman, for following his usual calling on the Sabbath? or to an artisan, who can earn his two or three guineas a week, for drunkenness on that day? Of what avail is the infliction of a penalty of *three shillings and four-pence*, for intoxicating himself in the time of divine service? or for the exercising of sports, pastimes, and unlawful games on the Sabbath? And trifling, pitifully trifling as these mulcts now are, yet, when a hardened villain chooses to set all laws upon this subject, both human and divine, at defiance, what hath the legislature provided as the *dernier resort*? why, if he will not pay, he shall be committed to durance, namely, that of the stocks, for *three hours*. A set of dissolute, profligate, and abandoned young men had been taken up by the church-wardens, and carried before a magistrate, on a general charge of sabbath-breaking, and a specific one of playing at unlawful games on the Sunday. The offence was proved, the parties convicted, and the fine ordered to be levied; but, insignificant as it was, by way of bravado, in despite of the laws, and in contempt of their quiet, orderly, and decent fellow-citizens, the offenders, about twelve in number, not deterred by the stigma of infamy, instead of paying what any of them could very readily afford, and re-earn in a few hours, chose to sit in the stocks, to the annoyance of travellers, to the abuse of the church-wardens, constables, and others, and to the venting of their scurrility upon all the most decent and respectable inhabitants.

A fine, then, proportionate to the present depreciation of money, ought to be inflicted. I suppose half a guinea now would not purchase the same comforts and necessaries of life that three and four-pence would have done, when first instituted! and the house of correction, and public flagellation would be a much better alternative than the stocks. Again, how is a decent orderly man, who happens to be constable, to be remunerated for all his trouble, expense, and loss of time? First,

he has to travel, as the case may be, several miles for a summons; second, he has to attend, upon the day appointed, again before the justice, where the culprits do not condescend to attend; third, he goes again for a warrant of conviction; fourth, the offenders do not choose to pay, and he wags on again the same round to get another, for their commitment; fifth, he inflicts the mighty sentence of the laws, amidst all the most scurrilous abuse of the delinquents, the hooting of the populace, and the cruel taunts and gibes of incensed relatives and friends; and then, lastly, he is to stay upon the spot, during the whole time, which made the constable in question say, the justice might as well have committed him also to the stocks! These, Mr. Gleaner, are the sentiments of one who delights in mercy, and not in the infliction of punishment: but severe personal infliction is sometimes the greatest mercy to mankind.

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The town of Manchester, like that of Birmingham, demands a separate consideration; and, from the voluminous documents respecting the former, I shall select the subsequent remarks, for which I am indebted to a gentleman resident in that town, well known for his probity, sagacity, and public zeal. I am concerned to add, that his observations will be found but too similar, in almost every article, to those of my correspondents from other parts of the county.

Manchester is supposed to contain nearly 90,000 inhabitants: —it is certain that its population has increased greatly since the peace; and when the late survey was taken, by order of government, Manchester and Salford, (which are divided only by the river Irwell,) was reckoned at 84,000 souls. As a great majority of the women and of the children (above six years old) are employed in some trade, I think it may be said, that seven-

tenths of the inhabitants are working-people. I imagine that the number of persons employed in this town never was so great as at this time. Since the spinning has become so prodigious a concern, the influx of labourers from Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, is considerable every week. Already we have sixty-four cotton-mills, exclusive of such as employ less than one hundred people; and many more large ones are erecting, and will be erected in the course of this year, 1803-4.

Of manners and morals I can say little that is pleasant. Since the introduction of cotton-mills the manners and morals of the artisans have become more and more loose and indecorous. Great numbers of men, women, and children, being daily associated, in our manufactories, as in those of Birmingham, they lose all sense of delicacy—their conversation is indecent, and their manners disgusting:—even the children, when passing in groupes along the streets, shock the delicate ear with singing aloud the most obscene ballads; and, wherever you meet a number of cotton-girls, you are to expect being accosted in the most ribald and indecent language. I consider our cotton-mills as seminaries of vice—that they are destructive of the health and morals of those employed in them, and, therefore, independently of the injury which I fear they will do to this kingdom, by supplying the Continent with materials for manufacturing those goods with which we have hitherto furnished them, and, consequently, by diminishing or annihilating our own manufactures, they are a great evil. It has been said, that it matters not in what way we draw money from other nations, so long as the balance preponderates in our favour:—I do not think so. No manufactory whatever did ever produce so deplorable and so rapid a change in the morals of the people as the spinning of cotton has done. This alone is a serious objection to our exchanging the manufacturing of goods for spinning—but I see other reasons for dissenting from the exchange. It has a strong tendency to destroy that pleasing and

salutary gradation which exists in this and in most manufacturing places, among the manufacturers themselves. One spinner of large fortune may employ an infinite number, say five hundred or a thousand workmen, with the aid of a few clerks and overlookers.—Here, then, is one overgrown noble and his vassals. How different in the manufactures—here we have many links in the chain. The great capitalist or merchant—the little manufacturers around them, in every village, who employ from twenty to a hundred weavers, and bring their goods weekly to our market for sale—these goods must be bleached, sized, cut, dyed, printed, dressed, and made up, according to the nature of the article; consequently, there is a respectable master, who has his clerks and head-servants in all these departments. Thus, Sir, you will observe, that, by the exchanging our manufactures for our twist and weft, we should lose this valuable class of men.

Being no ways interested in this question, however erroneously I judge, I have no sinister motive for my decision.—Probably you may see this matter in a different light: but my opinion deserves consideration, and I submit it.

Another objection is, that the art of spinning being easily learned, and affording great wages, the mills offer an asylum to all domestic servants, however ill they behave; and such an effect has it had on that class of inhabitants, that they are difficult to be gotten, require great wages, are indolent, and impatient of correction or restraint:—this evil is severely felt and loudly complained of.

At present, the owners of cotton-mills make great gains, and the servants great wages, which enables them (the workmen) to indulge in habits highly prejudicial to their health and morals. The mills being very warm and crowded, by consequence, those employed in them must be enervated, and little fitted for laborious work without doors, much less to bear the fatigues of a campaign; yet, assuredly, the army receives the

greatest number of recruits, in war time, from the commercial counties.

The evil complained of has stolen upon us gradually till the capital employed in it deters its opponents from making a serious opposition to it.—Despairing of the application of any powerful remedy, the greatest manufacturers and exporters of goods have availed themselves of their superior connections, and export great quantities of twist. I cannot but think, Sir, a reform in these matters would be for the public good, and therefore fit subjects for the notice and animadversion of the Gleaner.

The comforts of our artisans certainly bear no proportion to what might be expected from the profits of their labour.

Your question, as to the disposal of their hours of leisure, is answered with some pain; those hours being passed in the pot-houses, where they expend, on Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and perhaps on Tuesday, every farthing which is not required for absolute necessities. Many will drink three days a week; and sorry I am to observe, that the women, both married and single, frequent the ale-houses nearly as much as the men.

It must be confessed, that the police in this town is very vigilant over pot-houses, and certain punishment awaits those publicans who allow tippling in their houses during divine service; yet few of them are destitute of company morning and evening. Our churches of the established religion, which goes to your question, with regard to the Sabbath, are thinly attended by the poorer classes of people.—Perhaps pride, not having seats appropriated for them, may have its share in producing this lukewarmness for public worship.

Respecting your inquiry as to the *integrity* of the manufacturing artisans, I cannot speak decisively, having no opportunity of watching over them. Generally speaking, I would say they are honest, as few large towns are so free from robbery or house-breaking as this. Certainly, frequent, indeed, daily, in-

stances occur of the weaver and winder embezzling their master's property, which has been committed to their custody at their own houses. Machines are now invented and in general use for winding, whereby labour is greatly diminished; and, as they are used in the warehouses, under the eye of the masters, no opportunity for fraud is afforded. Large buildings have been lately erected for putting up looms; and here the master, with the aid of a few skillful teachers, will have his goods woven at a much less expense than formerly, by apprentices — his property will be secured, and the combinations for excessive wages among the weavers will be checked.

In regard to their habits of cleanliness, food, &c. they are in their persons as cleanly as the nature of their habitations will admit. Muslins and calicoes afford the women a smart dress at an easy expense — the girls have their gowns made fashionable — in every article of dress they ape their betters. Perhaps there is not a place in the kingdom where so many people lodge in one house as in Manchester, and, consequently, none so uncomfortable. Many a cellar is occupied by two families, and few small houses contain less than three or four families, some six or seven. Houses are very much wanted amongst us; but the dearness of timber, brick, and slate, and the excessively high wages, together with the uncertainty of being paid the rent, and the great damage done to houses so filled, deter builders from speculating in such property. I cannot express the state of our poor in this respect better than by giving you an extract from one of the Reports of the House of Recovery. The observations in it apply to the present times: " We have been unable to accommodate more than two patients in nine, who applied. Of those who, for want of room, were unfortunately excluded, the deplorable situation of many could scarcely fail to baffle all the resources of the medical art. Their cellars are always damp and dirty, and often, from their contiguity to the common sewers, extremely noisome. Sometimes they are so

dark, that the sick cannot even be seen without the light of a candle; and so badly ventilated,\* that the atmosphere around them becomes intolerably offensive." In lodging-houses, it is not unusual to meet with a cruel and indifferent mistress, who can inform you neither when the poor are taken ill, nor how they are affected; she refuses to take charge of them in future, to administer their medicines, or even to give a cup of cold water, and, assigns as a reason, they are nothing to her—they are only lodgers.—Annual Report, June 5, 1801.†

Many houses are erected without a single casement, and the only method of ventilating them is by breaking a pane of glass. Strangers, coming to this place in search of employ, find great difficulty in procuring lodgings. At first, they are obliged to put up with some filthy cellar; and not unfrequently become victims to the fever, in consequence of being immured in a close unventilated room, from whence, very probably, a succession of persons infected with fever have been lately removed. Before the erection of the House of Recovery, (so called, in preference to fever-wards, in respect to popular prejudices,) the spread of contagion was very great, and occasionally it was necessary for the overseers to pay rent for cellars, that they might be properly cleaned and purified.

Respecting the number drafted from this town to supply the exigences of the war, I have to note that we raised and clothed 1180 recruits for the marines. The county raised a regiment of infantry, and Colonel Leigh a regiment of cavalry, to which Manchester contributed a large proportion of recruits, as also to the three battalions of militia; and, I believe, that 20,000 recruits were obtained in and about this place by different recruiting parties.

\* This confirms the wisdom of adopting the plan of Dr. Gilby, whose proposal of improvement I have given in my account of Birmingham work-house.

† Since this was published, the accommodations have been much increased.

Great numbers of artisans have returned to the manufactures since the peace.



It will serve as a relief to the foregoing accounts, and enliven the deep shades in the manufactural picture, to receive an abridgement of my intelligence from Liverpool and Sheffield. They are both derived from the most liberal and unpolluted sources.

#### LIVERPOOL.

“ Our work-house,” says my Liverpool correspondent, “ is a large and, upon the whole, commodious building; it contains a great number of people of all ages. The provisions are good, and, in general, they enjoy more comforts than the lowest class of the labouring poor in the town. They have scarcely any employment, and, as may be expected, their morals are but indifferent.

“ In the middle of April, 1801, the number in the workhouse was 1377; in June, 1801, 1268; on the 22d of June, 1802, 857. This, I believe, is somewhat below the average of the last few months.

“ There are in Liverpool several Sunday-schools, chiefly, I believe, among the inmethodists.

“ Among the poor of Liverpool are a number of Welsh and Irish, whose habits are generally dirty. A large proportion of the poor live in cellars, which are very close, and unfavourable to health. The town is, for the most part, crowded. The provisions are, upon the whole, better than in many large towns; potatoes and fish are generally in tolerable plenty.

“ There are many sick-clubs in the town, but I conceive that a large proportion of the poor, when sick or old, derive assistance from the parish. The number of public charities in the

town are very considerable, and they are conducted on an extensive scale. We have an Infirmary; Dispensary; Blue-Coat Hospital, for the education and support of poor children; Institution for the Indigent Blind; Lying-in Charity; Marine Society, for the benefit of the widows and families of sailors; Stranger's Friend Society, for relieving poor families not belonging to the parish."

#### SHEFFIELD.

"From 10 to 15,000 artisans at present enrich our manufactories; indeed, they were never more flourishing. Their morals are comparatively good, owing probably to their means or wages being moderate. Their comforts follow the same rule; for, had their wages been more or less, their comforts would have decreased.

"They are also comparatively literate, and spend their leisure time in reading, or in their gardens, or other innocent recreations.

"They pass their Sabbath in frequenting meeting-houses chiefly, and in religious assemblings at private houses, according to their tenets, but all with decent devotion, and in their gardens, walking, &c.

"They are remarkably clean, well lodged, and fed.

"They save as much, or rather dispose of their money, as frugally as any persons in their situation.

"There are *no receiving-houses here*, except pawnbrokers shops can be so called; but what their proportion may be to those at Birmingham is uncertain.

"The pot-houses are not, by any means, so much frequented here, owing, no doubt, to their means or wages being less.

"Great numbers of artisans at Sheffield have returned.

"There are not less than forty-three benefit clubs or societies, which make Sheffield a happier and more independent town than any, perhaps, in the universe; and which saves the

poor rates from about 1500*l.* to 2000*l.* annually; besides a great number of what are called shop-clubs, which are probably similar to the Soho institution."

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In resuming my Warwickshire Station, on topics congenial to this subject, and supplementary to what my highly-appropriate correspondent has said on the *charities* of Birmingham, I should feel it a violation of duty to resist the additional claims which some other establishments have to notice.

I was particularly delighted here with the School of Industry under *female inspection*. This seminary was instituted in 1796, and, prior to its establishment, several meetings of the benefactors took place, in order to consult on the best means of carrying their laudable plan into effect. The result of their consultations is stated in the following remarks:—It is generally admitted, by those who have attended to the situation of the labouring orders, and particularly in manufacturing towns, that their domestic distresses arise rather from incapacity or indiscretion in the management of what they have than from a want of means for acquiring a comfortable subsistence. A principal cause of this evil is found to lie in the

neglected education of the *females*, on whose skill and exertion either the good or bad management of families must in every situation materially depend. How to devise a plan that would at all reach or correct this evil has been the difficulty. To relieve their occasional sufferings, by pecuniary aid, does not go to the root of the mischief; for, though it be a relief, which every benevolent heart will delight to administer, it is, in general, but a superficial and temporary remedy: ignorance or mismanagement will soon plunge them again into the same or even greater calamities. It occurred, therefore, to the original promoters of this charity, that something should be attempted, on a small scale, for supplying this lamentable defect in the education of poor girls; and that if a plan of instruction were formed, that would embrace **READING**, the most necessary branches of **HOUSEWIFERY**, and, above all, the **FIRST PRINCIPLES** of the **CHRISTIAN RELIGION**, it would give them a competent knowledge of their *duty*, in the stations they might hereafter be called to fill, and would furnish them also with the best *motives* for the conscientious discharge of it. Such was the origin of “The Plan of a School of Industry under Female Inspection.”

What they then offered to their neighbours

as an *experiment*, they can now confidently recommend as having thus far answered their most sanguine expectations.

The girls are taught to *read*, in order to facilitate their improvement in the knowledge of the HOLY SCRIPTURES. On this branch of their education a principal stress is laid, because it is the will of God that the poor should be so instructed; and that, without a scriptural knowledge of the principles of Christianity, the duties they owe to God and their neighbour can neither be understood nor practised.

They are taught to *sew*, *knit*, and *repair* their own clothes: and an opportunity is also provided for their acquiring a knowledge of the most necessary branches of *household-work*, that, when they go out as servants, or are called upon to act for themselves, they may be qualified to perform those *domestic duties*; of which, from their present employments in the shops, they are, in general, ignorant; and on which the economy, credit, and comfort of families so essentially depend.

The *day schools* are intended to embrace the younger class of girls, and as many of the elder as can be received; but, because the elder are generally employed in our different manufactories during the day, the *evening schools* are opened for their accommoda-

tion. It need hardly be added, that, with each class, every attention is paid to the duties of cleanliness, decorum in dress, modesty of deportment, and that general propriety of behaviour, suited to their present circumstances and future prospects in life.\*

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\* This amiable institution is conducted on the following rules:

1. The number of children in each school shall not be less than sixty, that is, thirty in the day, and thirty in the evening.
2. This charity is supported by subscriptions, of not less than 10*s. per annum*, to be collected half yearly.
3. A general meeting of the subscribers shall be held annually in the month of January; at this meeting all laws for the government of this charity shall be proposed, and determined by a majority of the subscribers present.
4. The conduct of these schools is vested in a twofold committee of ladies and gentlemen. The ladies to superintend all matters relating to the education of the girls, and the gentlemen to conduct the pecuniary concerns.
5. The committee shall consist of sixteen ladies and eight gentlemen, to be chosen by ballot at the general annual meeting of the subscribers. Any lady or gentleman, so chosen, dying, or declining to act, the vacancy to be filled up by a subscriber chosen by the committee.
6. Each subscriber of 10*s.* is entitled to recommend one scholar; and the whole number of subscriptions being divided equally into day and evening recommendations, the right of each subscriber, as to the *time* of sending his scholar, to be determined by *drawing*.

The sunday-schools in Birmingham are numerous and well-managed. In these useful in-

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7. Every subscriber who has an object to recommend shall signify her name, age, and place of abode, to the ladies committee, in writing, who meet at School No. 1. the last Friday in every month, at eleven o'clock in the morning
8. No child shall be admitted to the day school under *seven* years of age, nor to the evening school under *ten*.
9. If any child, within three months after admission, be found an improper object, the subscriber recommending such child shall be entitled to fill up the vacancy.
10. Every other vacancy, except those provided for in the preceding and following rule, shall be filled up by the subscribers in rotation, as they stand in the *drawn list*, whether the chance be for the day or the evening school.
11. Any subscriber neglecting to recommend for three months after notice, the ladies committee shall fill up the vacancy.
12. That it be discretionary with the ladies committee to increase the number of girls in the night schools, from time to time, as they may deem necessary, provided the number so added do not, at any time, exceed *ten*.
13. That a class of supernumeraries be formed out of those girls who may be qualified to leave the school, who shall continue to read, sew, and knit, &c. as before; but, in order to fit them for domestic service, each subscriber may send every day, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, for one of these girls to assist the servant. The subscriber is at liberty to keep her *from nine* in the morning till *nine* at night, allowing her victuals, and to employ her in any department of the house, *except sewing*.

stitution much depends upon the visitors; and here I am told they are attentive. From all that I collect, the hope may be indulged, that Birmingham, and the whole county of Warwick, will, in future time, find the good effects of these humble seminaries. I was, however, concerned to see many of the children ragged and bare-footed; an inconvenience that, I should suppose, might be remedied by a kind of clothes-club. I recollect an account which I had somewhere read of an institution of this sort in this neighbourhood, and, upon inquiry, I found it was at a village, about three or four miles from hence, called Harborne. My principal object

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14. That a small sum be paid, by subscribers, for work done for them in the school; the prices of the work, and the disposal of the money, to be left wholly with the ladies committee, for the benefit of the children.

15. The day scholars are required to attend punctually at *nine* in the morning, and *two* in the afternoon, on every day except Saturday; and the night scholars at *seven* in the evening.

16. Every scholar is also required to attend at the house of her teacher twice on the Sunday previous to the morning and afternoon service, in order to receive religious instruction, and to accompany her to public worship at St. Mary's chapel.

17. If any case shall arise, not provided for by these rules, the committee may make an *order* which shall be in force till the next general meeting.

in coming here being to discover whatever might conduce to increase the comforts of the poor, the ingenious, and the industrious, I was naturally anxious to learn all the particulars.

I therefore directed my steps to the spot. Here I was informed that, twenty years ago, Harborne was one of the meanest villages in the neighbourhood, and that the road to it was scarcely passable, but that to the public spirit and liberality of Mr. Green \* both the one and the other are indebted for their present good appearance. Mr. Green was, I find, a native of this place, and one of those useful men in society whose abilities and virtuous industry lead on to fortune. His attachment to his native spot induced him to fix his residence again there; and the lively interest he takes in promoting virtue and happiness around him, and of ornamenting a place once only marked by vice, by dirt, and wretchedness, speak highly both to the benevolence of his heart, and the liberality of his hand. I found the Sunday-schools in this charming village, the best managed, and, altogether, the best

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\* This father of the village and friend of man, is since dead.

appointed, of any I had ever seen. The boys and girls, near three hundred in number, all well-clothed, and orderly in their behaviour. The clothes-club, to learn the particulars of which drew me to Harborne, I find a little institution of the greatest importance, called the Harborne Penny-club.

The advantages arising to society in general, and to the poor in particular, from habitual cleanliness and a decent appearance, are so obvious, that they need little explanation. It is only to notice and contrast the general health and conduct of poor children kept clean and decently clothed, with that of those who, from idleness, always appear in dirt and rags. The latter, on a Sunday in particular, are found wandering about the lanes and fields, breaking the farmers hedges, and engaged in all kind of mischievous noisy play, and not unfrequently cursing and swearing, whilst the others are found in their duty at church or at home.

It is a practice, likewise, which greatly contributes to health, for the poor child that has decent garments to put on will be induced to wash and comb; — an important circumstance too much neglected by the poor in general.

It contributes to the general stock of happiness arising from industry, for whilst the poor children of the parish of Harborne are exerting

themselves by nail-making, or otherwise, to save a penny for the club, poor children in other parishes are, at the same time, employed in manufacturing the materials for the very garments to be thus purchased. Thus villages become composed of industrious and respectable poor, who, it may be reasonably hoped, will transmit to their children, and their children's children, the same proper and useful habits.

To effect this desirable purpose in this parish, a PENNY-CLUB has been established. The members are composed principally of poor children, and such of their kind neighbours (honorary members) whom, for wise purposes, God's providence has placed here comparatively in more exalted situations.

Every subscriber pays one penny per week ; the money is placed in a friendly hand, who is so kind not only to take the trouble, but to allow five per cent. interest for it ; and, once in two years, the stock is to be laid out in clothing, and then equally distributed among such poor members who shall be then upon the list.

There are now one hundred and thirty-five boys, and eighty-one girls subscribers.

The coats of the boys are of plain brown cloth. The gowns of the girls a dark spotted

cotton, all alike. The girls are also uniform in their caps, handkerchiefs, and aprons; and, to see them led to church, which I find is always done by a lady in the village, who takes a lively interest in their welfare, is a rare and charming sight. To this lady and her amiable family, these schools, the parish, and the public, are under the highest obligations, for their unwearied attention, — not only in *visiting*, but absolutely taking the laborious office of *teaching*. The appearance of the schools at the church, and their singing, which is very superior, is truly heart-cheering; but I shall not give any farther particulars, as I was told Mr. Barnard had written to a gentleman in the village for an account of it, and that it would appear in the reports of the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor, to which, therefore, I shall refer you.

The church \* is a neat and respectable building, the view from the village is delightful, and the air is doubtless healthy; for, in addition to this honest aged family, I find, in the church-yard, many other instances of longe-

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\* The curious inscription in this church, to the memory of a man and his wife, beginning "Here lies a husband and father too," is placed amongst the ludicrous epitaphs, in the hope of helping to reform that abuse.

vity; and a man named Sands likewise died here, aged one hundred and forty, and, soon after, his wife, aged one hundred and twenty.

When I was upon the subject of epitaphs, I am sorry to have forgot one in the church-yard of a village adjoining to this, called Edgbaston. It was written on a youth of weak intellect but harmless life.

#### THE EPITAPH.

“ If innocents are favourites of heaven,  
And God but little asks where little’s given,  
My great Creator has for *me* in store  
Eternal joys! what *wise man* can have more.”

About the like distance from Birmingham there is yet another establishment, which has every claim to support and admiration; the particulars of which will warm your heart. The necessity for separating the precious from the vile, — the children of the poor from the depraved and incorrigible, who generally make up the mass of those who fill a parish work-house, — induced the overseers and guardians of the Birmingham poor to board those out who were of an age from four to ten; but the evils which arose from hireling nurses were so flagrant and distressing to humanity, that the

remedy, in some instances, was worse than the disease. A large building, in the vicinity of the town, at that time vacant, induced the overseers to endeavour to form a separate establishment; and an offer from some of the guardians to conduct it being accepted, it was begun in July 17, 1797. A matron, with a school governor and governess, was accordingly appointed, who, with one female hired servant, formed the household. The rest of the labour was acquired from the oldest girls, as they grew up, such as making beds, sweeping the rooms, &c. which, while it ministers to the general economy, is advancing them in useful education.

The number admitted is from two hundred and fifty to two hundred and seventy. The girls knit for the work-house and asylum, as well as for respectable families, at a cheap rate, and with much credit: part of work sent can be executed, even by some of the youngest and feeblest of the boys, who also knit. In summer, the boys are sent to assist in farms and gardens in the vicinity of the asylum, and, while it contributes to their health, has added to a little fund which enabled the committee to build a shop, where from thirty to fifty boys are employed, by a manufacturer in the town, in heading pins and sticking them into the

papers in rows. The produce of both these has enabled the committee farther to build a room, detached from the house, as a hospital for the sick, and fit it up for their accommodation. The committee divide their services into different departments, for which each is responsible, and meet there, once a week, for the regulation of accounts, and arrangement of the general conduct of the whole. Besides their maintenance, and the habits of industry they so early acquire, they are also taught reading, and a submission to authority, to which, before this mode was adopted, they were entire strangers. They have also a Sunday-service regularly and more than decently performed! by a respectable young man, a clerk in the work-house, who uses the chief of the liturgy! and concludes with a useful and pertinent exhortation. — On this service the whole family attend, with much order and propriety.

The children have meat two or three days a week, according to the state of their health. Soup, puddings, rice, milk, bread, cheese, and beer, make up the rest, and these the very best of their kind. The medical gentlemen belonging to the work-house visit two or three times in their successive weeks of attendance, and a very benevolent physician in the town gives his liberal assistance, when called upon.

In addition to the above special advantages, the children are kept, and with more economy than by any preceding plan. The first two or three years the weekly price per head, including rent, fire, servants wages, and maintenance, (in fine, every thing but clothes, medicine, and furniture,) did not exceed 1s. 4½d. the last, in consequence of the increased price of provisions, was 1s. 10d. the amount of the present is not yet ascertained.

The result of this institution is eventually to transplant these *humanized* useful children into society; — the females into families, where there is a reputation for good order; — the boys are sent apprentices to various trades, suited to their capacities, and by which they may learn an honest trade for future subsistence.

It is to be observed, in proof of the striking utility of this institution, that, previous to these attempts to humanize these forlorn and unhappy creatures, most of whom had never known the reciprocal endearments and powerful operation of filial and paternal affections, their rude and savage manners, and disregard of authority, produced a conduct so intractable and violent, that, for some time, baffled the varied efforts of the committee to subdue. The first expedient, which produced any pro-

gress to submission, was by placing them in ranks, and conducting them in order round the governor in the play-ground, several times a day, where he could mark their individual conduct, and restrain or encourage accordingly; — placing them in order at meals, &c. &c. The good effects of these measures were daily more apparent and encouraging, and they are now as orderly and decent a family as two hundred and seventy such children, under one roof, can be conceived to be.

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Amongst the many laudable efforts of the present day, the recent establishment of the Philosophical Society in Birmingham must by no means be slighted.

The more immediate intention of this institution is the improvement of its members in the various branches of science, generally termed philosophical. The society consists of sixteen lecturing and sixteen auditory members. A liberal annual contribution, from all the members, supplies a fund, which is employed in the purchase of apparatus; in the formation of a mineralogical and fossil collection, and other general contingencies. Each lecturing member, under particular penalties, is

called upon, at certain periods, to furnish a discourse upon a philosophical subject, of his own selection, which he is likewise to elucidate by experiment. The subject treated of is afterwards open to general discussion.

A limited number of strangers may be introduced, by the lecturing members, to the meetings of the society. An establishment of this nature cannot fail of meeting with general approbation; for, independently of the peculiar advantage it holds forth to its lecturing members, particularly by requiring each of them, in his turn, to discuss a given subject, and affording them the use of an extensive apparatus, it promises the ordinary beneficial effects resulting from scientific societies in general, that of eliciting dormant genius, and diffusing a correct taste, and a generous emulation.

The peculiar utility of an institution of this kind in Birmingham, the seat of ingenuity and industry, must be sufficiently manifest, inasmuch as it will prove the surest means of maintaining the superiority of her manufactures, and the extensiveness of her commerce; advantages which have been long viewed with a jealous eye by a rival nation.

In the present state of this Philosophical Society, there is sufficient evidence of the acute-

ness of investigation and zeal for discovery. Chemistry is a branch of science that is likely to make great advances. Many of the members exert their industry in experimenting; and the processes that are habitual in the manufactures of Birmingham give facility and excite curiosity and diligence in chemical inquiries. At the same time it may be foretold, upon rational grounds of experience and observation, that various arts, essential to the perfection of work in this place, will be improved, diversified, and extended, by the influence of the society, and the operation of its discourses.

Where then could Philosophy have so happily taken a seat for instructions to her pupils, or for the widening of her empire, as in the central, inquiring, and diligent town of Birmingham;—surrounded by instruments of knowledge, and impelled to use them by the interests of trade, and the ambition of pre-eminence in science?

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#### NOTE.

Congenial to this, but on a more expansive scale, and of yet greater import, as embracing more extended objects, many of them of the utmost national utility, I am called upon by the love of my country and high reverence of its best charac-

teristics, genius and liberality, to make room for the Royal Institution of Great Britain, incorporated, by charter, about four years since: and which, though still in its infancy, embraces a considerable number of objects of great utility, and will doubtless, in a few years, rival the National Institute of France. Hitherto it has been supported by voluntary subscriptions, and comprises four orders or descriptions of persons. The first hereditary proprietors, or contributors of one hundred guineas each; the number of which is limited to four hundred, and which number is very nearly complete. — The whole property of the Institution is vested in this body, whose shares are transferable. Each proprietor has a personal admission and a transferable ticket, which admits the bearer to every thing going forward, and is only not admissible to the private reading rooms. Subscribers for life, which form the next class, pay thirty guineas each, and have a personal admission to every part of the Institution; the number of these is not limited. The third class is annual subscribers, of three guineas each, who have all the personal privileges of the two former bodies.

A fourth class is lady-subscribers, and young men under sixteen years of age, who are admitted to all the public lectures and experiments, through the year, for one guinea; but, to prevent the introduction of improper company, all lady-subscribers must be recommended to one or other of the lady-patronesses, of whom there are several, and who keep books for the purpose. The house of the Institution is in Albemarle-street, and its scite covers a very large piece of ground, and is fitted up in a very elegant and convenient style. It contains, first, a theatre, finished with great simplicity, and capable of conveniently accommodating about seven hundred persons. This theatre is well-lighted, warmed, and ventilated, and contains an apparatus by which it can be constantly darkened, for the purpose of shewing particular experiments. 2dly. an

apparatus-room, in which all the instruments necessary for the philosophical lectures are contained. 3dly. on the same floor, a very large room, for the library of reference, which is about to be opened. 4thly. on the ground floor, an elegant room, where all the daily papers are taken, and which contains all kinds of useful maps and charts. 5thly. a room of the same kind, where foreign newspapers are kept in the same way. 6thly. a reading room of very considerable magnitude, in which all the good monthly publications, both foreign and English, are kept; and which likewise contains a library of several thousand volumes. All these rooms are well-lighted, have good fires kept in them, and are open to subscribers every day in the year, except Sundays, from nine o'clock in the morning till eleven at night. 7thly. the clerks office. 8thly. The manager's room. 9thly. the committee room.

On the basement story are, a laboratory, fitted up with every convenience for chemical experiments, and with seats, &c. capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons, — a large workshop, — a housekeeper's room, — and a large kitchen, upon Count Rumford's plan, for the purpose of ascertaining, by practical experiments, the saving in the consumption of fuel, &c. &c.

The repository is an extensive building, at the back of the house, which contains models of various kinds; any of which may be copied, at the expense of the subscribers. The upper part of the house, viz. the second and third stories, are appropriated as apartments for the professors and domestics, and likewise contain a complete printing-office.

In the present season, ten different courses of lectures have been given. 1st. a course on natural and experimental philosophy, by Mr. Dalton, secretary to the Philosophical Society of Manchester. 2d. a course of lectures on the chemistry of nature, by Mr. Davy, professor of chemistry to the Institution,

and resident in the house, which comprehends mineralogy, and every thing relating to the operations of nature in all its great works. 3d. A course on experimental philosophy, by Mr. Allen, a gentleman of considerable eminence in the Borough. 4th. A course of experimental chemistry, by Mr. Davy. 5th. A series of experiments in the laboratory of the Institution, by Mr. Davy. 6th. A course on civil architecture, by the Rev. Mr. Crowe, public orator at Oxford. 7th. A course on the belles-lettres, by the Rev. M. Hewlett. 8th. A course on botany, by Dr. Smith, professor of the Linnæan collection. 9th. A course on modern architecture, by the Rev. Mr. Crowe. 10th. A course on astronomy, by Mr. Allen. And, 11th, a course on painting, by Mr. Opie. It is obvious an institution, embracing such a variety of objects, deserves to be highly supported; yet it is extraordinary how very few are the numbers in this town *who know that such an institution exists*,\* though, in the course of the season, every thing that is beautiful, amiable, and fashionable in the female world, may be seen there, and every thing of science and knowledge in the other sex; in short, there is no day in which some of the first nobility, of the bench of bishops, of the judges of the land, of the learned in all professions, may not be there met with; and you are surprised to see men steal a hour from more important avocations, and whom you could not have expected to spare five minutes.

The foundation of a mineralogical collection has been laid by the exertion of Mr. Professor Davy. For the purpose of extending it, one of the proprietors has generously offered a donation of 100*l.* and others have promised to contribute to it such minerals as they may have opportunity of procuring. The fossils, which have been already provided, are about to be arranged and described, for the inspection of the members of

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\* Which is one of the Gleaner's reasons for giving this description; to extend its excellence so far as his limited power admits.

the Institution; to whom, it is hoped, they may prove useful, as supplying the means of studying mineralogy, &c.

The reading library of the Institution is now completed; and the room for the collection of reference is fitting up, on a plan to receive ten thousand volumes. The funds already subscribed amount to near 6000*l.* for this particular library. The formation of such a collection was in the contemplation of a society of gentlemen some time back, and the following argument in its favour was suggested by one of the members:

“ When gentlemen, as members of either House of Parliaments, or in any other respect, individually or collectively, are called upon to discuss and decide a variety of important questions which arise, it is found to be infinitely less difficult to ascertain the measures proper to be adopted than to conduct the previous investigation of those facts, upon which their decision must necessarily be established. To determine the past and present states of the population, the manufactures, the commerce of our dominions, the quantities and price of all the great and leading articles of national produce, the local prosperity of counties and towns, with their respective branches of industry, the capital and revenues of the country, the history and modifications of taxes, regulations, laws, and systematical arrangements, the nature and operations of the administration of the government, with the history of its transactions, which include not only our domestic, but our diplomatic and other foreign relations,—these, and a most extensive variety of departments of research, will offer themselves to every gentleman who is desirous of performing the high duties of his station with intelligence and effect. But, it will appear scarcely credible, when it is affirmed, that, in this great and powerful nation, raised and supported as it has been by its superior knowledge and conduct in these respects, there is no library in which this invaluable body of knowledge is to be found; where the laws of the country, the journals of parliament, the registers of the times, the best histories, maps, charts, collections of treaties,

and other indispensable works, are collected and preserved. Numerous, indeed, are the documents which may even be considered as lost for want of some regulation for this purpose. A very striking instance may be offered with regard to the committees of his Majesty's Privy Council, and of both the great councils of the nation, which are, from time to time, appointed to investigate the most important national points. These respectable bodies collect evidence, and prepare reports, in productions of incalculable value for their authenticity and deliberate wisdom; and these reports are, indeed, printed, and distributed to the members, but are in no place publicly preserved! It would be in vain to inquire for an accessible depository, where the reports on the woods and forests, on the coinage, on the bank, on the public revenue, or even on the trade and intercourse of the British empire, are kept for consultation."

To enter into a detail of the advantages of such a library; to give an idea even of the subjects, not to mention the works themselves, would far exceed the limits I can afford. The direction of the affairs of the Institution is regulated by a board of managers, consisting of fifteen in number, five of whom are elected every year by the body of proprietors. The managers are controlled by a board of visitors, consisting, likewise, of fifteen in number, five of whom are likewise elected every year. The duty of the visitors is to inquire into the expenditure and other matters that concern the Institution, and to make a report to the proprietors annually, in the month of May, of the state of the funds, works carried on, and other matters. By the report of the visitors of the present year, (1804,) the funds of the Institution appear to be in a flourishing state, the lectures well selected and well attended, the two great libraries nearly complete, the model-room in a state of improvement, and nothing wanted but due encouragement on the part of the public to support the managers in the several plans they have formed for the advan-

tage and extension of the sublime and interesting objects of the Institution.

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We must now close our summary sketch of a subject, the importance of which, although, as I before observed, it has withheld me from a great variety of far different scenes, many readers would prefer, I have felt so interesting in making out the above very limited abstract, that I cannot but regret the want both of time and health to give the details. Amongst these, had I followed my original plan, I should have marked the distinction between manufactures and agriculture, so far as respects the influence of the different occupations in the farm-yard and work-shop. I should have progressively commented on the feelings and motives that operate on the peasant and artisan. I should have noted, likewise, many interesting exceptions to the general rule of depravity amongst both these orders of people. I should then have entered upon a wider sphere of observation, namely, the moral state of the artisans in particular, and of the poor in general, forming part of our grand metropolis—a dignified and most awful subject—since the manufactures of Birmingham, Manchester, and Sheffield conjointly, however vast and important, are far less extensive than the whole of those put together.

The metropolis, indeed, is constructed for every possible advantage which can be derived from the combinations of nature and of art, and it is adorned with all these to a degree so near perfection, that one would think neither a comfort or a luxury, nothing ornamental, nothing useful, remains to be added, yet improvements are daily taking place. The *surface* displays the very beauty of what may be done by the invention, wisdom, and genius of man. It displays the paragon of cities, and of the human powers! One cannot take even a *transient* view without running through the whole routine of exclamations! even the most deliberate views fill us with just wonder and admiration. But, if we descend to deeper and more profound examination, of a city now ascertained, by actual recent enumeration, to contain one million of people, within a circle of eight miles round St. Paul's cathedral, comprising not only the largest in the world, as it respects commerce, but also (what is not generally supposed) the most extensive in respect to manufactures — when farther we look at it as the emporium of the fine arts and of literature — abounding in the greatest and most extensive schools for medical and philosophical science — as the seat of government — the place of meeting of the legislative body, assembled from every corner of

the three kingdoms — the seat of supreme justice — the emporium of fashion and polished manners — the vertex of idleness and dissipation — and the residence of industry in all the useful arts of life. The utmost comprehension of the mind seems too narrow to grasp the idea. If, farther, we consider the million of people which it contains, being as different in characters as in pursuits ; part exhibiting a degree of virtue, philanthropy, and benevolence, elevating the character of man to the highest pitch of human perfection ; part debasing it by the vilest profligacy, dissipation, and debauchery ; extremes of vice and virtue ; with a large proportion passing through life without discovering any strong marks of either the one or the *other extreme*. Taking into the survey a polished nobility, among whom there are numerous instances, as in those I have pointed out, and various others, of sterling worth and true patriotism : a middle order of men also highly respectable for talents and integrity ; an inferior class, useful and valuable from their virtue and industry ; and a lower order *uneducated*, composed partly of the most ignorant and worthless, from different quarters of the United Kingdom, who are certainly exceedingly depraved : to which may be added, a number (and not a small number) belonging to *all* the classes, who

float idly in the pursuit of licentious and criminal pleasures, viz. *gambling*, *lewdness*, and *dissipation*. A class also of those unfortunate females I have before alluded to, numerous beyond common belief, who live wholly or partly by prostitution and other acts of criminality; and a class of males equally depraved, whose subsistence is derived from low *gaming*, *swindling*, and felonious pursuits: — the whole appears “beyond the reaching of our souls.” Yet such is the great outline of the *moral* feature of this metropolis of Great Britain. If we look into the interior, and descend to *minutiæ*, the ramifications are excessive: but they are interesting and instructive beyond measure. Many of these I have sketched; but, O, what scenes remain, notwithstanding all that has been said, for future examiners, even in addition to those which have already given their labours to the public!

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*Birmingham.*

IN returning to less tumultuous themes, I have to remind you, that Birmingham stands in a county replete with objects of great importance and interest to a traveller, who has

not simply an eye to observe, but a mind to feel, what, without any disparagement to commerce and the mechanic arts, will for ever be most precious to the remembrance of taste, genius, and the pride of a great empire.

A few miles from hence, you will be invited by the far-famed scenes of Hagley, and the yet more-attractive recesses of the Leasowes, where once resided our Lyttleton and Shenstone, poets, who have thrown over their respective domains the immortal fragrance and bloom of the Muse. Your Gleaner has something to offer you concerning both of their places. But the very memory of their beauties, soft and endearing as they are to a poetical observer, more especially, "hide their diminished heads," and are obliterated by another object, which, when you are in the vicinity, will seize on your attention, and which throws, at an immeasurable distance, every other that the mental eye can survey. Warwickshire is distinguished, ennobled, and consecrated, by being the part of England where her greatest poetical *glory* was born. At Stratford upon the Avon, which he has rendered more famous than the Tiber, and which is only twenty-two miles from the town where I am writing, this extraordinary man was born.

While the spectator is engaged in contempla-

ting this real “paragon of nature, formed in her very prodigality,” to apply his own words, there is no space left in the mind for any other being. He includes in the immensity of his own genius all the powers of the nine, and all their actual inspiration. In a literary sense, he is the sun of the poetical world ; and, while we are perusing his works, we feel a glow, a fervor, a sacred fire, warming and penetrating our hearts, as if we were in the midst of his beams.

The rest of the tuneful train, though duly appreciated, each according to his degree and measure of brilliance, when apart, in their proper stations, at awful distances, like the fainter lights of the firmament ; or they are fed by his reflected radiance, like the moon whom they resemble ; they are lost, absorbed, and annihilated, when brought into a close comparison.

How do I regret that you can never fully comprehend his august claims to what is here said of him : but his sublime graces are not transfusible into any other language, because a translator must have the passion, the spirit, and the soul of the great original so to transfuse them. This is the sole poet, who, possessing universal powers, is, in a great measure, limited to the few beings who have the honour to be his countrymen. Our Dryden, Pope, Addison, and numberless other ornaments of the island,

may be clothed in a foreign garb, without any important injury to the natural beauty of their figure; but our Shakespeare is, by nature, like the heirs of our crown, by the laws of the land, confined to their own country. How strange! yet true, my friend, to consider, that he who has best described all countries, and "all which they inherit," is, himself, even like his own country, insulated. Voltaire laboured in vain to give him a Gallic dress; but, how awkward, how ill-fashioned, how unnatural, how unlike the blooming vestments, sky-tinctured, and of "colours dipt in Heaven," wherein he appears at *home*! how unlike the rich, majestic, or the gay fantastic robes, in which his delighted compatriots behold him in England! Yet this is less remarkable than that, even in his own country, the power who enriched us with this great author has given birth but to one actor who could represent him — one only Being who, in a collective sense, could make his exquisite genius palpable to our "sight as to our feeling." Quin, indeed, is said to have done justice to his Falstaff; his Posthumous had the happiness of a Powell; and, to come to our own times, his Hamlet finds a mirror in Kemble; the wife of his Macbeth in the incomparable Siddons; and his Richard would be "himself alone," in these days, were it not for

Cooke. But, for an *assemblage* of all these, and of various others, drawn by the mighty master, who has been vigorously said—"to have exhausted worlds, and then imagined new," Nature has furnished us, in her course of near two hundred years, with only one man who could personate her darling:—and that one was David Garrick.\*

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\* A tribute to Mr. Garrick's memory I attempted in some lines, which are engraved on his monument by the ingenious Mr. Webber, in Westminster-Abbey. I persuade myself it will not be displeasing to you, if I make use of this opportunity to present you with the tribute above-mentioned, before it can meet your eye in the grand repository of our illustrious dead; which will prove in itself a noble object of your meditation and wonder.

To the Memory of David Garrick,  
Who died in the Year 1779,  
At the Age of 63,

To paint fair Nature, by Divine command,  
—Her magie pencil in his glowing hand,—  
A Shakespeare rose—then, to expand his fame  
Wide o'er this "breathing world," a Garrick came.  
Though sunk in death the forms the Poet drew,  
The Actor's genius bade them breathe anew:  
Though, like the Bard himself, in night they lay,  
Immortal Garrick called them back to day:  
And, till Eternity, with power sublime,  
Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary Time;  
Shakespeare and Garrick, like twin stars shall shine,  
And Earth irradiate with a beam divine.

This monument, the tribute of a friend, was erected in 1797.

No wonder, therefore, she has not produced a mortal sufficiently favoured to give any part of the world, but his own native soil, assurance of such a bard. My friend, it is decreed that you, who, like his own Othello,—when the Moor loved with all the torrid fires of his country, as well as the beauties of his mistress in his heart,—would

“With greedy ear devour up his discourse,”

are destined never to enjoy, fully, the incomparable talents of that great feature in the mind, and character, and genius of the English Nation, *William Shakespeare*. And for this reason, amongst many others, I not only rejoice in the name of Briton, but I wish my friend partook the glory.

You will not wonder, after this avowal, if I tell you, that, in a recent visit to the birth-place of Shakespeare, I yielded to the enthusiasm which carried me, from the house wherein he drew his first breath, to the spot whereon stood his dwelling-house \* in better days, then

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\* The local histories inform us, that, till within these few years, this mansion was strong, large, and handsome; and that the famous mulberry tree, planted by his own hand, would shade the grass-plot in a garden more than twenty yards square, supplying the whole town with mulberries every year; and which, had it not yielded a single mulberry in twenty years, nor pre-

repairing to the narrow cell where his remains were deposited, after he resigned it. You will see me, in the prism of your own glowing imagination, breaking from an agreeable party, to follow the unchecked impulse of my admiration. — Your mind's eye views me placing myself in the chair where he had rested, gazing on the antique objects he must have looked upon: now pursuing the course of that soft flowing river, which he has consecrated; and, lastly, you behold me bowing at the lowly shrine, which, though placed in an obscure nook of an ordinary church, is more enriched, by covering the ashes

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sented more than one green leaf in a summer, you and I, my friend, should have preferred to a grove of laurels. — This sacred tree, was, on some idle caprice, pulled down, by the purchaser of the premises, together with the house itself, so as not to leave one stone upon another: piling it, as a stack of fire-wood, to the great vexation, loss, and disappointment of the inhabitants. I leave a comment on this to your own indignant mind. The Bard himself has descended —

“ The man who has not *music* in his soul,  
And is not touch'd by concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for hewers, stratagems, and spoils.

And as poetry, in its perfection, is a sublime kind of harmony, I consider the description as even more applicable to this hewer and stacker of the mulberry-tree than the music-hater, and should have finished the account of him in the no less appropriate words —

“ Let no such man be trusted.”

of such a Muse and such a man, than the “cloud-capt towers, gorgeous palaces, and solemn temples of many of the potentates and conquerors of the earth.

This train of emotions and of thoughts accompanied me to my pillow, where, soliciting the great genius of the place, I threw the result of my feelings and reflections, in verse, upon paper. Would I dare hope my solicitation had been heard; and that, as emanating from the spirit I invoked, the lines were worthy of their subject. They contain, however, a truth which will find an echo in every poetical heart; and their sincerity will render them welcome to my friend.

I ought, in justice, to state, that an ingenious young painter\* broke from the charms of company and the bottle to attend me, and was no less anxious in his inquiries, or zealous in his homage. In particular, I remember some miserable scratchings were shewn us as the fragments of pictures which had been dropping from the walls for a century; and our artist fastened on them with an eye no less enraptured than he would have glutted on the richest touches of Rembrant or Raphael. He seated himself on an old oak bench, with rude handles

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\* *Masquerier*, who so finely grouped Buonaparte, on horseback, surrounded by his officers.

and half shut into the wall, exclaiming, with a kind of triumph — well, this must be genuine — there can be no doubt of this — I'll pledge my life on it the bard has been here — yes, here, in the very spot I now occupy — delightful."



## LINES

*Written at Stratford-on-Avon.*

WHY roves the eye in eager search to see  
 Whate'er, great Bard, can lead the thoughts to thee;  
 Why does it hurry from each object new,  
 That crowds ambitious on the anxious view;  
 The gaudier domes of Pleasure and of Pride,  
 And throws them all, as nothing worth, aside?  
 Why strays wild Vision till it finds the spot,  
 Where stands that poor, but consecrated cot;  
 Where humble parents blest a lowly birth,  
 That since has fill'd with fame thy natal earth?  
 There, charm'd and aw'd, why does th' enraptur'd sight  
 Fix, with mute wonder and a fond delight,  
 On things uncouth, and old, and objects mean,  
 'That bears the marks of what THINE eye has seen?  
 Whatever Nature's darling might recal,  
 Thy natal habitation, coarse and small;  
 Its crumbling brick-work, mix'd with black'ning wood,  
 And ev'n the ground whereon the dwelling stood;  
 In better days, when Fame and Fortune smil'd,  
 And strove which most should bless their fav'rite child?  
 And last, though not least dear to every age,  
 His honour'd tomb! say, why do these engage

The passenger? — O, sacred GENIUS tell!  
For thine the magic, thine the wonderous spell.  
'Tis not from love of venerable things,  
The bones of heroes, and the dust of kings;  
These may in dark oblivious silence rot,  
The truncheon and the sceptre both forgot;  
'Tis deathless Genius, with a force divine;  
Our homage claims, and draws us to its shrine.



Very recently, another theatrical wonder, who is said to be no less formed "in the prodigality of Nature," has started up amongst us; and who, in the person of an almost infant boy, having not yet reached his fourteenth year,\* is

\* The following authenticated certificate ascertains the time of his nativity:

"William Henry West Betty, Son of William Henry and Mary, born the 13th of September, 1791, christened the 18th of September, 1791.

"A true Copy of the Register of St Chad's, Shrewsbury, taken March  
4th, 1796.

— “ John Gaxton, Clerk.

"Witness, Thomas Stedman, Minister."

He is the only son of Mr. William Henry West Betty,\* formerly of Hopton Wafers, in Shropshire, and lately of Ballyhinch, in the county of Down, and within a few miles of Bel-

\* Son of Dr. Betty, a respectable physician, at Lisburn, in Ireland.

attracting the admiration, and receiving—I might have said more strongly—COMMANDING the homage of the British Empire, under the appropriate name of Young Roscius.

Illimitable has been the incense heaped on the shrine of this juvenile miracle, in almost every possible form of tributary eulogium—and just before this sheet of the Harvest Home is brought for revision, I accidentally met with the following truly beautiful lines, which appearing so apposite to the subject of our new as well as our old Roscius, that, while I apologize to the author for the liberty I take in giving to the public what is obviously intended only for private circulation, I cannot forego giving and receiving the pleasure of inserting them in this place.



*Introductory Lines on the first Appearance of the Young Roscius, by Walsh Porter, Esq.*

WHEN Britain's Roscius left the mimic Stage  
(At once the pride and wonder of the age)

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fast. His mother was a Miss Stanton, of the county of Worcester, a young lady of superior attainments, and possessed of a handsome fortune, which, it is understood, is settled upon the son.

The nation mourn'd the Genius it ador'd,  
While *rival Muses* long their loss deplored,  
And griev'd for those unborn, while they in vain  
Bewail'd "they ne'er should look upon his like again."  
But, had he lived in these glad days to see,  
In this fair bud, his own epitome,  
He had not *childless* proved; but, from that hour,  
Had own'd him *heir* to all *his magic* power:  
Then say, shall *we* not hail, with fond presage,  
This Heav'n-born promise of fair England's Stage?  
Shall we not cheer, with native pride and joy,  
The Hope that dawns in this still infant boy?  
And, in each bosom, foster him as our own,  
Nor let the bud be nip'd e'er yet 'tis *blown*!  
That while his heart, with gratitude, shall pant,  
Will you exulting cry, "I rear'd the plant!"  
"Screen'd it from chilling blasts, and cutting wind,  
" (From those of *Envy*, ever most unkind.)"  
What though a *Star*, just travell'd into birth,  
Beams with new radiance o'er the conscious Earth,  
No latent cause for *Jealousy* is there,  
For *every* Orb is glorious in its *Sphere*;  
While to each other one congenial ray  
Expands the lustre, and augments the *day*.  
Like other *boys* (for he affects no more)  
Who tempt the tide, yet fear to leave the shore:  
In shallower streams he tried, nor tried in vain,  
Till bolder grown, he ventures on the *main*:  
To your fond guidance he commits his *all*,  
For you command the *Winds* to *rise* or *fall*;  
But though no *Champion* sent, with Clarion shrill,  
To *challenge* all who *dare* dispute *our* *skill*,

Yet, if on trial *bent*, *I'll* dare to make  
The *wager*, and myself the *odds* will take,  
On these fair terms, for (*rous'd*, he never *flinches*)  
Match him (where *can ye*) of his *Years and Inches*.

—o—

An actor and writer of no mean consideration—Mr. Harley, late of Covent-garden theatre, and now reputably employed on the stages of Birmingham and Sheffield—is to be numbered and distinguished amongst the biographers of this extraordinary youth, and seems to have had the best opportunities of knowing and judging of him. The following brief account of his personal and theatrical character must be interesting.

“ In person, the Young Roscius may, generally speaking, be described as a very handsome boy. His complexion is remarkably fair, and his features are so little obtrusive, that, to account for his extraordinary precocity, many persons have insinuated that he is a female of maturer years than is pretended. When, however, it becomes necessary to express contending passions, his countenance admirably adapts itself to the occasion; the eye of the beholder is satisfied, and the effect is perfectly complete.

“ In grace and ease he is inimitable. He treads the stage with the dignity and conse-

quence of a veteran. Every limb, every action, conspires to give effect to the emotions of his soul; and he seems not a mere human being, acting under the influence of ordinary reason, but governed by a powerful instinct, and by the magical inspiration of genius.

“ In his private deportment he exhibits the manner and feelings of boys of his own age. He is fond of, and participates in, the usual games and sports of youth. His disposition is remarkably docile and benevolent, and he may be considered as the obedient child of his fond parents.

“ In his power of touching the heart consists his superiority as an actor. Chasteness and correctness are felt in every thing he says and does. The grace of figure and action is another powerful source of the pleasure which he excites; and, with his interesting countenance and delicate tones, combine to give perfection to his performance. He possesses, in an extraordinary degree, the power of changing the expression of the passions. He shifts the tender accent, the pleading eye, and supplicating posture, to the firm step, the haughty brow, and menacing tone, with such wonderful art, that the spectator forgets the boy in admiration of the actor.”

You can want nothing beyond these documents, confirmed by the assenting voice of thousands, pleading trumpet-tongued in his favour, to justify the appellation of the Young Roscius.\* The inspired, the instructive, the heaven-born actor is before you, but how much more will his rich talents be appreciated, when you understand he is a man as rare.

The following anecdote, and the fact, I am assured, is unquestionable, proves that the goodness of his heart is equal to the other wonderful qualities with which nature has endowed him. After completing his engagement with the Liverpool managers, in which place he performed fifteen nights, and being told that his share of the profits amounted to *fifteen hundred and twenty pounds*, he looked steadfastly on his infant sister, then in his mother's arms, and exclaimed ; “Amidst the vicissitudes of life, who can tell what may be thy fate ; if I can help it, it shall not be poverty ; therefore, I entreat that

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\* “Well,” says Mr. Harley, “he deserves that name: for, were the spirit of the great Roman actor to revisit the light of day, I do not hesitate to believe that he would, with exultation, allow the legitimacy of our young Briton’s worth, and confirm the public voice in admitting the propriety of this title.”

the fifteen hundred pounds may be settled upon my sister, and put out to interest, for her benefit, till she is of age."

The next day, the necessary steps were taken, and Messrs. Lewis and Knight were nominated the trustees, to see the wishes of our young hero fulfilled. Not the smallest intimation, by the father or mother of the youth, had been previously made upon the subject. It was the spontaneous effusion of his own tender heart, and the result of a suggestion entirely his own.

Yet, with all this, he is said to have the simplicity and frolic suitable to his years, now assuming the man, and now gliding back into the boy; and thus becoming an object of admiration and love. May heaven prosper him on his way!

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*Warwick.*

OF this county, one of the most prominent objects of external, and, perhaps, of internal magnificence, is Warwick-Castle; whether we consider the architecture without, or the decorations within. You are already, no doubt, impressed with the fable that connects with

this venerable pile. Early reading has presented you with the renowned exploits of that magnanimous Guy, whose mighty arm not only slew in hunting the tremendous boar—whose shield-bone is still shown at Coventry, as a mark of his valour—but who is said, also, to have defeated Colebrand, the Danish giant. You are likewise, perhaps, familiar with his far-famed massy sword,\* and other warlike accoutrements; not forgetting his redoubtable suit of armour, enormous punch-bowl, and other traditional tubs, thrown out to gratify the appetite of that whale Superstition, whose mouth is for ever open to swallow the marvellous,

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\* Dugdale says, “here is to be seen a large two-handed sword, with a helmet, and certain plate armour for horse service, which, as the tradition is, were part of the accoutrements sometime belonging to the famous Guy; but I rather think they are of much later date,—yet I find that, in the reign of Henry VIII. the sword having that repute, the king granted the custody thereof to William Haggesson, one of the yeomen of the buttery, or his sufficient deputy, with the fee of eleven-pence per diem for that service.” This office was continued by Queen Elizabeth: the fee is set down, in Peck’s *Desiderata Curiosa*, at five pounds per annum. The horse-armour is no longer shewn, but, in recompense, the remaining curiosities have been reinforced by the accession of Guy’s spear, buckler, bow, spurs, and porridge-pot; as likewise the slipper of the beautiful Phillis, the dulcinea for whose sake he performed all his wonderful achievements.

with a voracity proportioned to the absurdity of the wonder, and the ignorance of the hearer. But as you, my loved friend, employ your curiosity upon far different objects, you will smile, with me, at these shadows of the vulgar, and pass on to more substantial matters.

It is singular enough, that although very many of the latter character are to be found, in and about the attracting edifice of which we are preparing to take a view, the *Encyclopedia Britannica* has not noticed, in the description of Warwick,\* any castle at all.

But, leaving all these local circumstances,

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\* As neither the area of the first erection of this castle, nor of its founders, are to be ascertained, it were useless to the purpose of this correspondence to involve it in the entanglements of conjecture. Our great antiquary, Grose, has briefly traced its succession of different proprietors from the Confessor, in whose time it was considered as a “special strong hold for the defence of the midland parts of the kingdom, to George Plantagenet, brother of Edward IV. and onward, progressively, to James I. when that king granted it in fee to Sir Foulk Greville. The castle was then in a very ruinous condition; the strongest parts serving for the county jail. Sir Foulk expended twenty thousand pounds in its reparation and embellishment, and, from his descendant, Francis, Earl Brooke, it came into the present family.”

Dugdale, in his *Warwickshire*, says, “whether I may attribute this castle’s origin to Kimbeline, the British king, who is said to be the first builder here, or to the Romans, who

and proceeding to what will, for ages to come, interest the eye and affect the imagination, I must apprise you that you will be struck with a most august assemblage of varied objects, each in keeping with the other; and the first to be mentioned to you, being the first in place, and by no means the last in attraction, is the new grand entrance. This is the result of a just idea of the sublime, so rarely

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had a strong hold in the place, (by reason thereof they called it *Præsidium*,) I cannot well determine. If, therefore, to do so be too great a presumption, to refer the foundation thereof to the renowned Lady Ethelfleda, daughter of King Alfred, and Lady of the Mercians, I am sure I will not; though it appears that she, in the year 915, (scit. in the sixteenth year of Edward the elder,) caused the dungeon to be made, which was a strong tower, or platform, upon a large and high mount of earth, artificially raised (such being usually placed toward the side of a castle or fort which is least defensible); the substance whereof is yet to be seen.

William the Conqueror caused the town of Warwick to be fortified with a ditch and gates, and the castle to be repaired and enlarged, which, until that time, consisted of little more than the fortification, called the Dungeon, built in the year 915, by order of Ethelfleda, daughter of King Alfred, upon a hill of earth, artificially raised, near the river side, committed the custody of that strong place to Henry de Newburgh, whom he had then lately advanced to the dignity of the Earl of Warwick, and annexed to the earldom and Castle the manor of Warwick, with its appurtenances, which was then in the crown, and included the royalty of the borough."

seen in modern additions to antient places; such additions being too often as preposterous as a short jerkin, long pantaloons, and coachman-like box wig, disguising a venerable hermit with a white beard; or, more ridiculous still, a laced coat, punch-looking ruffles, and a figured neckcloth, with other particulars in the costume of a beau of the old school, added to the black wig frizzles, or stable-boy dock, of a young coxcomb of the new school.

Such an opening called for an exertion of the genius of elegant design; and the execution demanded a proportionate spirit. They are both eminently combined in the instance under consideration. You are no sooner admitted within the outer gate than the magic of the alteration begins its impression.

The excavations of solid rock on both sides, and deeply cut, place you in an ample space between them; and, as you move along, you are so little sensible of your being surrounded by labours in a progressive state, and still daily carrying on, that, if the tell-tale porter, or some other officious informer, were not to break the charm, by premature intelligence,—that all before you has been the work but of a few months, you would be more apt to suppose,

the very instant you had passed the arched gateway, that you were conveyed, by magic, into a subterraneous passage, elaborated through the rocks; and, at every step, as you threaded the awful labyrinth, which is made with uncommon skill, your wonder would rise, in a series, till you reached the sight of what would appear an *enchanted castle*.

Nor would you gain the climax of your surprise here. The inner gate conducts to new wonders. To a traveller of your taste and feeling, the first view of the noble edifice under consideration would inspire a thousand images that are appropriate to places and things made venerable by time and circumstance. Such edifices are not so much exhibitions for the eye as for the mind of such a spectator; or rather the delight received by the former is proportioned to that which is sanctioned by the latter. The towers, the columns, the arches, the simple yet solid pillars, or the figured ornaments, which are wrought round some of these, do not so forcibly seize on and arrest our attention, nor do we consider them so much the object of surprize and sublimity in *themselves*, as because the eye of the philosopher, like that of the poet, associates therewith an idea of

the personages who have possessed the domains and inhabited the mansions many centuries ago.

By a faculty bestowed only on human beings, the *mental* eye no sooner has a glance at scenes of this kind than it re-creates and re-embodies those who have been moulderling in their graves for a thousand years. By a truly magic power it assists to raise from their tombs the canonized bones of poets and of historians, of kings and conquerors, and brings them back in their robes of state or of royalty; it crowns them with laurel or with diadems; it replaces them in their palaces, their groves, or their temples; it again fixes the sceptre and the lyre in their hands; and, by an enchantment peculiarly its own, and colours which even Reason deigns, on such occasions, to borrow from Fancy, the very scenes where all these illustrious persons flourished or fell are before us. While common spectators are looking on the inanimate battlements, the lofty turrets, or the sculptured walls, with scarcely more of mind than the walls themselves, the intellectual traveller goes from dead matter to the original beings, giving them warmth, motion, and, as it were, a second life; in which all the illustrious actions and events are again brought under our view,

bright as in the first moment of actual vision and vitality.

It is thus that a bench of judicature, or a throne, brings before us all those benefactors or tyrants of human kind, who have adorned or disgraced the high character of judge or of king. It is thus, that—after all the censure or applause of evanescent criticism—taste, genius, the beauty of the imagination, and the energy of the mind, or a destitution of all these are settled, in the twinkling of an eye, without prejudice or prepossession.

By way of elucidating, as we go on, let me for a moment assist you, in taking a mental survey of this kind; let me indulge in the fancy, which, if the olive branch is not again to be torn from the brow of peace, will, I hope, ere long, be a reality; let me lead you from other British scenes, not less worthy of your admiration, to this pleasant and pictorial county of Warwick. Here, while I am acting the part of your local intelligencer, your mind and memory, with the speed of thought, will then take you to all that is interesting. As you accompany me to Kenilworth,\* in the centre of

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\* The truly worthy Mr. John Nichols has, with his usual accuracy and diligence, collected these under the title of “The Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Eliza-

the shire, you will see the awful fragments of its castle ; at one time the prison of one of the most unfortunate of our kings ;\* at another,

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beth, collated and published from scarce pamphlets and original MSS. of the times." In this work he very truly observes, much of the manner of that age may be learned from these Progresses. They give us a view into the interior of the noble families, display their state in house-keeping and other articles, and set before our days their magnificent mansions, long since gone to decay, or supplanted by others of the succeeding age. Houses that lodged the Queen of England and her court, all now scarcely fit for farms, or levelled with the ground. Such were the seats of the Compton family, at Mockings ; of the Sadliers, at Standen ; of the great Burleigh, at Theobalds ; of the Earl of Leicester, at Kenilworth, &c. Elizabeth's capital visit to that place was in 1575, when Leicester exerted his whole magnificence " in a manper so splendid," says Bishop Hurd, " as to claim a remembrance even in the annals of our country." The account of it, which Mr. Nichols has *gleaned*, to us a term I have myself long appropriated in the first volume of the work ; and the author of the Reliques of Antient English Poetry justly observes, " The splendour and magnificence of Elizabeth's reign is no where more strongly painted than in these little diaries of summer excursions to the houses of her nobility ; nor could a more acceptable present be given to the world than a republication of a select number of such details as this of the entertainment at Elvetham, that at Killingworth, &c. &c. which so strongly mark the spirit of the times, and present us with scenes so very remote from modern manners."

\* Edward II.—The unfortunate Edward, being deposed by his queen, was by her kept close prisoner, and afterwards re-

the palace of the favourite \* of one of our most fortunate queens.†

The slightest recollection of the royal personage last alluded to, assuredly one of the brightest, greatest, and meanest of her sex, conjures up all her wisdom, prudence, and policy, as a sovereign ; with all her folly, vanity, and cold malignancy of jealous cruelty, as a woman. You will seem to be one of the spectators of the seventeen days of revelry and grandeur, during which Leicester entertained her. The wisdom of some of her ministers, and the wickedness of others, and of all those whom she loved to their preferment, or to their destruction, with the hapless Essex at their head ; and even the envy-raised scaffold of her too beautiful rival, the ill-fated Queen of Scots, whose superior graces were the traitors that rebelled against the conscious and comparative deformity of Elizabeth, will all be fresh before you. They rise at your command ; nay, the ruins of the castle would seem to leap, as if by magic, into their pristine form, and you would

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moved, in the night, by his brutal keepers, Sir John Maltravers and Sir Thomas Berkley ; and in an open field, between this place and Warwick, set on the bare ground, and shaved with dirty water out of a neighbouring ditch. He was shortly after cruelly murdered, at Berkley-castle.

\* Earl of Leicester.

† Elizabeth.

behold it in the meridian of its pomp and prosperity.

In like manner, you would take a retrospective view of the noble castle under our more immediate consideration; but not being able to find any satisfactory record either for your curiosity or benevolence to fasten upon, gathered from antient time, you would in vain apply to me, who could only join your regret that history had, in this instance, refused her usual assistance, there being hitherto no authentic account, either in print or manuscript, to preserve the memory of the early circumstances which have attended this important object of national beauty and grandeur.

But I have communicated these regrets to a friend, whose varied powers of local description have already been laid before you; and I flatter myself that his love of justice, co-operating with his veneration for the place, and esteem for the noble proprietor, will do all that can be done to atone for the neglects, which, for so many ages, have been shewn to Warwick-castle.

Do not, however, suppose, that I can now stop to attempt a picture of this attractive object, its gardens, or its ample domains. I must chiefly confine myself to other features of the portrait. At the very gate of the castle,

which we have just passed, I must lead you far from the captivating edifice—its time-discoloured sides—its stately towers—its aspiring heights—its venerable aspect—the awful and religious gloom of its windows—and the rich shades of every kind of verdure with which it is surrounded, even to a prodigality of vegetation, from the dark ivy to the lightest and tenderest green. I must, with a hand of seeming cruelty, tear you from all these, and, likewise, from fruits and blossoms of all hues; I must beguile you from innumerable charms of nature without, and from a no less abundant assemblage of the embellishments of art within. Yes, my friend, I must steal you from these, just as they are opening upon you, that I may give your heart a banquet, on which it will luxuriate with no less appetency than if I were to pay appropriate homage to every decoration of the arts, as they stand arranged by the hand of Taste in the mansion, or as displayed by the hand of Taste improving Nature in the domain.

I pray you, at present, to accompany me to a small unobserved village, about two miles distant from the park, called Tachbrook. There, on a spot of earth, where, some few years behind, the land was rude and the people savage, let me summon your

Attention to the benevolently-designed, and already, in part, benevolently-executed plans of industry, accommodation, character, and comfort of some hundreds of human beings, redeemed from the deepest distress of body and mind, and in the way of being restored to their rank in the community, and, to what is no less important, to that of their own *self-reverence*. You will here observe the power\* I had before described, of one bountiful hand, directed by one benignant heart, to rear from the dust of the earth, and almost to *re-create*, the lowly beings that occupy the spot which Providence has bestowed on a favoured individual. You will perceive the project of loving-kindness going on progressively, under the auspices of the Lord of the castle, who has already exhibited testimonies of an active mind, and tender heart, in favour of the most useful, and, in some respects, still most-neglected part of human society. I wish to conduct you, in fancy, to the repositories of comfort which I have recently seen; I would impress your mind's eye with the well-planned and well-appointed cottages I have myself entered; I would have you to see the smile of content, and of health, on the cheeks where I

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\* Norfolk Gleaning.

have seen them; I would have you hear the voice of gratitude and comfort where they have regaled my own ears; in a word, I would share with you, and with all who may peruse these facts, the sentiments they have inspired in the heart of your friend.

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*Warwick.*

THUS supported in my motives I hazard nothing in leading you back to Warwick, but not, even yet, to its castle.—Once more, then, passing, though not slightly, this eminent object, I would conduct you to the place appointed to receive the culprits and criminals of the county— even to the common jail. I have to request you will bend your eye where it will shed a beam of pity—look, I beseech you, into one of its dark recesses, on a female, who, by a violent pressure of circumstances, was tempted to infringe on those awful laws with which the venerable bonds of society are so intimately connected, that they may not be violated with impunity, even to sustain life in its sorest extremity. But, in the case alluded to, as in many others, though it was the bounden duty of Justice to condemn this culprit, it was not inconsistent

with that duty to heave a sigh and shed a human tear, while the criminal was recommended to a softer power. Yet, as the offence was mitigated by many alleviating circumstances, the fact was so unequivocal, that it was no easy matter for Mercy herself to gain her suit. Mercy, however, could not have entrusted her tender commission to better hands, nor to a better heart, than those whom she delegated on this occasion. Unsuccessful in a first effort, the noble suppliant\* tried a second, which was favourable to the afflicted object; a pardon was yielded to her mediator; and a remission of her trespass came down just as the respite reached its last hour, and as the sacrifice was about to be made to her country. There was still a difficulty: a sudden reverse of destiny, even when of the most favourable kind, has not seldom proved less fatal than the calamity it would remove; especially where a shameful punishment or ignominious death is suddenly changed to their contraries—liberty and life. Those who were present at the receipt of the pardon, on its reaching the hand of the intercessor, can attest the delights of a good man, in having accomplished the object of his benevolence; and those that were not present will feel gratified from a

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\* Earl of Warwick.

faithful description. It was the ecstacy of a generous heart. But discretion is frequently not less necessary than generosity, to render a bounty effective. How far the union of goodness and wisdom was manifested on this occasion let the worthy clergyman,\* to whom is allotted the affecting, but sacred office of administering the comforts of the Gospel to those consigned to the very prison we are examining, testify. To his lips was confided the interesting task of communicating, by due degrees, the good tidings to the offender ; as likewise of her visit to her benefactor, after her liberation. That visit exhibited nothing, said my reverend intelligencer, which chilled the warm effusion of the person afflicted, by the awe of the obliging person. It was not the conscious offender meeting the eye of an indignant judge, and presuming on the authority of having rescued the wretched from ignominy, and proudly triumphing over the fallen, but it was an innocent receiving a guilty being with compassion attempering justice. The interview was brief, as such interviews ought to be. The object was not to remove obligations, by reproaches, but to use council with consolation, and to sweeten the blessings of unexpected freedom with the

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\* The Rev. Mr. Laugherne, of Warwick.

means of enjoying it. The acquitted had a long journey, to the North, to perform, after she was released from jail; and it is very possible to regain personal liberty, yet find the world only a larger prison. To prevent this from happening, in the present case, her amiable liberator helped her on her way, and thus she, poor woman, was literally "twice blessed."

In continuation of this little gleanings for your affections, I have the pleasure to inform you, that I understand she reached her home in safety; that she poured forth the effusions of a grateful and contrite spirit to her preserver, in a letter from Dumfries, where that home is situated; and that she continues to pass a life of atonement; while those who brought about the work of reformation have the comfort of knowing they have restored a sore-oppressed, though erring, creature to society and to virtue.

Nor is this a solitary fact, gathered with difficulty; many, derived from the same benevolent source, are on the records of the prison-house to which I have beguiled you: —one in particular, where an ingenious, but unfortunate, man was given to his family and the world, who now reap the benefit of his emancipation.

But it is not in the prison records the authors

of such gracious deeds have to look for their recompense. They are engraven on the heart, and on tablets yet more indelible. I need not mention to you, the everlasting volume in which they are registered.

Turning our steps from the common prison, the gloomy cells of which we have seen irradiated by one who acted the part of the ministering angel, sent on errands full of love, it is not an unfit moment to take a brief survey of places of common worship. The transition from a den of thieves to the House of God would be, indeed, too abrupt, had not a visit to the one prepared our spirits for the other: and had we not seen that those whom even justice has consigned to the former, may, sometimes, by the timely assistance of benevolence, be made renovated partakers of the protection and pity of the latter.

The holiness of the day, too, is adapted to such a transition. I am addressing my friend on the Sabbath: and I wish *his* mind's eye, in this sacred instance, likewise, to share with mine the impressive satisfaction which is derived from seeing one of the most beautiful and spacious churches in England filled with the parishioners; and the children of Benevolence, of both sexes, conducted from the several public charities, by the respectable masters and govern-

esses to whom their youth is confided. In very truth, my beloved friend, this is a goodly sight for you: it is the one in which I own I feel myself national: the one in which I must mention with pride that I am a Briton. Not that I mean to insinuate, that the country which gave me birth, though unquestionably more bountiful, more pitiful, more prone to help the weak hearted, and raise up those who fall, or keep from falling those who are drooping, is *exclusively* benevolent; for I have seen compassion, generosity, and pity, active and ardent, in various other parts of the world — and in few more zealous or more assiduous than your own, my friend: but there is a decorum, a consistency, and a comfort, whether regarding mind, body, or estate, which, so far as it goes, gives pre-eminence to the public institutions of England. And these characteristics of our benevolence are not confined to the metropolis; neither is it peculiar to the elegant little town from whence I now address you. — Nor must I suffer you to imbibe the popular prejudice that is gone abroad respecting the general neglect of the affluent in matters of religion: — it is by no means an *uncommon* thing to behold the title and fashion of the place, adding the influence of practice to precept, in their attendance on public worship.

And never can this fair truth be more fully illustrated than in the persons who, at the present day, inhabit Warwick-Castle. It will be another banquet for your heart to see one of the most numerous, most distinguished, and most lovely domestic groupes of the island, alternately assist at divine service. And, on a circuit of sundry tours through Warwickshire, were a tourist himself to join in the duties of the Sabbath, he would, in general, see the nobility and gentry in the places where they then ought to be found.

But methinks I hear you exclaim that it is more than time that I should return with you to the long-neglected castle. Do you not remember that I have resigned this gratifying task to another—and to one who has both a hand and heart to do it justice.

Enter, however, for a moment, and, as an earnest of what you may expect, behold the groupe whom your mental eye saw engaged in the offices of public devotion, encircled round the private table. It is no indulgence of adulation, which I disdain—it is no idle use of the poetic figure, in details of this kind, which would here be wholly out of place, but it is simply the language of that truth which the warm heart gives to interesting facts, to say, that kindred love binds the family alluded to

in its tenderest folds. It is proverbial in England to say a man's house is his castle.—The castle of Warwick is peculiarly so; for it is the strong hold and home of the very hearts of its owners.\* It is built on a rock—a rock of defence from every storm, but that which Providence sees good to ordain.

And, after all, my dear friend, although such actions as have just been recorded—although a visit to the prisoner and the mourner; not to the punishment, but to pity of the captive are too absolute to be doubted; it is at our homes, whether in our cot or castle, that we can best take our measure, and make our estimate of a human being. We may gaze at him abroad; we may conjecture the dimensions of his popular character, and of his public talents; but he is in his natural size, and exhibits his natural figure, only at home: †—and *there* it is that the

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\* See Verses, written at Warwick-Castle, in the Poetic Division of the Harvest-Home.

† And yet the harmonic sounds of panegyric which were wont to be universal, and scarcely confined to “this side idolatry” are, of late, changed to less plausible notes, at once dissonant and loud, respecting the inhabitants of the castle, yet the claims to praise are precisely the same.—This seems a paradox; in order to account for which I must once more \*

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\* Letter 21, Gleanings in England, vol. ii. on what is called freedom of election.

family in question are, indeed, the “happiest of the happy.” Both the castle and its inhabitants

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give you a farther discussion of a truly curious subject, the better to illustrate, I must introduce to you a grand national Hydra, which, in England, has gained the name of PARTY, whose votaries are so addicted to see and hear the thing that is not, they can, you must know, at the proper time, be blind, or quick-sighted, as the foul fiend who has them in dominion pleases to mislead. He can at any time make the worse appear the better and the better the worse reason; and, to use the nervous language of the poet, “the characters of Hell can trace,” in a series of pure and Heaven-directed actions.

Once in every seven years, you are to know, the Hydra above mentioned holds a kind of jubilee, for several days together, during which he indulges his partisans in the privilege of breaking down all order, trampling upon decency, and violating all the sober and venerable laws of society. A great and illustrious character is usually selected, on this occasion, as the mark of public obloquy. It is a sort of political lion-baiting, at which the noblest and most powerful animal is brought to the stake, and set upon by a thousand inferior creatures, whose delight is to annoy him by every art that malice can invent.

There is no offensive weapon too vile for the purpose of a partisan, or sworn vassal of the said Hydra. Noise, intoxication, falsehood, and filth, personified, are the agents and the instruments, that enter into a trial of skill with each other; and he who shall display the most malignity, and do the most mischief, is accounted the victor. The utmost outrages are, at such seasons, not only licensed, but enjoy a presumptive triumph over private happiness and public decorum. And, by a perversion of words, absurd enough to provoke a smile, were it not for many serious consequences; the English denominate these quo-

are as justly described in the following extract from an original poem, suggested by the heart, and presented by the hand of a friend.

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septennial phrenzies, a struggle for liberty, and the freedom of the nation ; and the privileged multitude, forsooth, take this method of now lifting up and now tearing down their respective idols.

By another preposterous abuse of terms we likewise call a riot of this sort an *election*, by which the *free choice* of the good people of England is represented. Not that I shall have any objection to the term, when truth can be reconciled with falsehood; drunkenness with sobriety; good faith with the breach of it; and the heated deliriums of a frantic mob, or the cold mischievousness of those invisible agents who conduct them, with that sacred and noble warmth which characterises the true spirit of that spark from Heaven—**THE GLOW OF GENUINE LIBERTY !**

In close of this description, when I tell you, that the *Hydra*, who is the subject of it, has lately broke loose from his den, caused “huge uproar,” and done much mischief in most of our free towns, that of Warwick, in particular, you will need no other information to account for panegyric being now changed into satire, and satire to panegyric; a rose metamorphosed to a thorn, and a thorn determined to be a rose. This confusion of terms, however, will last but for a time, and then persons and things will be extricated from their political, and get back to their just interpretations: it will again be acknowledged that a rose is a rose, and a thorn a thorn, as well in a moral as a natural sense; and so they will remain till the time comes round for another metamorphosis.



## WARWICK-CASTLE.

## AN IMITATION.

IMPERIAL structure ! whose protracted shade  
First teils the Sun is rising in the glade :  
And as at eve he sinks from mortal sight,  
Thy towers sublime more awful make the night :  
All hail ! long mayest thou sacred hold thy name  
For blest Philanthropy, as erst for fame !

Time was, when savage ardour, bold emprise —  
And victors bleeding, rent the offended skies, —  
When emblems rude, emboss'd the seven-fold shield,  
With deeds heroic in the embattled field : —  
When Warwick's Hall, with captur'd arms was hung,  
And barb'rous songs in dissonance were sung :  
And whilst prophetic bards, to foes adverse,  
Their Gods invok'd, in many a runic verse,  
— When dauntless Guy, with strength and virtue fraught,  
Brought the proud Giant of the Danes to nought.

Days so terrific happily are o'er —  
Alecto rears her snaky crest no more !  
No morning parole, nor eve's counter sign  
Now steals in confidence along the line ;  
Nor watchful sentries grateful tidings tell,  
In slow, though solemn sounds that — “ All is well.”

These walls, that long the rage of war have stood,  
And witness'd thousands lavish of their blood,  
Shall stand, so Heaven approve, for ages hence,  
Th' unrivall'd fortress of BENEVOLENCE.

But I have yet something in reserve for you—something that, in the scale of a mind which weighs every animated being, and more especially the beings at the top of that scale, will be thought of more sterling value than any of the inventive trinkets, abstractedly considered, that ever issued from the forge or the crucible.

You have already seen, that I turn, incessantly and habitually, from vast piles of buildings, and from stupendous edifices, into the by-places of thought and action, into cabins and cottages, and that from the beaten paths of life, however proud the mansions to which they lead, through the mazes of a great city, and however sublime the scenery in which they are embosomed in the sequestered vales of the country, or however august the streets wherein they appeared to be entombed in the immense metropolis, I hurry into some *asylum*, “some flowery lane, or alley green.” I indulge in this, even with the impatience of a bird, which, having been entrapped by a banditti of schoolboys, had made its escape from the wires of its cage. Nevertheless, for the purposes of collecting any thing of *heart and of soul*, any thing for use or happiness in general society, or for wise, interesting, or tender contemplation, in the sweet hours of solitude, you have witnessed that I

have plunged into the turmoils and tumults of the great or busy theatre of the world, traversed with patient and gleaning step all the dark labyrinths of the huge town, or of the still more overwhelming capital, averse as they are to the sober customs and retired usages of my life. Although, were it not to gratify such propensities, and to lay in such stores of memory for meditative enjoyment, these artificial places and public marts, “where men do congregate,” would be scarcely less annoying than the wiry prison to that poor bird itself. And how frequently have you seen me, after struggling with the smoke, and panting for liberty and nature, as devoutly languish for the woods as that feathered captive, watching, like it, an opportunity to gain the first tree or bough that offered its silence and its shade, and have poured forth my song of freedom and of triumph in as exulting a strain.

Yet for a glance at the human mind in a new position — for a view of art or of nature, distinct or combined, exhibiting the powers that lie folded up in numerous beings, who sometimes develop themselves, to an *observing, unobserved*, and assiduous examiner, more fully than to those persons amongst whom they reside, and by whom, like immense buildings in cities amidst narrow streets, they are seen too

much in a *mass* — I could traverse the earth. For a quiet opportunity to survey such objects — to examine their motives — to explore their habits — to look into all the depths and shallows, the eminences and descents of their character — to trace their manners and opinions, and numberless varieties of idea and of action, which, as in minute and almost imperceptible streams, flow from their source and fountain; and hence, again, to observe upon that wonderful diversity which separates a single being from the species, either in the peculiar tinting, the shadow, or the light of character, while, ultimately, this difference of colouring mixes, connects, and harmonizes, with the whole body and mind of society. Yes, to gain such personages for delineation — to exhibit them, not as they *seem*, to their fellow-citizens, townsmen, or neighbours, who are often too busy or too idle, too prejudiced or too prepossessed, to analize, and, lastly, to produce them as they *are*, in their just proportions of heart and understanding. — O, my loved friend, to accomplish *such* ends, whither would I not go? Nay, into what recesses have I not already penetrated? through what fire and smoke, and sulphur, have I not laboured? and what extremes of heat and cold, as well as of manners and tempers as of ele-

ments, would I not yet endure! And if, as has not seldom been the case, my yielding to this impulse, my following this passion, for *mental portrait painting* wheresoever it leads, has enabled me to discover at one time more than the gold of Ophir in a rich heart, where from, perhaps, some external roughness about the ore, nothing but the dirt and dross of the world has been presumed to lodge; and, at another, if it has assisted me in doing justice to the inestimable qualities of a wise head and sterling mind, which, prejudice or circumstance, jealousy or envy, misfortune or prosperity, may have mistaken, or twisted, for their own malign purposes, into the very opposites of those qualities — how does my bosom, as it were, enlarge, and how does all which that contains glow in recompence! It repays me a thousand fold!

Of this animating pleasure I have recently enjoyed another instance, and had flattered myself I should so place it before you as to make you partaker of the warm and genial sensation it has produced in you friend. You have gone with me, “nothing loath,” into the darkest recesses; you have clambered up to the loftiest repositories of this ingenious and industrious town; you have been my literary companion in a survey of its labours, wherein we

have seen the harsh and rude materials wrought into numberless splendid forms and fashions, all set forth to shew as magnets, in the view of wealth, pride, pleasure, and vanity, each of which contributes to increase the adornments of the rich, and, by the employment of industry and of talent, augment the comforts of the poor; and you have attended me, with unwearied step, to the houses of comfort and of compassion, as well as to the seminaries of instruction, raised by the liberal hand of charity, for the farther accommodation of the sons and daughters of adversity.

Some events, some characters, and some circumstances, I am persuaded, we have picked up in our way to these, not unworthy of being registered in a correspondence sacred to the mind and its affections. I have addressed you, invariably, with a design of promoting these; and whether I have solicited your attention to objects as they stood obvious to the view in prominent places, or were stationed in retired concealments; in the open field, or in the embowering covert; on the lofty mountain, resplendent with natural light, or in the darkest receptacles, where the light of nature scarcely ever found its way, and where the artificial one is nearly quenched in smoke, or yet more noxious vapours: such has uniformly been the *design*, at least, of all my efforts.

But the greatest curiosity of Birmingham, that mighty toy-shop, is one of its most antient, ingenious, and valuable living residents, for giving place to a description \* of whom I have long languished, and even been upon the watch. I allude to the venerable Hutton, the pleasant and accurate historian of Birmingham, to whose labours I have, in the former part of this volume, acknowledged myself indebted. But, besides being, in some measure,† anticipated

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\* See page 652, vol. iii. *Gleanings in England*.

† See *Memoirs of Mr. Hutton* in the “*Public Characters*,” for the years 1802 and 1803.

The miniature, by whomsoever drawn, forms a very faithful outline of the mind, countenance, and character: adopting the paper-saving type, I will make room to give you a few traits of the most prominent features.

In the opening of the printed memoir\* it is most truly observed, that “*Biography* is never more usefully employed than in delineating the progress of a man of genius and persevering virtue, from the shade of poverty, ignorance, and obscurity, to distinction and independence. The lives of great men, as heroes and statesmen are usually styled, have much in them to excite admiration; but the life of a private person, who has, by his assiduous application and uniform regularity of conduct, overcome all the difficulties of his early destiny, and raised himself to eminence among his contemporaries, comes home to the bosom, tends to excite emulation in the mind of the reader, especially of the young, and bids him ‘*go and do likewise*.’

This remark will apply with peculiar force to the interest-

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\* *Public Characters for 1800—1.*

in this subject, which has a place near my heart, and the particulars of which could not

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ing memoir of William Hutton, who was born September 30th, 1723. The subject of it passed his childhood and youth in extreme indigence and hardship, but, by temperance and industry, he has attained to a state of affluence; and, what is still more observable, has, by the publication of several valuable works, gained the notice and estimation of the world.

Upon Handsworth-Heath the extraordinary town of Birmingham first opened to his view. It was natural for him to be much struck with the appearance of the place and its inhabitants; but it could not have occurred to a destitute youth like him, that he should afterwards attain affluence in this very town, and become its historian.

There were three stocking-makers, at Birmingham, to each of whom he applied for work, but had the mortification, not only of meeting with a refusal, but to have that refusal expressed in very reproachful and abusive language. Little did he imagine that one of these very men would afterwards prove his best friend, and bequeath to him his premises and property.

Evening now drawing on, this isolated being sat down upon the old cross, near St. Philip's Street, the poorest of all the poor in that large parish, over which, twenty-seven years after, he became overseer.

He had a great inclination to settle in Birmingham, but he was deterred from venturing to begin business there, from an apprehension that his insignificance would only meet with neglect or contempt in so great a place.

He accordingly fixed upon Southwell, a small town fourteen miles from Nottingham, where he rented a shop, at the rate of twenty shillings a year. Having fitted it up, with his own hands, he opened it with about twenty shillings worth of

fail to gain admission to yours, I am reminded by the printer, that accurate critic, as to quan-

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books, and thus became the most eminent, or in other words, the only bookseller in the place.

At Lady-day, 1750, he went to Birmingham, and agreed with a Mrs. Dix for the lesser half of her shop, in Bull-street, at one shilling per week.

Fortunately, about the same time, the dissenting minister, at Gainsborough, wished to part with the refuse of his library, and offered it to our young tradesman at his own price, and upon his note of hand. Thus he obtained about two hundred weight of books at a very easy rate, and was thereby enabled to begin business, at Birmingham, in a more respectable way than at Southwell.

His affairs now began to wear a more pleasant and promising aspect, and he had the satisfaction of experiencing that his profits were already sufficient to support him, a circumstance not very marvellous when we consider that the slender sum of five shillings was abundantly enough to pay for all his week's expenses, including rent, board, washing, and lodging.

By adhering to the same plan of attention, prudence, and economy, Mr. Hutton's success in trade continued to increase, till at length his happiness was crowned with a prize of far greater value than wealth.

In 1765 he married the niece of his friend and next door neighbour, Mr. Grace. Besides much happiness, Mr. Hutton gained one hundred pounds by this marriage; and he had acquired, by trade, two before. He has had several children, two of whom, a son and a daughter, are now living, and are the honour and comfort of his old age.

At the proposal of a paper-maker, an old and intimate friend, Mr. Hutton opened a paper-warehouse, which was

tity, that I have left myself scant room for the only topic that could prevail on me to resign

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the first ever seen in Birmingham. From a small beginning, he followed the business forty years, and acquired by it several thousand pounds.

The events in his many-coloured life, previous to his first view of Birmingham upon Handsworth-Heath, while yet a stripling, to the gradual accomplishment of all his ambition, in a good old age; still possessing the vigour of his mental faculties, and an excellent state of bodily health; form, perhaps, as interesting a series of facts as has ever yet happened to any individual; and of these a faithful record has been made by the veteran himself, and presented to the Gleaner, with a note, containing, amongst other endearing expressions, these memorable words, "As a proof of my friendship and esteem for you, I put my life into your hands."

The venerable man accompanied this treasure with some "Verses" to the pen with which he made, not only the abridgement of that memoir, but the memoir itself, and the connecting domestic history of his family, even to the third and fourth generation, retrospectively. And let it be noticed that I was gratified with a *sight* of this feathered biographer, in good preservation; and which, as the agent of the heart that moved the hand, I should appreciate as a "rich legacy" were it bequeathed to me; yea and I should leave it to some one whom I thought would be the most likely to keep it sacred. And, were it now in my possession, I would employ it to mark more impressively the great moral uses which may be deduced from the life of the person whose adventures it has recorded. I would employ it to encourage those to industry who owe nothing to hereditary fortune. I would engage it to describe the gradations of a rich mind, from the lowest abyss of human circumstances—from

or even postpone what is so interesting to the affections.

I stand trebly pledged, to my own heart, to an ingenious correspondent, and to the public, to advert once more to the theme which, on every possible occasion, has received my homage ; and which of all others is the most prominent and beautiful feature in the magnificent portrait of Great Britain. — Is it necessary again to say I mean its CHARITIES ; \* or, as I have elsewhere called them — the numberless palaces which my country has raised to the unfortunate ; and to whom Pity's angel, bearing the

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all that “poverty is heir to”— from the insolence of wealth, to fame, to honour, and to every other intellectual and social distinction. I would trace with it the golden effects of undeviating perseverance. I would paint Economy as the parent of Benevolence, the friend of Honesty, and the nurse of Wisdom. And, lastly, I would, as it were, personify and animate it ; and, in one energetic sentence, bid it exclaim, — Behold a pen which has depicted the enterprises of a man who was the architect of his own fame, fortune, and felicity : and I am more proud of having been the instrument of such a history, than if I had been made to delineate the sanguinary exploits and desolating victories of the Swedish Charles, or the Russian Peter. The address alluded to will be given in the Poetical Contributions, together with some other original pieces, from the same worthy and ingenious man.

\* Gleanings in England vol. ii. page 144 : likewise letter 13, page 144 : likewise letter 22, page 596, vol. iii. ibid 620.

commission of God himself, administers, whatever is expedient to their several necessities of mind, body, or estate.

I formerly observed that the heart naturally and fondly lingered over this rich and plenteous subject, and that I should return to it again and again with unabated force. I feel the truth of this afresh, as I am about to give place to the long-suspended and long-announced favours of literally an accurate and benevolent "Observer :" taking the liberty of interweaving such observations of my own as seem suitable to the subject.

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Gratifying as would be the task of detailing more of the infinite charities of the kingdom at large than has been noticed, I am restricted to a cursory and partial review of some of those of the **CAPITAL**; by the voluntary munificence of whose inhabitants, a greater number of persons have, within these fifty years, been relieved, I might almost say, given to society, than her immense population at present amounts to.

It cannot be necessary to advocate their own attribute to a people thus distinguished; but we would increase the gratification they feel, by stating some of the effects of their labours, and incite others to be, like them, gratified by the exercise of humanity. The able and philanthropic Bishop of Landaff says, "The strength of a nation consists, under Heaven, in the number of its inhabitants." The multitudinous offspring of the poor, that, perishing from want, renders the parent's heart

callous to humanity, and too often even hostile to their happier neighbours; the numerous punishments for the murder of infants; the still greater number supposed to be privately destroyed; whilst they illustrate, by the force of contrast, the exalted worth of the Patrons of our Foundling institutions, prove the necessity that their funds should be considerably and effectively augmented.

Society is in a material degree indebted to the late Captain Thomas Coran, for the benefits that have resulted from that politic and benignant establishment,

THE HOSPITAL FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION  
OF EXPOSED AND DESERTED YOUNG CHILDREN;

which, in 1739, was, by charter, incorporated. We are not possessed of the number of children received into this seminary till the year 1752, when they amounted to 559: in 1753 there were 587: in 1756 they increased to 1764, at which period parliament granted 10,000*l.* to enable the governors to receive all children presented; and in consequence of this general admission, 5,510 under two months old were received, between the 2d June, 1756, and the 31th December, 1757; 4,400 of whom lived to be apprenticed; though it appears, from various circumstances, that, without such a sanctuary, the greater number of them would have perished. In the year 1760, the number had increased to 6,002, at an average expense of 7*l.* 10*s.* or 45,000*l. per annum*; which sum considerably exceeding the funds of the charity, and it being found that some parish officers had, by "fraud" and "force," occasioned children to be taken to the Hospital, parliament disapproved of the system of indiscriminate admission; which, being therefore discontinued, and children, as they grew up, being provided for, the number, two years since, became reduced to 357: but the funds of the charity having in a considerable degree recovered, the gover-

nors, on the 27th of last month, resolved to receive more children, whose ages, except in particular cases, shall not exceed twelve months; and that where the desertion of a father, and the indigence and proper conduct of a mother can be manifested, *no other recommendation shall be requisite* for the reception of the infant, and the protection of the mother from the ills to which her exposed situation renders her liable. This Charity, which, to the year 1797, had apprenticed 5,518 children, and from whose good management, five children out of six now live to maturity, is maintained by rents arising from bequests, and from voluntary subscriptions.

We are told that the eternal din of what is denominated pleasure precludes reflection, and augments the virtual offences of their ancestors, by continuing to practise the selfish profusion which they taught them. That this is too often the case cannot be denied; but still the example of benevolence makes hourly converts to propriety, and the *recent* establishment of numerous public charities disprove the stated increase of immorality.

In some of our public prints we read of six thousand pounds having been expended upon one supper! How many heavy hearts might have been cheered by a different appropriation of that money?\* And how would the heart that thus rationally gladdened others have been delighted by the recollection?

It appears, by the accounts of several of our Foundling Institutions, that the expense attending the education, clothing, and maintenance of each child, including all expenses of teachers, house-rent, apprentice-fees, premiums, &c. has not in any instance exceeded 14*l.* 2*s.* 11*d.* per annum, and that, on

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\* It should be remembered, that galas, assemblies, and other public festivities, are in effect so many funds for those who want and deserve assistance, and that Fashion and Fortune are frequently made the handmaids of Benevolence and Charity.

some occasions, it has been as low as 8*l.* 2*s.* 9*½d.* We will strike the average and take it at 11*l.* It likewise appears, by the accounts of the Philanthropic Society, that so many of the children as could be spared from domestic purposes were employed in making for sale, and of the best description, shoes, boots, cloths, ropes, twines, mats, baskets, &c. by which, after defraying every expense of materials, tools, &c. and paying 493*l.* 5*s.* 1*d.* to the masters of the several trades carried on within the seminary, they earned 990*l.* clear profit towards the support of the institution; which is at the rate of 6*l.* 12*s. per annum* for each of 150 children; reducing the necessary surplus disbursements for each child to *four guineas* a year; six thousand pounds, therefore, the stated expense of *one ball and supper*, would, if applied to the purchase of stock, at the present price of the market, establish a capital for *the perpetual maintenance, education, and permanent provision of at least EIGHTY-ONE HUMAN BEINGS*, who would, in the best sense of the word, be thus **CREATED TO SOCIETY.**

What an intellectual banquet would be here! To possibly rescue from the grave,—to do still more, to rescue from penury and vice a progressive succession, and such a number, of persons, happy in themselves, and beneficial to the community! What a feast to benevolence! What a tribute to the Deity! What an offering to the state! The wisdom of Rome, in its days of glory, decreed, the highest honours to that person who saved the life of a citizen:—What would not that patriotism merit, what would it not obtain which possibly snatched from perdition and gave to its country multitudes, not merely of human beings, of equivocal propensities, but of persons thus reared in the school of industry and virtue, and who, by their example in the sphere in which they moved, would a hundred times multiply to society the benefits resulting from their individual labour?

THE ASYLUM FOR THE RECEPTION OF FRIENDLESS AND  
DISTRESSED ORPHAN GIRLS,

Instituted in the year 1758, through the exertions of the late Sir J. Fielding, for the benignant purpose of rescuing from the dangers which surround them "the children of soldiers, sailors, and other indigent persons, bereft of their parents, at a distance from relations, and too young to afford the necessary information respecting themselves." By this excellent institution **TWO HUNDRED DESERTED FEMALES** are protected from vice and want, supplied with food and raiment, and taught whatever can render them useful in their station and comfortable and happy in themselves. They are instructed in the several offices of good housewifery; perform the business of the kitchen, and all kinds of plain needle-work; are taught to read the Bible, write a legible hand, and to understand common accounts. They are bound apprentices about the age of 15, for seven years, to reputable families in Great Britain, whose characters have been inquired into and approved by a committee. A subscription of thirty guineas will constitutue a perpetual guardian, and three guineas an annual guardian.

THE ROYAL CUMBERLAND FREE-MASON SCHOOL,

Supported by voluntary subscriptions, admits fifty female children, between the ages of five and nine years, who are orphans, or whose fathers shall appear to have been initiated three years into masonry. They are taught to read, write, work at their needles, and the common domestic duties; and, on having attained their fifteenth year, in the event of their parents or friends being incapable to support, or ineligible to receive them, they are bound apprentices for four years, as domestic servants in reputable families. An annual subscription of one guinea qualifies a person to be governor or governess during the continuance

of such subscription ; and the person who subscribes ten guineas becomes a governor or governess for life.

It is established that in our Foundling institutions the proportion of children that live to be apprenticed is at least *five out of six*. It is likewise established, that of the children of women, who, being employed to nurse the offspring of others, are obliged to give out their own to nurse, *four out of five* perish within the first year. To save the multitude thus lost to society is the first object of the patrons of the

#### INFANT ASYLUM,

who propose to keep registers of all women desirous of, and fit to become wet-nurses ; to provide them with places, and to require their employers to pay out of their wages as much to the Infant Asylum for the protection of their children, as they would be obliged to give to the dry nurses, by whom, from mismanagement, they would probably be destroyed.

#### THE ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL,

Established in 1760, has received 271 boys, and 206 girls, who, from the indigence or profligacy of their parents, would, but for this institution, (originating and upheld by the subscriptions of the benevolent,) have probably “fallen a prey to impurity and vice, and become burthens and nuisances to society.” This establishment takes such under its protection as are exposed to the dangers and miseries of poverty, ignorance, idleness, and bad example, and purposes with its increase of means, to augment the number to whom it at present affords protection. — Thirty guineas constitutes a governor for life, and five guineas in one payment, and a further payment of three guineas per annum, constitutes an annual governor.

If there is a description of the human race more than all others injurious to society, it is the ill-fated woman who, once

the idol of her parents, the pride of her family, the admiration of the world, with a mind unsuspecting, and lovely as her form, becomes a *rassian's* prey ; who, deserted by her seducer, and abandoned by her former friends, is driven by progressive instances of treachery and scorn to seek an existence by the destruction of those to whom her misery is attributable. Nor is credulity the sole or peculiar cause of the multitudinous victims which proclaim the partial extent of human depravity. Not less than *twenty thousand INFANTS*, long ere the operation of reason or of passion had began, have been added to the horde, whom penury, disgrace, and consequent resentment, at present, occasion to infest the capital.



If there is a state of calamity more direful than all others, it is that of prostitution.

“ What numbers, once in Fortune's lap high fed,  
Solicit the cold hand of Charity !  
To shock us more, solicit it in vain.” YOUNG.

The woman whose frigid heart, or equally repulsive form, has been the safeguard to her, possibly unessayed, honour, sacrifices to her negative virtue the contrite mendicant. Parsimony, to preserve its hoard, magnifies and compels a continuance of her misdeeds ; and from these compound causes the male hypocrite joins in merciless reprobation, nor will allow penitence to expiate the offence which possibly himself occasioned.

To rescue humanity from the opprobrium in which these things would place it ; to rescue the youthful victim from despair ; to restore to Heaven and to society the once image of the one, and the ornament of the other, the philanthropist, the politician, the really virtuous, in commiseration for the infirmities of others, and gratitude to the divinity for the superiority they possess, support, by voluntary subscription,

## THE MAGDALEN HOSPITAL,

Which, from the year 1758 to 1799, afforded a sanctuary to 3250 females, who have been thus disposed of:—“ Reconciled to friends, placed in service, or other reputable and industrious occupations, 2075; lunatic, troubled with fits or other incurable disorders, 98; died, 63; discharged, at their own request, 439; ditto for improper behaviour, 446. In the year 1791, great pains were taken to trace out the situation of all those women who left the house during four years, from May, 1786, to May, 1790; and the result of that inquiry, which was made with the utmost accuracy, shews that, during that period, about **TWO-THIRDS** of the whole number of women admitted were **PERMANENTLY RECLAIMED**.— Discharged in the four years, of every description, 246; then behaving well, 157; behaving ill, 74; insane, in confinement, 4; dead, 1; situation unknown, 10. The women, when discharged from the house, are, for the most part, *under twenty years of age*; and it is an invincible rule not to dismiss any woman (unless by her own desire, or for misconduct) without some means being provided by which she may obtain a livelihood in an honest manner.”

The governors of the LOCK HOSPITAL, anxious to improve the sentiments of penitence and religion which several female patients imbibed during the period of their respective cures, and to protect them (many “ not more than 13 years of age, and others but just entered on this course of life”) from the necessity of again resorting to prostitution, in order to be enabled to exist, resolved, in April, 1787, to establish

## “ THE LOCK ASYLUM,

For the reception of penitent female patients cured in the Lock Hospital, there to be employed, maintained, protected, and instructed, till they can be restored to their friends, or to society, in a way of honest industry.”

In too many instances the exalted objects of this distinguishably excellent institution have been defeated, by the misconduct of the unfortunates it sought to preserve; but the governors have had the happiness to restore to their friends, 29 young women, some of whom are married and mothers of families; and to see 81 others conduct themselves with propriety in the situations in which they have been placed. There were, at the time of making out this statement, 15 in the Asylum, which continues its protection to the girls whom it has patronized, but which is 154*l.* in debt.

#### THE MARINE SOCIETY,

From its establishment in 1756 to 1763, fitted out and sent on board his majesty's, or the ships of merchants, 5174 distressed and destitute boys, who were thus rescued from probable destruction, and rendered not only useful to themselves, but highly conducive to the glory and the strength of their country, which many of them would otherwise have contributed to destroy. From the year 1764 to the 31st of December, 1798, the number of boys was increased to 21,576, including 790, who, having been discharged at the peace, were again fitted out and apprenticed by the society, which to the same period fitted out 28,157 landmen, who volunteered to serve in the navy; making the total number amount to 49,733; whilst the governors of this highly patriotic institution instruct in a ship, near Deptford, 100 boys, (originally destitute as the rest,) not only in theoretical and practical navigation, but in all the moral and religious duties. The benefits resulting from this part of the system, in particular, must be self-evident, and deserves a considerable increase of that exalted individual bounty, by which the empire is upheld.—A subscription of two guineas qualifies for an annual governor, and twelve guineas, or two guineas for each of eight years, to be a governor for life.

In the year 1747, several gentlemen desirous to afford pro-

tection to the indigent part of a profession alike useful and meritorious, and even whose improvidence, the ultimate source of individual calamity, was, by continuing their service, perhaps beneficial to the state, obtained a charter of incorporation, under the title of "*The President and Governors for the Relief and Support of Sick, Maimed, and Disabled Seamen, and of the Widows and Children of such as shall be killed, slain, or drowned in the Merchant's Service.—Impowering them to levy and collect of every Seaman in the Merchant's Service, Sixpence per Month out of their Wages, to be a Fund for relieving such Wounded, Disabled, or Superannuated Seamen, who had paid towards the said Fund, as likewise the Widows and Children of all such Seamen as had been Killed, Slain, or Drowned.*"

From that period, the fund was so much augmented by liberal benefactions as to admit, besides occasional relief, of pensions amounting to from 6*l.* to 12*l.* *per annum*;—but increased suppliants and diminished means have compelled the corporation to contract the allowance to 3*l.* and 4*l.* a year to each of "*1016 Annual pensioners at present upon the list, besides numbers supported from month to month.*

The epitaph of a charitable man recorded—*ubi nescio*, says, "What I spent, I lost; what I possessed, is left to others; what I gave away, remains with me."

The foregoing details of national benevolence greatly preponderate in a contrast with the admitted profligacy of the age; but in describing the humane and active ability with which the infant mind is trained to virtue, and the still lovely penitent is restored to it, we but entered upon a cause which, if not allowed to finish, we trust will find a more able, though it cannot a more zealous advocate.

#### THE LOCK HOSPITAL

merits our distinguished notice. It was established by voluntary subscription, in the year 1746, to relieve, not only the

irreproachable victim to the profligacy of her husband, and the infant, innocent of the crimes of its parent or its nurse, but even the offender, from the agonizing dissolution inevitable from the want of proper treatment. This institution, imitating the mercy of God to the guilty, receives the friendless and often half-naked profligate, and, whilst anguish prepares the mind, inculcates religion, whose precepts are generally as grateful as they had been unknown.

“ Great numbers of the patients are the most ignorant as well as the most profligate of the human race; it cannot be expected, therefore, that they should be met with in places of worship, to receive the instruction, for the want of which they are perishing, and seducing others into the same ruinous courses. But the desire of a cure brings them into the hospital, and there the proper means are used of making them wise to salvation.”

Here is an altar for the missionary to make his offering.—In the heart of the Capital of the Empire thousands of the human race are strangers to the Gospel, and have heard the name of their Maker only in execrations. The Foundling Institutions have the glory to protect the rising generation: but let not the present perish! The offspring of the profligate, nurtured in vice, have no means to learn those sentiments of Religion and Loyalty, of which their teachers are ignorant, until infirmity or disease compels the sufferer to supplicate admission into an hospital, as the only means to prolong existence. How afflicting to Humanity, how injurious to Religion, that they should ever supplicate in vain! but, though the Patrons of these inestimable Institutions give their personal attendance, as well as their money; and though the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the world devote themselves, without any other reward than what results from the exercise of benevolence, the funds of all our Public Charities are inadequate, not only to

their greater extension, but, in some instances, to their present support.

The receipts of the Lock Hospital, from its institution, in 1746, to the 25th March 1798, amounted to 81,013*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.* which exceeds the disbursements by 282*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.* The number of patients cured from January, 1747, to March, 1798, at which time there were seventy in the Hospital, amounted to 26,108; many of whom have been “so reformed and amended, as to become a comfort to their relations, and useful members of the community.” Fifty pounds constitute a Governor for life, and five guineas for a year.

#### THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL

Was instituted in 1745, for the reception of Sick and Lame, and for the relief of Lying-in married Women; to which dispositions the munificence of the late Mr. S. Whitbread, in 1792, added a ward for Persons afflicted with Cancers. Sufferers by accident are at all times admitted without recommendation, and all in-patients received without their incurring any expense. This admirable establishment had, on the 1st day of the present year, relieved 102,309 patients, of whom 10,132 were pregnant women; and, during the last year alone, 210 persons were admitted into the house, without any recommendation, in consequence of their having met with accidents. A person subscribing fifty pounds, or five guineas annually, may recommend five lying-in women, an equal number of lame in-patients, and any number of out patients. A subscriber of thirty pounds, or three guineas per annum, may recommend three pregnant women, three sick in-patients, and six out.

Yet, can it be believed that, in a capital where exalted and numerous examples hourly incite to the practice of virtue, institutions which immortalize their patrons, should strugglingly prolong a sickly existence; — that they should linger for the

aid which the expenditure on one sacrifice to satiated dissipation would create! — Could it be believed that the Middlesex Hospital, which, since the year 1745, has relieved 101,135 persons, 22,736 of whom had met with dreadful accidents, did not receive, during the last year, within 8417. 17s. of its unavoidable expenditure? — Could it be believed that, in this emporium of all that is good as well as evil, at a period when *six thousand pounds* were expended upon a ball and supper, *three pounds one shilling and sixpence* only was obtained by a sermon preached for the support of what might be denominated one of our best institutions.

If it were for us to discriminate where all are so meritorious, and where all under our immeditate notice have been created and are upheld by the voluntary offerings of policy and benevolence,

#### THE WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL, OR INFIRMARY,

Established in 1719, and from which all our subscription-institutions have originated, is incompetent, from its size, as well as income, to receive a moiety of those who

“ Groan for sad admission there.”

This Charity had raised from the bed of sickness, 130,840 persons, previous to the 31st of December, 1797; from which time, to the 31st of December, 1798, the numbers were as follows: — Cured, 968; discharged for irregularity, 8; improper objects, 2; out-patients not attending, and supposed cured, 1015; dead, 66; out-patients then on the books, 235; in the house, *exclusive of those in beds reserved for accidents* 73; *on the funds for incurables*, 13, amounting, in the last year, to 2380 admitted, of whom 987 were *sudden accidents, and received without any recommendation.*

A subscriber of thirty pounds, or three guineas a year, be-

comes a trustee, with liberty to nominate three in and six out-patients within the year ; of two guineas, to two in and four out ; and of one guinea, to two out-patients. The patients are constantly and carefully attended by a clergyman, and by a physician.

#### ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL,

Established in 1733, relieved from that period to the 31st December, 1796, 187,506 persons. The number of in-patients admitted in 1797, were, by recommendation, 832; on account of accidents, 280; 1274, of whom 645 were cured, 162 benefitted; 7 improper; 38 irregular; 23 not likely to receive benefit; 138 dead; (20 by accidents;) 115 made out-patients; and 146 remaining in the house; which frequently contains 200, including the resident chaplain and apothecary, and servants. The receipts of 1797, amounted to 5013*l.* which exceeded the disbursements, by 200*l.* 8*s.* 5*d.*—but though *comparatively* affluent, the means of this stupendous charity are wholly inadequate to its great and glorious objects.

A subscriber of 50*l.* or of five guineas per annum, is competent to be elected a governor.

Waving the paltry consideration whether some, perhaps half a dozen, children should, in thrice as many years, be reared by the parish to which they should belong, or, by the fraud of overseers, (supposing that such circumstances could again exist,) be thrown upon the Foundling Asylum, and relinquishing all further present discussion of the political or religious propriety of indiscriminate admission into Foundling Hospitals; there can be no question that policy and religion alike demand, that the patrons of these institutions, who, actuated by the spirit of their Maker, seek to promote his glory, by contributing to the worth and happiness of his creatures, should possess the means to protect all such children, as persons whom Sterne would call “outrageously virtuous,”

did not purpose to exclude for offences which, by the most tortured implication, could not attach to them.

In 1792, Benevolence, afflicted by the numerous human beings, who, in the midst of civilized society, were excluded from all social intercourse, left ignorant of the duties and expectations of rational creatures, and who pined away their lives in silence and lamentable dejection, established, by voluntary subscription, an asylum for

THE DEAF AND DUMB,\*

where thirty-two children are maintained and “taught to

\* “The translator of the Abbé de l'Epée's method of educating the deaf and dumb, informs us that, in recent times, this art hath been exercised, in Paris, by father Vanin and Mr. Perriere; in Leipsick, by Mr. Heinich; in London, by Mr. Baker; and in Edinburgh, by Mr. Braithwood.

By a contingency, such as destines multitudes to particular studies or avocations, the Abbé de l'Epée engaged in it. Vanin had, under his tuition, two young ladies, who were twin sisters, both having the misfortune of deafness and dumbness. Death soon deprived them of his lessons; and, as an instructor to supply his place was sought for in vain, the Abbé de l'Epée undertook to continue their education. The contemplation of their condition excited his tenderness, and his tenderness inflamed his philanthropy towards all in the same afflicting circumstances. His mind, thus turned to the subject, was, by degrees, wholly absorbed in it; till, at last, incited by religion and humanity, he dedicated himself intirely to their tuition. He instituted a seminary in which he received as many of the deaf and dumb as he could superintend, and he formed preceptors to teach those in distant parts. The number of his scholars grew to upwards of sixty; and, as the fame of his operations extended, persons from Germany, from Switzerland, from Spain, and from Holland, came to Paris, to be initiated in the method he practised, and transfer it to several countries.

The philanthropic exertions of this excellent man, in behalf of his unfortunate pupils, are particularly detailed. The greatest part of his income was appropriated to their support, and he refused pecuniary as-

speak and read articulately; to write, cipher, and comprehend the principles of morality and religion; in short, where they are raised from the condition of mere machines to that of intellectual and useful members of society." The children are all deaf, and were all dumb; many of them speak perfectly, and several have finished their education, and are following beneficial employments. The patrons of this benignant institution purpose, with their increase of means, to establish some manufactory, by a knowledge of which the persons whom they rear may become more useful to themselves and to the public; but there are, at present, thirty suppliants for admission, only three or four of whom can be received. A subscription of one guinea constitutes an annual governor, and ten guineas a governor for life.

Here are, at this time, thirty-two poor children, male and female, receiving education and maintenance; they are all deaf, and were totally dumb; — being introduced, the company (among whom were many of the clergy) had auricular and ocular proof that they are now taught to speak, read, write, cipher, and comprehend the meaning and application

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sistance in every shape; of which the following anecdote is too remarkable an instance to be omitted :

Mon. de Bouilly relates that the Russian ambassador, at Paris, made the Abbé a visit, in the year 1780, and offered him a present, in money, proportioned to the customary magnificence of the empress. This the Abbé declined to accept, saying, he never received gold from any one: but that, since his labours had obtained him the esteem of the empress, he begged she would send a deaf and dumb person to him to be educated, which he should deem a more flattering mark of her distinction.

The translator, who modestly conceals his name, then informs us, that he had a share in establishing an institution for this purpose in the neighbourhood of London.

An asylum for the support and education of the deaf and dumb children of the poor was instituted in 1792, in the Grange-Road, Bermondsey — Monthly Review.

of words, whereby they are raised from the low condition of mere automata to that of intellectual beings, capable of holding intercourse with their fellow rationals, and of forming suitable notions of their duty and expectations, as reasonable creatures and Christians. The reflection of having been instrumental in rescuing so many fine children from a situation of dreary silence, lamentable dejection, and total ignorance, was felt, by their patrons, with inexpressible satisfaction.

If any thing could lessen this pleasure, it was the information that upwards of fifty little helpless human beings were known to stand in need of the like assistance, and for whom it had been earnestly solicited by their distressed relatives, and the means of this infant establishment were unequal to receiving more than five or six of that number, in addition to those already admitted.—Such was the effect of this information, that near three hundred pounds was subscribed before the company separated. Acts of this nature shew the vast extent of individual benevolence in this country, and are highly honourable to the British character, while they afford the pleasing prospect of this Society having it one day in their power to extend relief to all for whom application is made; at least, if any thing short of national and legislative support can do this, the private generosity of Britons can! To the honour of private beneficence, the governors have been enabled to establish manufactures, near the asylum, for the instruction of these objects of their care.

The Gleaner has already noticed, at considerable length, the excellent establishment of the Philanthropic Society, and therefore shall, in this place, only generally observe, in the words of the friend who has conveyed to me remarks which have so much enriched my own, that if we regard humanity and religion, this institution opens an asylum to the most forlorn of the human race. It befriends the most friendless; it saves the lives of a number of orphans and deserted

children, and endeavours to rescue their souls from perdition. — If we regard national prosperity, and the public welfare, it is calculated to increase industry, and it directs that industry in the most useful and necessary channels. — If we regard self-interest, its immediate object is to protect our persons from assault and murder, and our property from depredation; that our wealth may not endanger our lives, our repose be interrupted by thieves, nor our dwellings exposed to the designs of midnight incendiaries.

I must add that, amongst the objects received under the Society's protection, there are several who have been taken from prisons, several who have been respite from the retreats of villainy, and the haunts of prostitution. The whole number of children of both sexes that have been received by the Society amount to three hundred and seventy-six, and the number now in the reform is one hundred and fifty-two. Among these were many who, though young in years, were old in iniquity.

There are amongst them boys who have been guilty of *felonies, burglaries, and other crimes*; yet, singular as it may appear, THESE VERY CHILDREN ARE NOW BECOME NO LESS REMARKABLE FOR INDUSTRY, DECENCY, AND OBEDIENCE, THAN THEY WERE FORMERLY FOR THE OPPOSITE VICES.

Some of the boys, when arrived at this state, are apprenticed to reputable tradesmen, under the eye and guardianship of one of the committee; the rest are bound to able masters within the reform, where, as printers, shoe-makers, tailors, rope-makers, and twine-spinners, they last year earned, towards the support of the charity, 3786*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* and from whence, at the expiration of their indentures, they go into the world with character, protection, and perfect knowledge of trades, useful to the possessors and to society.

The Institution, ten years established, is supported by ve-

luntary contribution. A subscriber of twenty guineas, paid at one time, or within a year, constitutes a governor for life; of two guineas per annum, to be elected on the committee; and of one guinea per annum, to vote on all questions brought before the General Meeting. The disbursements last year, on account of the Charity, amounted to 727*l.* 4*s.* 9*d.* — The receipts, by work, as before stated, 3786*l.* — by subscriptions and donations, 3464*l.*

#### THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY,

Established in 1792, in order by “ receiving and educating the sons of poor clergymen, sailors, soldiers, and mechanics;” — “ by instilling into their minds, the principles of true religion, and thus give an early impression of their duty to God, their king, the laws of their country, and to mankind in general;” — to “ rescue unguarded youth from scenes of vice and ignorance, and to assist the respectable and industrious parent, whose contracted income will not admit of his giving his child a suitable education;” — to habituate children to active industry, and to give them that species of information, and such professional knowledge, as may render them useful and worthy members of society. This institution, whose success in the service of humanity is, in a degree commensurate with the magnitude of its object, adapts the system of education to the capacity of the boy, by which means genius, through its proper cultivation, is rendered beneficial to the individual and the community. The number of boys, at present upon the foundation, amounts to 140. Two have been provided for as midshipmen in the navy; three as ditto in the East-India service; two in the West-India trade; two as articled clerks; and eight apprentices to creditable and profitable trades; the committee having advanced, with each boy, twenty-five pounds in clothes and premiums. The subscriber of three guineas at once, or one guinea for each of three years, may recommend, in rotation,

on vacancies in the school; and a subscriber of ten guineas, and two guineas annually, is entitled to an immediate presentation. A boy under ten years old is not admissible; but we trust that the increased funds of the Charity will soon admit abolishing this restriction.

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I have again to regret that the limits of the volume appropriate to topics of this nature will not admit of farther extension: if it would, I might go on, under the reinforcements of my amiable correspondent,

“ Until mine eyelids could no longer wag.”

I have not yet enumerated scarcely more than half of the noble temples which the BRITISH HEART has raised and consecrated to BENEVOLENCE and PITY. Yet, both these advocates seem to raise the cherub voice, and, indeed,

“ Cry aloud through all their works,”

that I should not refuse doing homage at the shrine to their most godlike institution.\*

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\* It has been justly observed, that to RESTORE ANIMATION is an art that seems to carry human nature beyond

The Romans, as was intimated on a former occasion, conferred upon *him* who had saved the life of one citizen the *corona civica*, a crown more than all others honoured. Upon the entrance to the public places of a person thus distinguished, the entire assembly testified their respect for him, by rising from their seats till he, though possibly a plebeian, had taken his place amongst the senators. And the *corona civica*, or, as Virgil calls it, the *civilis querus*, not only freed its possessor from all obnoxious duties, but extended to the father and the grandfather of the person who had deserved it similar exemptions. How would a people who thus estimated the protection of an *individual* appreciate the conduct of those Britons who, within the last twenty-seven years, have “ Restored to life, to their parents, to their families, and to the state, two thousand three hundred and fifty nine persons, by means of

#### THE HUMANE SOCIETY,

This sublime institution, “ the centre of

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itself, and to raise it as nearly as possible to DIVINITY; since nothing can exceed it, with respect to temporal life, but CREATION.

philanthropy, whose rays, with genial energy, are directed to a boundless circumference," and whose object in the language of some great and benevolent characters, who continue to reanimate, "the rigid limb, the clay-cold skin, the silent pulse, the breathless lip, the livid cheek, the fallen jaw, the fixed staring eye;" "to rouse the lethargy of opium;" to rescue the wretched victims of intoxication; to restore "life to the infant that had lost it at its birth;" to rekindle it in those who had suffered by lightning, by apoplexies, by damps, excessive cold, suffocation, poison; to prevent, what is of more consequence than all, "the being confined to a coffin, or committed to a grave," ere the vital spirit had departed.

Already has the example of this dignified institution actuated most parts of the empire, and extended its benefits to the extremities of the globe; but this parent, or rather centre of exalted philanthropy, though gaining hourly accessions of patronage, still pines for more general and effective assistance.

In viewing the claims of this charity, policy, patriotism, and benevolence, should extend their considerations even beyond the best treasure of the state, — a useful population;

or the elating idea of snatching a fellow-creature from premature dissolution,—of restoring to an amiable and beloved family the source of their comfort — the means of their support; — for the most affluent are liable to accidents, which, without assistance, might tear them from society, and have therefore an individual interest in giving protection and publicity to a system, by which not only their dearest connexions, but even themselves, might obtain more than temporal salvation.

It has been said, that, “ in seventy-five years, twice as many people, in London, fell a sacrifice to *suicide* as to the pleurisy;” and the Rev. Dr. Gregory, treating of this

— “ Dreadful attempt!  
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage to  
Rush into the presence of our Judge ! ”

observes, that “ more than five hundred suicides have been providentially restored, by the medical assistants of the Humane Society, to life, to their families, to their country, and their God.”

In addition to the vast expenditure in the purchase of apparatus, dispersed through the empire as fast as they can be obtained, and the

rewards to persons who risk their lives in this essential service to the community, the Humane Society give annual premiums for benevolent discoveries, such as, "The best means of preserving mariners and others from shipwreck? What will be the most probable means of keeping the vessels afloat, so as to preserve the lives of those who may be in so perilous a situation? The most certain methods of conveying assistance from shore to vessels in distress within a certain distance of land, and when the boats dare not venture out to the aid of shipwrecked mariners."

It should be noted, that all the numerous medical assistants, and other gentlemen connected with this exalted charity, devote themselves at all hours of the day and night to the accomplishment of its important objects, *without fee or reward*.

A subscription of ten guineas constitutes a governor for life; of two guineas, an annual director; and of one guinea, an annual governor.\*

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\* An erroneous opinion, that dead bodies are not to be removed till the coroner has held an inquest on them, has militated against the recovery of many persons apparently dead. The

Long since has the Gleaner offered his humble, but sincere offering to this glorious estab-

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drowned should be conveyed, with the head raised, with as much ease and expedition as possible to the nearest receiving-house, the mouth and nostrils cleaned—Children put into bed between two persons—Adults laid upon a bed, in cold weather, near a fire; in warm weather, air should be freely admitted. Warm ashes, salt, sharp liquids, nettles, and other things injurious to the skin, should be avoided; as should, in all these cases, bleeding; together with the too general practice of rolling on a cask, or holding the patient by the heels, with the head downwards. The body, particularly the breast and back, should be gently rubbed with flannels steeped in warm brandy, whilst hot bricks, tiles, or water in bottles should be applied to the hands and the soles of the feet. The smoke of tobacco should be conveyed into the body, by means of an instrument, or tobacco-pipe; and the pipe of a bellows should be put into the throat, the nostrils being closed, or into one nostril, whilst the other and the mouth is closed. When the lungs are filled with air, the chest and belly should be gently pressed, so as to imitate natural respiration.

The sufferer by intense cold should be gently rubbed with snow, ice, or cold water. In cases of suspension by the cord, bleed in the jugular, apply cupping glasses to the head and neck, and leeches to the temples. On suffocation by noxious air, or the vapour of coals, sulphur mines, &c. cold water should be frequently applied to the face and body, each being dried at intervals. In apparent death from lightning, the treatment should be similar; as, in the same degree that heat is a stimulant upon a cold body, cold is an actuant upon inward heat. This is singularly exemplified by the learned Dr. Struve, of Gorlitz, in Lusatia, who, in his correspondence with our

blishment; \* and fastens, with eagerness, on the opportunity of now repeating his obligations.

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Dr. Hawes, relates, that a labourer, near Gorlitz, carrying his sickle, or reaping-hook, on his head, a flash of lightning struck, but being conducted by the point of the sickle to the ground, only slightly stunned him; whilst another man, near Magdeburg, in 1797, was struck by lightning, probably attracted by a sickle, which he likewise carried, when “ his clothes and shoes were rent in pieces, and his body was naked, the skin burned in his body and feet.” In this state, lying apparently dead, a violent shower of hail and rain, by thoroughly wetting him, restored animation, and, like a person awaking from a sleep, he was astonished at the state of his clothes and body.

Dr. Hawes, in his excellent pamphlet, directs, in each of the above cases, that, when necessary, the means recommended for the drowned should be resorted to; and that, on signs of returning life, on each occasion, a tea-spoon full of warm water should be given, and if taken, it should be followed by warm wine, or diluted brandy. The patient, as soon as the process permits, should be put into a warm bed, and attended to, without despairing, though unsuccessful for three or four hours.—To which Dr. Johnson adds, that “ the appearance of the loss of life, either without a known cause, or from the sudden effects of surfeits, or cold liquors taken hastily during free perspiration, swoonings, fits, &c. require immediate chafing and rubbing with volatile spirits; the use of a decoction of spices, such as ginger, and Jamaica pepper, mixed with some strong wine, or common spirits, put into the mouth by tea-spoonfulls; also repeated trials to blow up the lungs, and raise the chest.”

\* On this peculiar occasion I feel confident I shall stand acquitted by all generous readers, and all candid critics, for

Most fervently does he join in the Prayer of one of the most pious and eloquent members of

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indulging in quoting a passage from myself, as well to illustrate the heart-felt subject, as to shew the deep sense I entertained of its merits, on the first publication of the poem from which the quotation is made; and preserved in every successive edition.

“ The Muse, first kneeling at Compassion’s shrine,  
Her opening lay, HUMANITY, is thine !  
Thee she invokes, oh ! soother of distress,  
Who with our kindness wove our happiness ;  
For as thy circling virtues round us move,  
From our best *deeds* thy brightest *joys* we prove,  
Oft as our neighbour sinks in sudden grief,  
Thou wal’st as sudden to afford relief.  
Oft as the stranger’s bosom heaves with sighs,  
Thy soft responses in our bosoms rise ;  
The cries of terror, and the throes of care,  
The groan of mis’ry, and distraction’s glare,  
Sickness that droops, disease that gasps for breath,  
The howl of madness and the shrieks of death,  
Deep sounds of agony that most aghast,  
Dread views of horror that most blast the sight,  
Dire as they are, like wond’rous magnets draw,  
And own, HUMANITY, thy sacred law.

And oh ! ‘tis THINE, when vital breath seems fled,  
To seek the awful confines of the dead.  
Beneath the billow though the victim lies,  
Thy dauntless zeal the roaring main defies.  
Inspired by HIM, whose hallow’d touch restor’d  
The darling son the widow’s soul deplor’d,  
'Twas thine her breast to ease of dire alarms,  
And give the youth to her despairing arms.  
Thine too to plunge into the bloating flood,  
Clasp the swell’na frame, and thaw the frozen blood ;  
Breathe in the lips re-animating fire,  
Till, warm’d to SECOND LIFE, the DROWN’D respire.

the establishment,\* who, in the worthy exercise of his sacred office, as preacher and patron, thus supplicated the FOUNTAIN of all beneficence.

O GOD OF POWER AND MERCY ! IN WHOSE HANDS ARE THE ISSUES OF LIFE AND DEATH ; — BLESS WITH THY DIVINE INFLUENCE THE GLORIOUS CAUSE, WHICH HAS THIS DAY ASSEMBLED US BEFORE THEE ! PROSPER AN INSTITUTION, OF WHICH THOU THYSELF HAST INSPIRED THE FIRST PRINCIPLES. SHOWER THY CHOICEST BLESSINGS, AND SHED THE BRIGHTEST BEAMS OF THY COUNTEenance ON THE DIRECTORS AND

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Hark ! as those lips once more begin to move,  
 What sounds ascend of gratitude and love !  
 Now with the GREAT REDEEMER's praise they glow,  
 Then bless the agents\* of his power below ;  
 New sprung to life, the renovated band,  
 Joyful before their second Saviours stand ;  
 And oh ! far sweeter than the breathing spring,  
 Fairer than Paradise the wreaths they bring !  
 The blissful homage rescued friends impart !  
 Th' enraptur'd incense of a parent's heart,  
 O'er-aw'd, and wond'ring at themselves, they see  
 The magic power of soft HUMANITY !

Humanity, a Poem. 7th Edition.

\* Rev. Dr. Valpy.

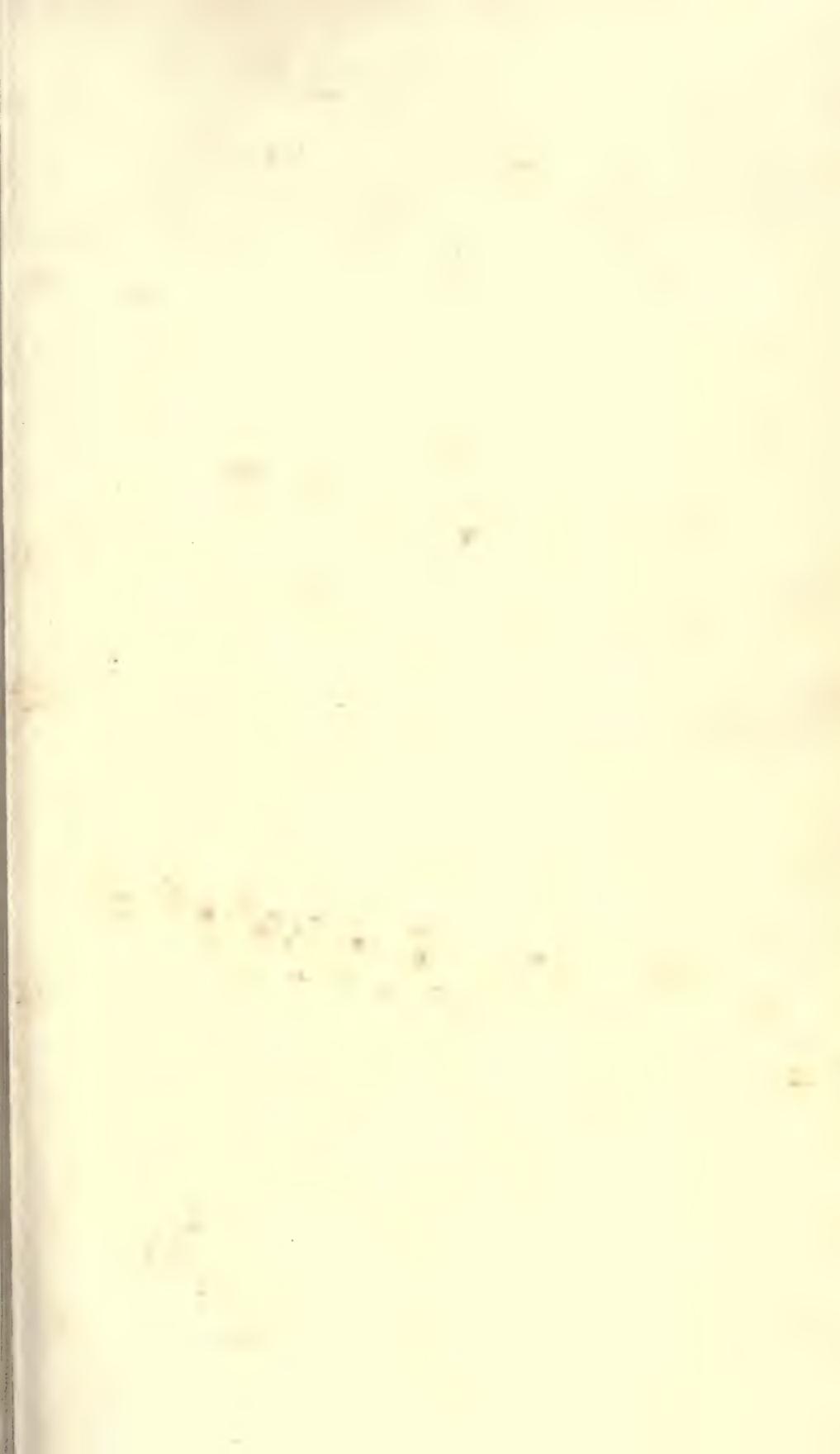
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\* Promoters of that glorious Institution, the HUMANE SOCIETY.

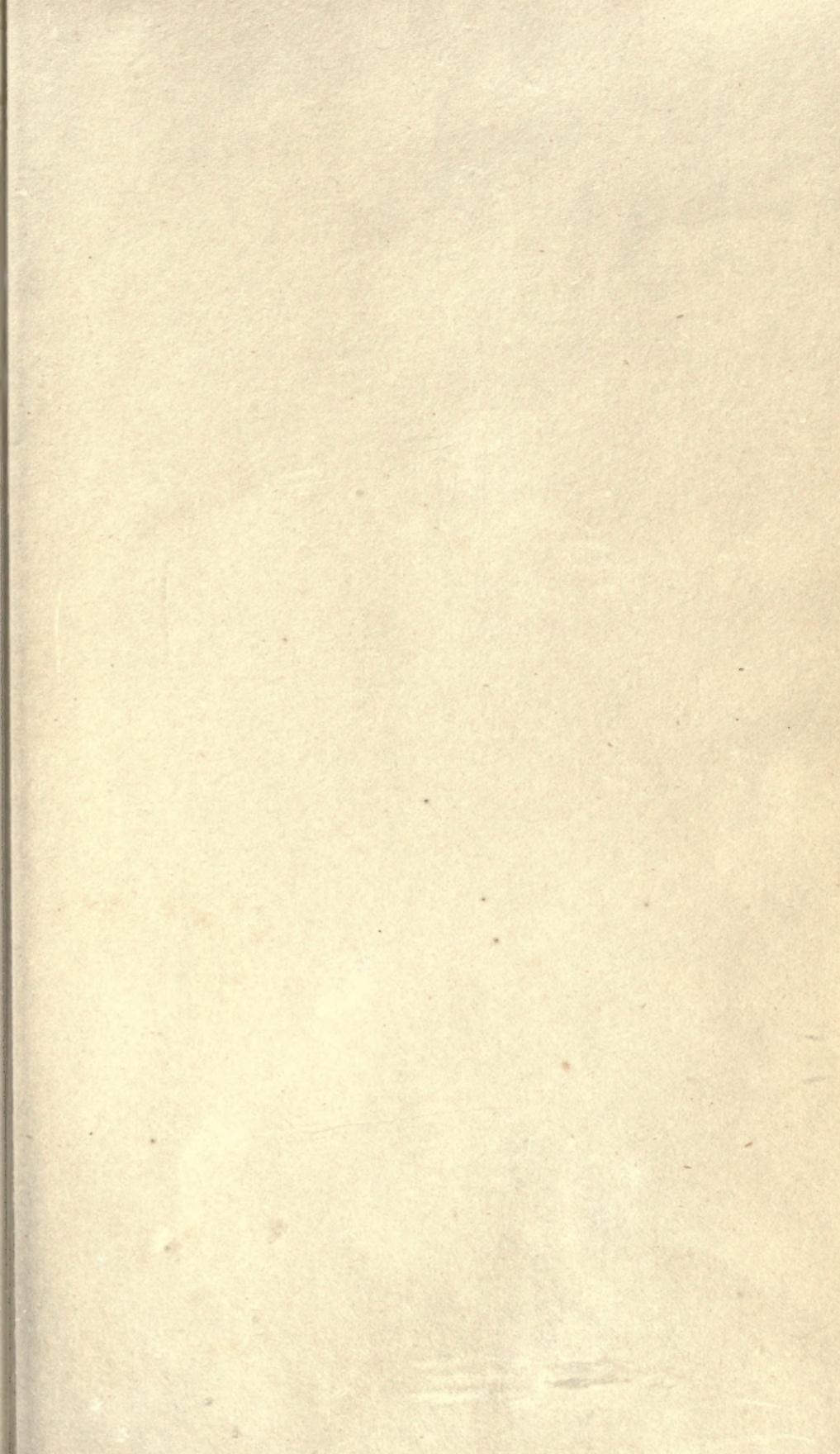
SUPPORTERS OF THIS SOCIETY. PRESERVE THEIR LIVES, WHICH ARE DIRECTED TO THE GRACIOUS MEANS OF EXTENDING THY DOMINION UPON EARTH! MULTIPLY THEIR COMFORTS, AND LET THEM FEEL NO SORROWS, BUT THOSE OF SYMPATHY! KINDLE THE VIVIFYING FLAME OF CHARITY IN THE HEART, THAT IT MAY GLOW WITH THE WARMEST ZEAL IN PROMOTING THESE PURPOSES OF BENEFICENCE. MAY THE PATRONS OF THIS TRULY HUMANE SOCIETY FEEL THE BLESSEDNESS THAT ATTENDS THE CHARITABLE AND MERCIFUL! MAY THEY OBTAIN THE RICHEST TREASURES OF THY LOVE IN THE PROSPERITY OF THEIR FAMILIES, IN EVERY COMFORT WHICH CAN LIGHTEN THEIR CARES, AND SOOTHE THEIR AFFLICTIONS! MAKE THOU THEIR BED IN THEIR SICKNESS; AND MAY THEY RECEIVE FAVOUR AND MERCY AT THE LAST AND FEARFUL HOUR; — GIVE GRACE, O GOD, TO THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN RESTORED TO THE COMFORTS AND DUTIES OF SOCIETY, THAT THEY MAY EXPRESS THEIR GRATITUDE TO THEIR BENEFACTORS, BY THE PRACTICE OF EVERY VIRTUE WHICH ADORNS THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER. AS THOU HAST BREATHED INTO THEM A SECOND TIME THE BREATH

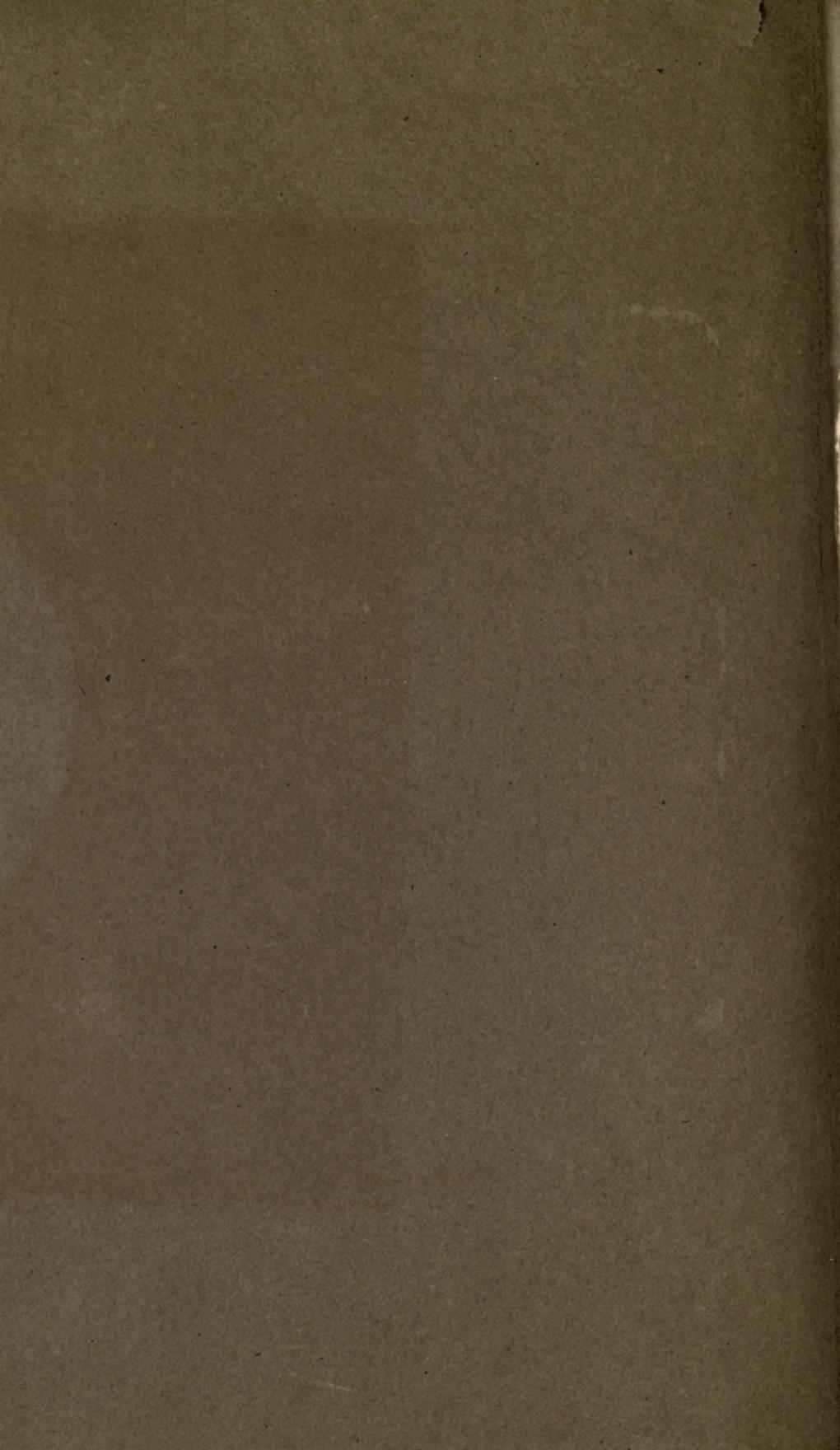
OF LIFE, WHEN THEY WERE CLASPED IN  
THE FOLDS OF THE GRAVE, O RAISE THEM  
FROM THE DEATH OF SIN UNTO THE LIFE  
OF RIGHTEOUSNESS!

END OF VOL I.









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